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MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS, AND FACSIMILES

I

FORTY YEARS OF OBSCURITY

MARY A. MORSE BAKER, the future leader of the Christian Science Church, was the youngest child of Mark Baker and Abigail Barnard Ambrose. She was born at Bow, on the Merrimac River, New Hampshire, July 16, 1821. With her origin and early surroundings tradition has already busied itself. Beside the Eddy fact has developed the Eddy fable. One enthusiastic admirer has traced her ancestry to the prophet David, and Mrs. Eddy herself has claimed immediate relationship with a distinguished family of Scotland. No mystery, however, enshrouds her birth. Her ancestors, for more that two hundred years, had lived on the New Hampshire hills where she herself was born. Her father and grandfather had both cultivated that same upland farm which has since become a Christian Science shrine. The Bakers on the father's side, the Ambroses on the mother's, had for generations been sober and industrious farmers of the familiar old New England type. They had seldom advanced beyond the somewhat sordid and unimaginative routine of their occupation. They possessed all the New England sternness of character and rigid standards of moral conduct. The Bakers had always favorably represented this type. In the community they had usually stood well; and though rough in manners and uncultivated of mind, had manifested much intelligence and personal force. They were preëminently "good New England stock."

Mrs. Eddy's mother was a gentle, capable, conscientious New England housewife. She came of a severe Congregationalist family at Pembroke, on the opposite side of the Merrimac from Bow; and whatever energies were not absorbed in bringing up a family of six children, she devoted to the church. In the community and in her home she was always a peaceful and inspiring influence. Mark Baker, her father, must figure largely in any estimate of Mrs. Eddy. In local annals he is more than Mary Baker's father;

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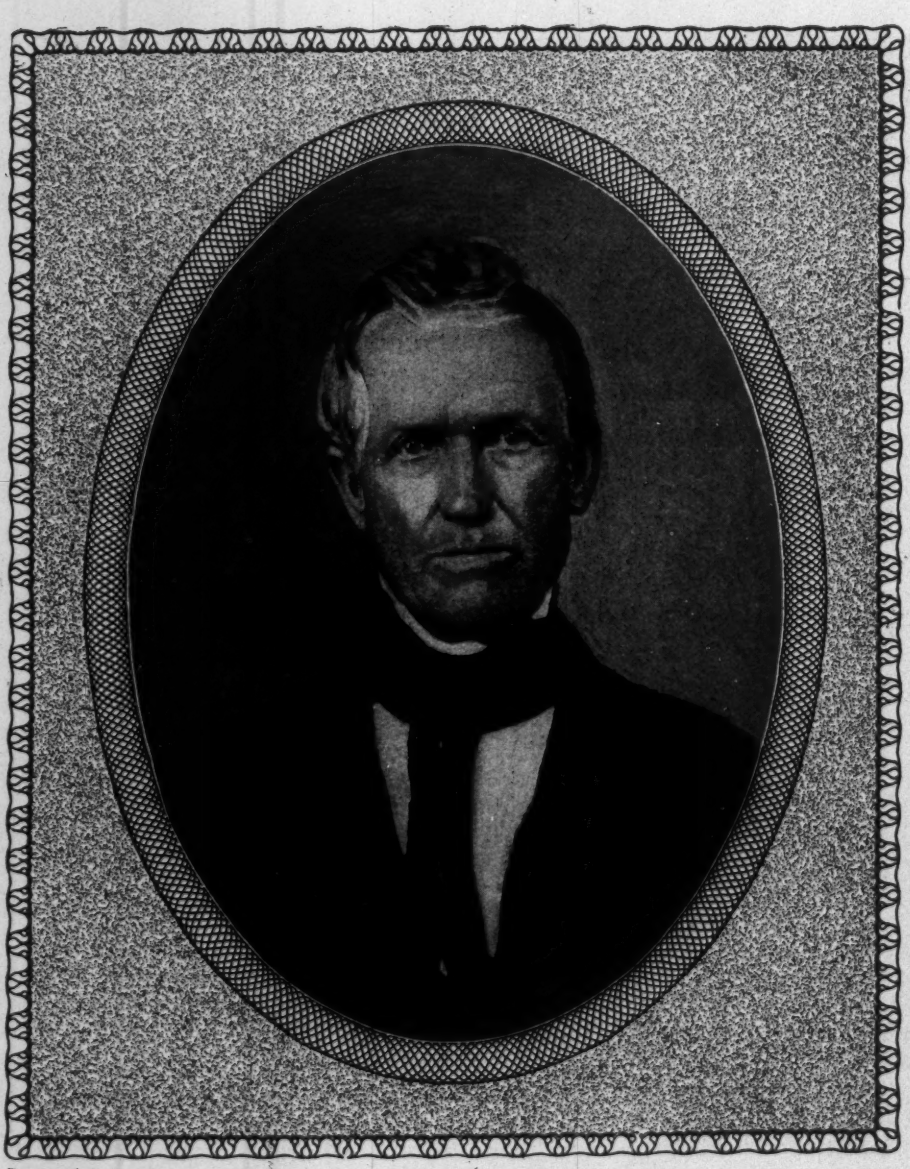


From a tintype

MARK BAKER

Mrs. Eddy's father

his figure stands out boldly; he enjoys a peculiar fame of his own. He lived at Bow from 1785 until 1836, and at Tilton, New Hampshire, from 1836 until his death in 1865; and he strongly impressed his personality upon both places. His old associates have still a clear remembrance of his tall, gaunt frame, his large, well-poised head, with its high forehead, its sharp, gray eyes, its firm-set jaw. They still see the old man tramping doggedly along the highway, regularly beating the ground with a huge walking-stick, his head and hands trembling with the palsy. They recall his grizzled hair, his deeply indented face, his knotted hands, his terrific voice. Among them, indeed, the "Baker voice" is still a tradition. Mark's neighbors, half-admiringly, half-affectionately, called him "Squire Baker" and "Uncle Baker." They found him ignorant, dominating, passionate, fearless. He drove the sharpest bargains, paid his workers the smallest wages, and came in the category known in New England as "hard-fisted."

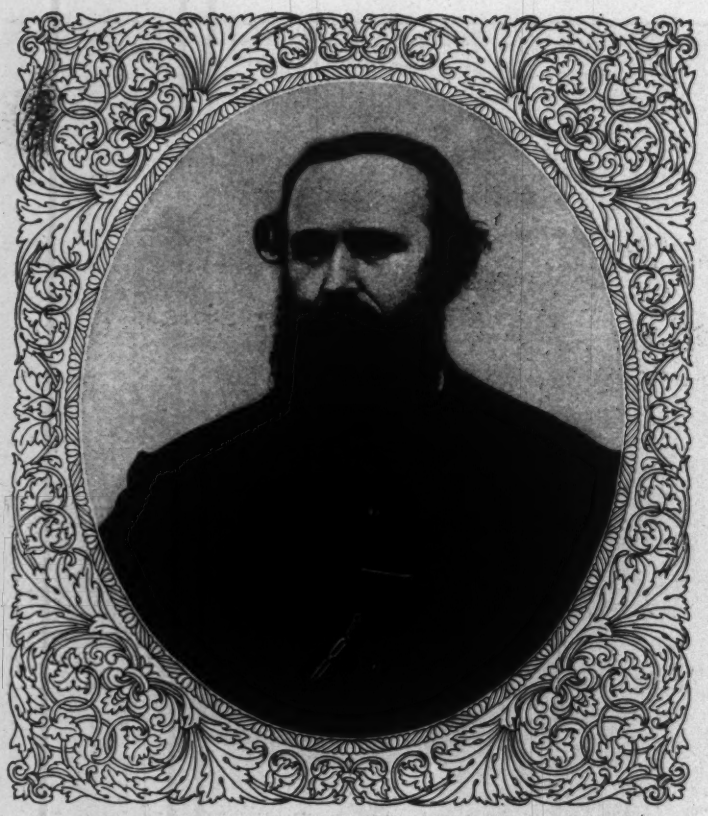
From a tintype

MRS. MARK BAKER

Mrs. Eddy's stepmother. Her own mother died in 1849

But he never cheated a man, and he always sacredly kept his word. In a narrow way he was a good citizen and a good father, training all his children to live soberly and to fear God.

In his deadening routine Mark Baker found only two higher interests—politics and religion. Both he carried to extremes. He was a strong pro-slavery advocate before the War; an unbending Copperhead during it. A man of the most pronounced antagonisms, he hated Abraham Lincoln above all men. Once two misguided young women entered the house selling pictures of Lincoln. They saved themselves from forcible ejection only by a hasty flight. Mark Baker stood working in his garden when word of Lincoln's assassination reached Tilton. "What!" he cried, when a breathless neighbor told him the news. He threw down his hoe and shouted, fairly biting off the words, "I'm glad on't!" His old friends still remember how restlessly he sat during the Civil War sermons of the Rev. Corban



DR. DANIEL PATTERSON

An itinerant dentist, Mrs. Eddy's second husband. Of him Mrs. Eddy says: "My second marriage was very unfortunate and from it I was compelled to ask for a bill of divorce." Dr. Patterson died in 1896, at Saco, Maine, where for many years he had lived the life of a hermit

Curtice, an ardent Republican. Old Mark attempted to have the minister removed for "political preaching"; failing in that, his only revenge was to attend service religiously and visibly manifest his displeasure. He showed a grim satisfaction in doing this. He sat with fists clenched upon his walking-stick, his eyes steadily fixed on the preacher, his trembling head thrust forward. Whenever the Reverend Curtice uttered the word "rebellion," — whether he referred to the rebellion of the states or the rebellion of the angels — Mark Baker arose and with long strides pounded his way down the aisle out of church.

As a churchman, however, Uncle Baker took high rank. He served frequently as a delegate to church conferences and on committees to "labor" with backsliding brethren. He rigidly upheld the old blue law New England Sabbath. He made his six children, after attending service, sit quietly, with folded hands, all day. He was a warlike Christian and dearly loved a good church row. For several years he aired his neighborly differences before the congregation. The yellowed books of the Tilton Congregational Church record these disputations in great detail. The brethren did not always take Uncle Baker's side; he refused, however, to accept their decisions, and hammered away at the same quarrels, year after year.

A story of him which has passed into neighborhood tradition illuminates the man. One Sunday, he mistook the day and worked as usual in the fields. On Monday morning he dressed himself in Sunday black and started for church. As he pounded along the roads, he noticed that his neighbors were about their regular secular employments. "What does this mean on the Lord's day?" he cried to a fellow-member of the church, whom he met driving to market. "This ain't Sunday," replied the neighbor. "You

Mrs. Tilton's house at Tilton, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Eddy lived for several years

Old Congregational Church at Tilton

District School at Tilton, New Hampshire

House at North Groton, New Hampshire, in which Mrs. Eddy lived for seven years

Mark Baker's house at Tilton, N. H.

MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL CHENEY

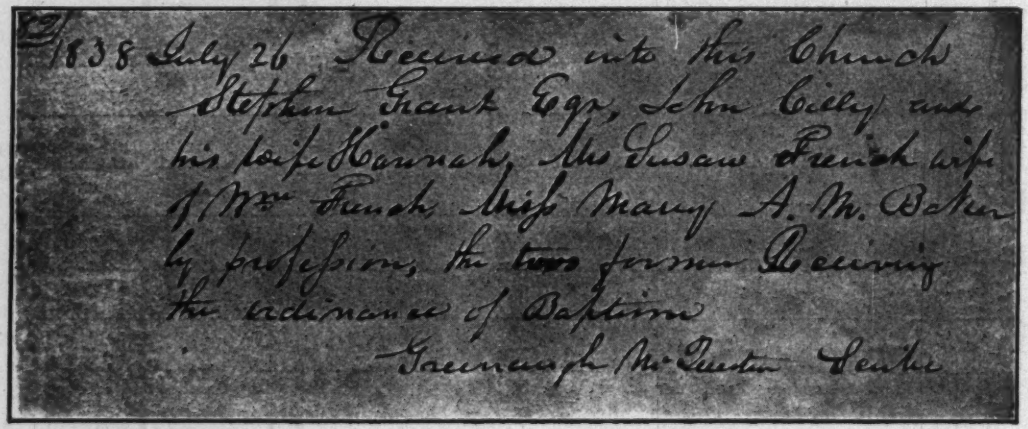
Who brought up Mrs. Eddy's only child George Glover. Mrs. Glover gave the boy to the Cheneys in 1851 when he was seven years old

are a lost soul," said Mark Baker, and stumped on down the road. But more neighbors passed; and presently he came upon a woman hanging out her washing in the back yard. "Don't you know that this is the Sabbath?" he shouted. "Why, Uncle Mark, this is Monday," she replied. "I'll have no joking with the Sabbath day," said Mark Baker, and went on. But when he reached the church, the doors were closed, and Mark Baker was forced to believe, in spite of himself. He went at once to Elder Curtice, who confirmed his worst fears. The two fell on their knees in prayer. Then, having purified his soul, Mark Baker started home.

The godly part of him was purged of sin, but the old Adam remained. The children of the neighborhood had a tame crow which used to hop through the yards of the village, stealing first from this house and then from that. As Mark Baker neared his house, this crow hopped upon a bush before him and uttered a confident caw. Baker raised his stick and struck the bird dead with one blow.

"I'll learn ye to hop and caw on the Sabbath day!" he said. When he reached

Photographic reproduction of the record in the Secretary's book of the Tilton Congregational Church, showing the date of Mrs. Eddy's entrance into the Church



1838 July 26 Received into this Church
Stephen Grant Esqr, John Cilley and
his wife Hannah, Mrs Susan French wife
of Wm French, Miss Mary A. M. Baker
by profession, the two former Receiving
the ordinance of Baptism
Greenough McQuesten Scribe

THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON TILTON FAMILY

With whom Mrs. Eddy, as Mrs. Glover, lived from 1844 to 1853. Mrs. Tilton was Abigail Baker, Mrs. Eddy's oldest sister

home, he made the family drop all work and observe that Monday as the Sabbath.

Mark Baker transmitted his qualities to nearly all his children. All the Bakers were high-tempered and headstrong; all had a local reputation for "crankiness." They had another thing in common: striking good looks. In Tilton, Mary Baker herself became the village beauty; her brother, George Sullivan, was generally acknowledged to be the handsomest man in town. Nearly all had personal force. Of the six children, two — Abigail, the oldest girl, and Albert, the second son — made something of a mark. Abigail married Alexander Hamilton Tilton, after whose family the present town of Tilton is named. He owned several large woolen mills and accumulated a considerable fortune in manufacture. Mrs. Tilton was the queen of that little community. She had a clear-cut, statuesque beauty, a fine dignity, an aggressive character. She had all the familiar family traits, but they combined into pride, masterfulness, and a keen sense of responsibility. She had also much executive capacity; when her husband died, she took direct charge of his large manufacturing interests, and managed them even more successfully than he. Albert Baker early manifested the same high qualities. Alone of the Bakers, he received a liberal education. He prepared himself for college, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1834, studied law with Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the United States, and soon acquired much reputation and practice. He plunged into politics, served in the State legislature as assemblyman, and in 1841 received the nomination for representative in Congress. He died, however, before the election, at the age of thirty-one. In the estimation of his friends, Albert Baker was destined for important things. Loyal Christian Scientists believe that he had considerable influence in Mrs. Eddy's spiritual development. Mrs.

From the etching made under Mrs. Eddy's direction. Copyright, 1890, by Rufus H. Baker

MRS. EDDY'S BIRTHPLACE AS SHE REMEMBERS IT

From a photograph made in 1906

MRS. EDDY'S BIRTHPLACE TO-DAY

Eddy has said, herself, that in the old days she had spiritistic communications with him.

Mrs. Eddy's other sister, Martha Smith, also showed excellent womanly traits. She married Luther C. Pillsbury, deputy warden of the New Hampshire penitentiary. Samuel, the oldest brother, became a bricklayer, the youngest boy, George Sullivan, a workman in a Tilton woolen mill. Of the whole family, Mrs. Eddy alone survives. All, excepting Albert, died of cancer, and nearly all their children fell victims to the same disease.

Mary Baker passed her first fifteen years at the ancestral farm at Bow. It was a lonely and unstimulating existence. The church supplied the only social diversions, the district school practically all the intellectual life. Mark Baker's whole library consisted of the family Bible. He believed religiously in the doctrine of toil, and life at the farm, for both boys and girls, meant a daily twelve-hour grind. Bow had no village life even; the town consisted of a few scattered farms. The Baker estate was the most isolated of all. The house itself was a small, square box building of rudimentary architecture; now, with its boarded-up windows, its front room converted into a granary, it has sadly gone to decay. It stood on a hill, far removed from the highway, and was reached by a road, now deep-gullied and overgrown. The prospect, however, was superb. From her room Mary Baker looked

down upon the Merrimac valley, with its white-banked stream slowly picking its way in and out among the hills. Here and there little white villages bordered the river; almost opposite stood the town of Pembroke, and to the west, the city of Concord. Near at hand lay many prosperous farms, and woods of white birch and pine; and in the distance the blue New Hampshire hills. Evidently, Mrs. Eddy's childhood felt these influences. In her age she has made her home amid the old familiar scenes. From Pleasant View, where she lives now, she catches glimpses of the Baker farm and the fields where she romped as a child.

In 1836, when Mary was fifteen, Mark Baker sold the Bow farm and moved to Sanbornton Bridge,— now Tilton. Here there were larger opportunities. "The Bridge" was a lively manufacturing place. It contained many rich and public-spirited citizens, and had considerable social life. Mark Baker's circumstances improved. At first he farmed a mile or two outside of the town, but when he acquired something of a competence he purchased a house in the village. Here Mary Baker attended school, passed her girlhood, married, and spent several years as a widow. Many old residents survive who have the clearest recollections of her.

It is one proof of her remarkable personality that these old people remember her, even as a little child, so clearly. The writer has talked to scores of her contemporaries in Bow, Concord, and the other towns in which she has lived. In their estimates of her character, in their descriptions of the nervous phenomena of that strange childhood, there is a remarkable consistency. Allowance must always be made, in dealing with the early life of a great personage, for the dishonor of a prophet in his own country. That allowance has been made here; and nothing essential is set down which is not backed by the testimony of many witnesses among her neighbors and relatives.

They remember Mary Baker as a most interesting and beautiful child. She was dainty, fragile, and precocious in development. Her baby manners, in an age which enforced the law that children should be seen and not heard, were considered a little "forward." She has kept her beauty all her life; apparently there was not even an awkward age for her. As a young woman she was slim, alert, and graceful. Of medium height, she had a well-formed figure which she has not lost even in her old age. Her feet and hands were exquisitely fashioned. Her features were regular and refined — a delicately aquiline nose, a rather long and pointed chin, a firm mouth, and a high, broad forehead. Her most striking beauty was her big, gray eyes. Deep-set and overhung by dark lashes, they had the gift of emotional expression. "When she was angry," says an old neighbor, "they became fairly black." All her life, those eyes have had such an effect upon their beholders that they may justly be called an important factor in her career. Her skin was clear red and white, and her hair wavy brown.

In this hair, as in the whole glory of her beauty, she took the greatest pride. She always dressed well and kept more closely to the fashions than was common in that rustic community. Her schoolmates remember that, when not more than fifteen or sixteen, she introduced the "French Twist" in Tilton.

It was an age when languishing manners were fashionable. As a little girl, even, Mary Baker adopted and exaggerated that pose. Her behavior was mincing and artificial, and by contrast it stood out in that rather rough and primitive community. Strong in the memory of the old inhabitants is her appearance at church. She hardly ever entered until the rest of the congregation were seated. Then she tripped in, dressed a little conspicuously, but always in taste — a picture of fashionable beauty which made strangers and visitors stare. These baits lured the village boys; and at church festivals all the young farmers were at her feet.

At home, the Baker family petted and coddled Mary. They all loved her especially as the youngest child, and were proud of her beauty and cleverness. The whole household regarded her as "different" from themselves, possibly made of a little finer clay, and took pleasure in smoothing the natural hardness of her life. In a household where personal labor was invariably exacted from others, Mary spent most of her time in idleness. She accepted this devotion as her natural right. As a child she displayed that power of compelling obedience which has marked her through her life. She ruled at the old Bow household as unquestionably as she ruled afterward at Pleasant View. Mark Baker alone attempted

to discipline her, and the two strong wills constantly clashed. The quarrels between Mary, a child ten years old, and her father, a gray-haired man of fifty, frequently set the house in an uproar. In these disputes, however, Mary's mother and her brothers and sisters usually ranged themselves upon her side.

Indeed, Mary was the type of girl that strong men and women instinctively champion. At times she appealed by her sweetness and amiability, and in her best moments she was the embodiment of gaiety. More potently, her continual ill-health aroused their sympathy. She was extremely nervous and hysterical, and, as child and woman, subject to certain violent seizures. Mary Baker's "fits," as outsiders rather crudely called them, are still a household word among her old friends. They frequently came on without the slightest warning. At times the attack resembled a convulsion. Mary pitched headlong on the floor, and rolled and kicked, writhing and screaming in apparent agony. Again she dropped limp and lay motionless. At other times, like a cataleptic, she lay rigid, almost in a state of suspended animation. The family worked over her, but usually in vain. Mark Baker, standing upright in his wagon and lashing his horses, would drive for Dr. Ladd, the family physician. An old neighbor remembered him driving thus and shouting all the way: "Mary is dying!" The family actually believed that she was. For years they expected that Mary would end her days in one of her hysterical attacks, and went to every extreme to prevent them. As a precautionary measure they gave in to all the girl's whims.

Outside the Baker home, Mary's spells did not inspire the same sympathy. The uncharitable called them "tantrums." They even said that Mary took advantage of them to enforce her own way. Mary repeatedly used her nerves, they noted, against her father. Nervous as she was, she found the quiet, blue-law Sunday especially irksome. Sunday, it happened, was the great day for these fits. The family pleaded with Mark Baker and finally obtained more liberty. It seems that her father was in two minds about these seizures. Though complaisant enough at times, he frequently said harsh things to his friends. "Oh, Mary had me up again all last night," he would declare, explaining his haggard and bleared-eyed appearance. Once he called a neighbor's attention to the girl, who was then walking wildly up and down a second-story piazza. "The Bible says Mary Magdalen had seven devils," he declared, "but our Mary has got ten!"

These fits or hysterical attacks are important in the estimate of Mary Baker and her career. Mrs. Eddy was subject to them continuously for many years.

Unquestionably, Mary's attacks represented to a great extent a genuine affliction. Dr. Ladd occasionally diagnosed them as "hysteria mingled with bad temper"; but at other times he took them seriously. He regarded the girl as an interesting pathological case. Becoming much interested in mesmerism at about that time, he practised upon Mary Baker. He found her a sensitive subject. He discovered that, by mental suggestion, he could partly control her. "I can make that girl stop in the street any time, merely by thinking," he would tell his friends; and he frequently demonstrated that he could do this.

Mrs. Eddy, in her autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," speaks of certain youthful experiences. Like little Samuel, she had her ghostly visitations as a child. She describes them in these words:

> For some twelve months, when I was about eight years old, I repeatedly heard a voice, calling me distinctly by name, three times, in an ascending scale. I thought this was my mother's voice, and sometimes went to her, beseeching her to tell me what she wanted. Her answer was always: "Nothing, child! What do you mean?" Then I would say: "Mother, who *did* call me? I heard somebody call *Mary*, three times!" This continued until I grew discouraged, and my mother was perplexed and anxious.

At another time her cousin, Mehitable Huntoon, heard the voice, and told Mrs. Baker about it. Then, according to Mrs. Eddy, her mother advised her to answer in the words of Samuel, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." The voice came again, but Mary had not the courage to answer it. When she did get that courage there was no response, nor did she ever hear the voice again.

Like Christ, she debated at the age of twelve with the wise men of the church. She does not draw the parallel; she only tells the story. Christian Scientists, however, have done it for her. When, she says, she had prepared to enter the church at the age

of twelve, predestination and such doctrines seemed terrible to her. She wept over the necessity of believing that her unregenerate brothers and sisters would be damned. Her mother advised her to pray. She did so, and peace followed. Finally, she appeared for examination on doctrinal points. When they reached predestination, she refused to accept it. She goes on:

> Distinctly do I recall what followed. I stoutly maintained that I was willing to trust God, and take my chance of spiritual safety with my brothers and sisters,— not one of whom had then made any profession of religion,— even if my credal doubts left me outside the doors. . . . Nevertheless, he (the minister) persisted in the assertion that I *had* been truly regenerated, and asked me to say how I felt when the new light dawned within me. I replied that I could only answer him in the words of the Psalmist: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."
>
> This was so earnestly said, that even the oldest church-members wept. After the meeting was over they came and kissed me. To the astonishment of many, the good clergyman's heart also melted, and he received me into their communion.

The official record bearing on this point, taken from the clerk's book of the Tilton Congregational Church, is as follows:

"1838, July 26, Received into this church, Stephen Grant, Esq., John Cilly and his wife Hannah, Mrs. Susan French, wife of William French, Miss Mary A. M. Baker, by profession, the two former receiving the ordinance of baptism. Greenaugh McQuestion, Scribe."

As Mary Baker was born on July 16, 1821, and as this record is dated "1838, July 26," she was evidently seventeen, and not twelve, when the event described above took place.*

Mrs. Eddy has also given some details concerning her education. Her father, she says, kept her much of the time out of school; he regarded her brain as "too large for her body." Her brother Albert taught her Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and she gives as her favorite childhood studies, Natural Philosophy, Logic, and Moral Science. She also describes herself as a most intelligent child; she learned with unusual facility; and, at ten, had as much familiarity with Lindley Murray's grammar as with the Westminster Catechism. She "graduated," she adds, "from Dyer H. Sanborn's Academy at Tilton." At present, however, Mrs. Eddy makes no pretensions to scholarly accomplishments. "After my discovery of Christian Science," she says, "most of the knowledge I had gleaned from school-books vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed."*

According to her old neighbors at Tilton, Mary Baker had even less schooling than most girls of her class. Her ill-health and hysteria constantly interfered. She would attend school for a few weeks, have a nervous spell, and then drop out. Consequently, she usually recited with girls considerably younger than herself. Her old schoolmates say that she was indolent, constantly lolled in her seat, and spent much time scribbling on her slate. Apparently, she was incapable of concentrated or continuous thought. They do not believe that Mrs. Eddy's brother Albert taught her Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. He entered college when Mary was nine and left home when she was thirteen. There was, they say, no Dyer H. Sanborn's Academy; Sanborn, however, did teach a few children each year in a room above the district school. Formal graduations were unknown; the boys and girls left when they were old enough to go to work or to marry. According to these schoolmates, Mary Baker completed her education when she had finished Smith's grammar and reached long division in arithmetic.

Other more subtle influences, then abroad, must have largely affected her career. From the first she had an inclination toward the occult and an honest belief in many of the strange ideas then prevalent in New England. The air was full of mesmerism, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, mind-reading, and other new and strange phenomena. Lecturers discussed these subjects from every village platform; in all the New England towns Mesmer had numerous followers. The name of Charles

* "Retrospection and Introspection."

* This is not the only demonstrable misstatement made by Mrs. Eddy in her official biography. She begins her book, for example, by saying that her great-grandfather, on her father's side, was John McNeil, of Edinburgh; and she claims, as a relative, Sir John Macneill, G. C. B., a "Scotch knight who was prominent in British politics and at one time held the position of ambassador to Persia." She says elsewhere that she is Sir John's only descendant. Mrs. Florence McAllister, of Aberdeen, a granddaughter of Sir John McNeil, published in London *Truth*, in 1904, a detailed refutation. Mrs. Eddy practically accepted the correction by notifying all Christian Science writers not to connect her in future with the Scottish McNeils. She herself, however, has not yet corrected her own statement in "Retrospection and Introspection." She also still uses the McNeil coat-of-arms. It hangs on her library wall at Pleasant View, embroidered in white silk. It is also engraved in gold on Pleasant View stationery and is impressed upon her seal.

Poyen, a French disciple, was a household word. Poyen, in 1837, published a book on "Animal Magnetism in New England." According to this work, he visited and lectured in many of the towns where Mrs. Eddy spent her early days. At that moment, says Poyen, animal magnetism "indisputably constituted, in several parts of New England, the most stirring topic of conversation among all classes of society." He calls it "A Great Truth," "Power of Mind over Matter," a "Demonstration," a "Discovery Given by God." Above all, he pronounced it "Science." Whether Mrs. Eddy ever read this book or saw Poyen is not known; the circumstance merely proves that many of the phrases with which her name is now associated were current in her youth. As will appear, "animal magnetism" figures largely in Christian Science; in "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy has devoted a whole chapter to this phenomenon, which she treats as a supreme manifestation of error. The cure of disease by clairvoyance, mesmerism, and other psychical processes was also common. Andrew Jackson Davis, afterwards a celebrated spiritualist,— of whom more in another place,— had already begun to astound the public by his remarkable literary and mediumistic performances.

Concord and other New England towns had also witnessed the growth of many strange religious movements. Here, in particular, had sprung up the American Shakers. There was a large and flourishing colony at Canterbury, only five miles from Tilton. Their somber costumes, their queer religious enthusiasms, their spiritual exaltations, were part and parcel of the life in which Mary Baker passed her youth. In her girlhood many people still lived who personally remembered Ann Lee. This celebrated lady, fleeing from England in 1774, spent her first few years in America at Concord and the neighboring towns. All through Mary Baker's youth the Shakers, because of the scandalous charges brought against them, figured largely in the courts. On one occasion Franklin Pierce, in whose office Albert Baker studied law, defended them. Laws directed against their communities were constantly presented to the legislature. A famous "exposure," written by Mary Dyer, was published in Concord in 1847. Inevitably, a girl with Mary Baker's love of mystery must have learned their story.

Without implying any fundamental similarity between Christian Science and Shakerism — the two systems are indeed entirely distinct — a few significant resemblances may properly be pointed out. The Shakers regarded Ann Lee as the "female principle of God," the "female Christ"; Christian Scientists, at times, have not hesitated to picture Mrs. Eddy in the same light. The Shakers have even asserted that Ann Lee was greater than Christ; Mrs. Eddy has herself said that her revelation was "higher, clearer, and more permanent" than that given eighteen centuries ago.* The Shakers prayed always to "our Father and Mother, which art in Heaven"; Mrs. Eddy has "spiritually interpreted" the first line of the Lord's Prayer, making it read "Father-Mother God." Shakers called Ann Lee the woman of the Apocalypse, the "God-anointed woman," the "Holy Comforter"; Christian Scientists have made, unofficially, the same claim for Mrs. Eddy. In the old Mother Church of Boston is a stained-glass window, showing the woman of the Apocalypse clothed in the sun and crowned with twelve stars. It is titled "The Woman God Crowned," and above it is a representation of the book "Science and Health." Shakers always called Ann Lee "Mother"; Christian Scientists formerly thus addressed Mrs. Eddy. Mother Ann, like Mother Eddy, declared that she had the gift of healing. She also believed that she took upon herself the sins and sufferings of others; in the early days, Mrs. Eddy had the same idea. The Shakers believed that Mother Ann had spiritual illumination — the mind that saw things as they were; that the rest of the world was deceived; that the evidence of the senses, used against her, might mislead; this is a prevailing idea in regard to Mrs. Eddy among Christian Scientists. Ann Lee governed largely through fear; her followers believed that with her mental powers she could inflict torment upon them in this world. In the early Christian Science days, if not now, "malicious animal magnetism," — as Mrs. Eddy named this power of mentally working evil on others — was an orthodox doctrine. The Shakers called their establishment "The Church of Christ"; Mrs. Eddy used the same name, adding the word "Scientist." They called the original foundation the "Mother Church"; Mrs. Eddy so designated her first Boston building. Ann Lee forbade audible prayer,

* From a statement in a personal letter.

teaching that it "exposed the desires." Mrs. Eddy opposes audible prayer, which may "utter desires which are not real."* Finally, Ann Lee enjoined celibacy. Mrs. Eddy teaches that celibacy is a more spiritual state than marriage; she permits the marriage relation merely as "expedient,"—"suffer it to be so now."

Outwardly, Mary Baker's early life was sufficiently humdrum. In December, 1843, when twenty-two, she married her first husband, George Washington Glover. "Wash" Glover was a close personal friend of Mary's oldest brother, Samuel. The two young men had learned the bricklayer's trade together at Boston; and Samuel Baker had married Glover's sister, Eliza. George Glover left home and settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where northern labor then commanded high prices. On one of his visits home to Tilton, he fell deeply in love with Mary Baker. He was a big, kind-hearted young fellow, unquestionably the most manly of Mrs. Eddy's husbands. He took his bride to Wilmington, South Carolina, and in June, 1844, six months after his marriage, he died of yellow fever. He left his young wife in a miserable plight. She was far from home and entirely without money or friends. Glover, however, was a freemason, and thus received decent burial. The masons also paid Mrs. Glover's fare to New York City, where she was met and taken to her father's home by her brother George. Here, the following September, her only child, a son, was born. She named him George Washington, after his father.

Now begins the second period of Mrs. Eddy's life — her ten years' widowhood. Her position was an embarrassing one. She was a grown woman, with a child, but entirely without means of support. Her brothers and sisters had all married and left home; her mother was old and incapacitated†; her father, too, had passed his prime. Mrs. Glover made only one effort at self-support. For a brief season she taught school. Several Tilton people, who received a few weeks' instruction, remember the experience well. They tell a few characteristic anecdotes. They recall especially that Mrs. Glover required them, at stated intervals, to march around the room singing a few lines she had written in her own honor. The refrain was as follows:

"We will tell Mrs. Glover
How much we love her;
By the light of the moon
We will come to her."

However, Mrs. Glover's experience as a schoolmistress lasted only a few weeks. After this she went back and forth between her father's house and that of her sister Abigail, staying a few months at a time with each. Upon these two relatives she was dependent for shelter, clothes, and such money as she had. She never, however, showed that she felt any humiliation. Her attitude was not that of a poor relation. She almost made her family feel her presence a privilege. They gave her the best room in each house and showed her every personal attention. She had long periods of illness, and at times could not stand the slightest noise. The rumbling of wagons, the play of children, almost crazed her. Mark Baker, for weeks at a time, spread the road in front of his house with tan-bark and straw. Now, at last, Mrs. Glover subdued her father to her every caprice. He waited on her as on a child. Mrs. Tilton's husband and children, also, accommodated themselves to her nerves They tiptoed around the house, that they might not disturb Mrs. Glover, and placed covered bricks against every sill, that the doors might close softly.

Mrs. Glover's hysterical spells became more violent as she grew older. For months at a time she lived in an almost continuous state of collapse. She was given to long and lonely wanderings, especially at night. During her many illnesses her family would leave her in bed, apparently helpless, and returning a moment later find that she had disappeared. One manifestation of her pathological condition was a mania for being rocked or swung. Mark Baker frequently took the grown woman in his arms, dropped into a big rocking-chair, and soothed her to sleep like a baby. Then he carried her to bed, gently tucked her in, and stealthily tiptoed out of the room. Mrs. Tilton, when Mary stayed at her house, performed like service. Usually, at the Tilton house, the task fell to one John Varney, the man of all work. He, like the members of her own family, rocked her to sleep in his arms. To put an end to this proceeding, which they

* "Science and Health," page 7.

† Mrs. Eddy's mother died November 21, 1849. In the fall of 1850 Mark Baker married Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan of Londonderry, New Hampshire. The second Mrs. Mark Baker died June 6, 1875.

regarded as unseemly, the Tiltons constructed a huge cradle. It was built just like a baby's, with a decorated balustrade, soft cushions, and other essentials of comfort. It had at one end a platform; upon this Varney sat, and, rocking himself, also rocked the cradle. At times the Tiltons put up a large swing in Mrs. Glover's room. Her nephew, Albert Tilton, would swing her for hours in the daytime. Sometimes, with small coins, he would hire certain village boys as substitutes. "Swinging Mrs. Glover" became a popular way of turning an honest penny. One, at least, of these boys still lives, and has described his experience to the present writer. This swinging motion, indeed, grew absolutely indispensable to Mrs. Glover's peace of mind. Often her father had to carry her in his arms from room to room; and she always insisted upon being carried up-stairs.

Mrs. Glover now dabbled in mesmerism on her own account. She started as an amateur clairvoyant; the superstitious country folk frequently sought her advice. Occasionally, in the course of a social call, she would go into a trance. She closed her eyes, sank backwards, apparently lost consciousness, and, while in this state, described scenes and events. Old "Boston John Clark," a mesmerist of some local fame, experimented upon her. He used her to trace lost or stolen articles; once he tried through her to locate a drowned body. John Varney sought to turn this talent to practical account. At his suggestion, Mrs. Glover described the hiding-place of Captain Kidd's treasure, then a subject of particular excitement. She indicated a spot near the city of Lynn. Varney and several of his cronies took the train and dug diligently for several days without result. Mrs. Glover showed much interest in spiritualism, which in the early '50's began to attract general attention. Like the Fox sisters, she heard rappings at night. An old lady still survives who remembers spending a night with her and having her peace of mind constantly disturbed by these mysterious noises.

Mrs. Glover by no means lacked engaging qualities. At times she appeared the very soul of gentleness, patience, and humility. Her beauty increased with years; yet she showed a constant inclination to improve on nature. Though she had a fine complexion, she rouged her face; though she had excellent teeth, she had several extracted, and false ones put in. This artificiality she carried into her speech and manner. She queened it at the Tilton sewing-circles, and figured conspicuously at prayer-meetings. Now, also, she began "to compose." She wrote verses that appeared in the "poet's corners" of local newspapers; she also indulged in light love stories that occasionally found their way into print. In that narrow community, Mrs. Glover figured as something of a blue-stocking. Her affectations, however, interfered with her popularity. She drew strange and grandiloquent words from the dictionary—sometimes misapplying them. "When I vociferate so loudly, why do you not respond with greater alacrity?" is one of her phrases that has passed into a local by-word.

During all these years Mrs. Tilton and her sister repeatedly quarreled. Finally, there came a complete break. Mrs. Tilton shut the door upon Mrs. Glover, commanding her never to enter the house again. "I loved Mary more dearly than any of my brothers and sisters," she told her friends, "but it's all gone now." Indeed, her bitterness increased with the years. She lived to see Mrs. Eddy the widely acclaimed leader of a new religious cult. She died of the family malady, cancer, in the early '90's. A few weeks before the end she left instructions that Mrs. Eddy should not be allowed to attend her funeral. She left none of her large property to Mrs. Eddy, though George Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, received $10,000.

While she lived with her sister and her father, Mrs. Glover had many love affairs. To men she always showed her most winning side. Conspicuous among her suitors was one Dr. Daniel Patterson, an itinerant dentist. Patterson had for years been a familiar figure about Tilton. He was a handsome man; tall, erect, black-bearded, invariably well-dressed in a frock-coat and top hat. He was well liked for his good-nature, and generally respected. In a worldly way he was not over-successful; dentistry was not then one of the lucrative professions, and Patterson himself was somewhat inclined to shiftlessness. From his first acquaintance with Mrs. Glover, he determined to marry her. Conscientious Mark Baker, when he heard the news, visited Patterson and told him of Mary's ill-health and nervous afflictions. But in 1853 the wedding took place at the Baker home in Tilton.

Patterson, on the day of the marriage, carried his bride down-stairs from her bedroom, and back again, after the ceremony. Her ill-health continued all through the honeymoon, and intermittently through the succeeding twelve years. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson lived for a short time at Tilton, then moved to Franklin. Old residents of Franklin still recall the day when Patterson came driving into town with a large wagon containing his wife's cradle. During the following nine years the Pattersons led a roving existence. The doctor practised in several towns, from Tilton to North Groton and then to Rumney. In North Groton they lived seven years. A more desolate existence could hardly be imagined. The town stood on the southern fringe of the White Mountains. It contained only a few hundred people, living on widely scattered farms; there was no village center, and no access to the world except by stage. Dr. Patterson purchased a small one-story house, located in a little blind lane leading off from the main road. Back of the house ran a swift brook; in front was a deep wood; on the right side rose the untraveled mountains. There was only one neighbor immediately at hand. An occasional farm wagon lumbered along the road, but days and weeks went by without a visitor. The winters started in early, the snow lying deep many months. For weeks at a time Patterson would leave his wife alone while he attended to his practice in near-by towns. During most of his married life, Patterson was extremely poor. He alternated his dentistry with intermittent practice as a homeopathic physician. In the rear of his house he had a saw-mill, which he ran during the dull seasons.

Mrs. Eddy has sought to blot out this part of her career. She makes no reference to it in "Retrospection and Introspection"; and in another place has said that no special account is to be made of the twenty-two years from 1844 to 1866. It is one of the singular facts of her career that it blossomed so late. These were the years between twenty-three and forty-five, when most men and women do the significant work of their lives; yet they counted so little in Mrs. Eddy's life that she wishes them forgotten. As described by old residents of North Groton, her life with Patterson was, hardly felicitous. They tell the same old stories of her illnesses, her hysteria, her high temper, her quarrels. Patterson constantly covered the wooden bridge over the brook with sawdust to quiet his wife's nerves. He spent many evenings, according to a local tradition, killing the discordant frogs. Other stories sink still further toward burlesque.

In 1861 Patterson visited the early battlefields of the Civil War as a spectator, strayed into the enemy's lines, and was taken captive. He spent one or two years in a Southern prison, Mrs. Patterson meanwhile selling off the household effects and returning to her sister's house. Patterson eventually turned up, penniless, emaciated, and in rags. With Mrs. Patterson he went to Lynn, Massachusetts, and made another brief and futile attempt at housekeeping. About 1866 the doctor appeared at Tilton. He held a consultation with his wife's family, declared that he had done forever with Mrs. Patterson, and made some provision for her support. He set up a practice at Littleton. In 1873 Mrs. Patterson applied for and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. The doctor did not contest the suit. His end was melancholy. Evidently his experiences preyed upon his mind; he wandered aimlessly around for many years, and eventually lived the life of a hermit near Saco, Maine. There he died in 1896. For years Christian Scientists attacked him, but he never seemed enough interested in the world to reply. For example, Alfred Farlow, head of the Christian Science Publication Committee, says, in his "Christian Science Historical Facts," that Mrs. Patterson obtained a divorce because of the doctor's "adultery." The court records, as already said, show that the divorce was obtained on the ground of desertion.

All this time we have lost track of Mrs. Eddy's only child, the son of her first marriage, George Washington Glover. He disappears from this narrative, however, no more completely than he disappeared from his mother's own existence. In "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy gives the following account of her son:

> After returning to the paternal roof, I lost all my husband's property, except what money I had brought with me; and remained with my parents until after my mother's decease.
>
> A few months before my father's second marriage to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of Lieutenant-Governor George W. Patterson, of New York — my little son, about four years of age, was sent away from me, and put under the

care of our family nurse, who had married, and resided in the northern part of New Hampshire. I had no training for self-support, and my home I regarded as very precious. The night before my child was taken from me, I knelt by his side throughout the dark hours, hoping for a vision of relief from this trial. The following lines are taken from my poem, "Mother's Darling," written after this separation:

"Thy smile through tears, as sunshine o'er the sea,
Awoke new beauty in the surge's roll!
Oh, life is dead, bereft of all, with thee,—
Star of my earthly hope, babe of my soul."

My dominant thought in marrying again was to get back my child, but after our marriage his stepfather was not willing he should have a home with me. A plot was consummated for keeping us apart. The family to whose care he was committed, very soon removed to what was then regarded as the Far West.

After his removal a letter was read to my little son informing him that his mother was dead and buried. Without my knowledge he was appointed a guardian, and I was then informed that my son was lost. Every means within my power was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived, and came to see me in Massachusetts.

George Glover and his mother lived in the same vicinity, at times in the same town, for thirteen years. All that time she saw little of him and did not provide for his wants. She seemed, indeed, to have for him a positive aversion. "Mary," said Mark Baker, "acts just like an old ewe sheep that won't own its lamb. She won't have it near her." Strangely enough, she centered her attention upon a neighbor's child in North Groton, and named him Mark after her father. As an infant, George Glover lived at his Aunt Tilton's with his mother. She sent him on long visits to the family of John Varney, the hired man; and also to Mahala Sanborn, a spinster, who had attended her at the boy's birth. The latter learned to love the child, and when she married Russell Cheney and settled in North Groton, took him, at Mrs. Eddy's request, to live with her. Here he spent the years from 1851 to 1857 — the larger part of which time Mrs. Patterson dwelt in the same village. In 1857 the Cheneys moved to Enterprise, Minnesota, taking George with them. He enlisted in the Civil War; was wounded at Shiloh; made an excellent record as a soldier; became United States marshal; knocked about the western states as a prospector and miner; and finally established himself at Lead, South Dakota. The Cheneys, after settling at Enterprise, wrote constantly to their friends and relatives at Tilton and North Groton, giving complete details of the young man's progress. Mr. Cyrus Blood of North Groton, one of George Glover's early chums, well remembers a visit he paid to Dr. Patterson in 1861. Mrs. Patterson read a long letter from her son, describing his army experiences. The present writer has also read a letter from Mrs. Patterson to P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine, dated July 29, 1865, in which she describes her son as mortally ill "at Enterprise, Minnesota." Mother and son finally met in 1878, and again a few years ago. They are upon friendly terms. Glover has a family, is apparently prosperous, and lives in a handsome house at Lead, which Mrs. Eddy built for him in 1902. He is not a Christian Scientist. Three years ago his eldest daughter died. The neighbors expressed amazement that he had not called upon Mrs. Eddy to cure her. "Why, do you know," replied George, "I never thought of mother!"

So Mary Baker lived until she was forty years old — the time of life when most women have settled themselves and are looking toward a comfortable middle age. It had been a hard life, sordid in many of its experiences, petty in many of its details, revolving in small circles and around small people. No one knows how much the narrow, Puritanical atmosphere of Mark Baker's farm cramped and warped her hysterical and somewhat abnormal nature. At forty, although a striking figure of a woman, she was known only for her eccentricities. Had she died then, the local papers would have printed a few lines about it; the world would have taken no notice beyond that. Indeed, it was fifteen or twenty years more before she was known outside of a few New England towns. She had her peculiarities, her flaws of conduct; yet, so far as her world could judge her, these might have been only the shadows in a dominant character.

And when she was about forty, there came the tide in her affairs, the great change which transformed her, the incident which carried her on to her extraordinary career. What this opportunity was and what use she made of it, will be told in the next article.

THE MAN WHO KNEW

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH," "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," ETC.

BEARDED, bowed, with hard blue eyes that questioned always, so we knew David Uyo as children; an old, remotely quiet man, who was to be passed on the other side of the street and in silence. I have wondered sometimes if the old man ever noticed the hush that ran before him and the clamour that grew up behind, the games that held breath while he went by, and the children that judged him with wide eyes. He alone, of all the people in the little dorp, made his own world and possessed it in solitude; about him, the folk held all interest in community and measured life by a trivial common standard. At his doorstep, though, lay the frontier of little things; he was something beyond us all, and therefore greater or less than we. The mere pictorial value of his tall figure, the dignity of his long, forked beard, and the expectancy of his patient eye, must have settled it that he was greater. I was a child when he died, and remember only what I saw, but the rest was talk, and so, perhaps, grew the more upon me.

One day he died. For years he had walked forth in the morning and back to his house at noon, a purple spot on the raw colour of the town. He had always been still and somewhat ominous, and conveyed to all who saw him a sense of looking for something. But on this day he went back briskly, walking well and striding long, with the gait of one that has good news, and he smiled at those he passed and nodded to them, unheeding or not seeing their strong surprise nor the alarm he wrought to the children. He went straight to his little house, that overlooks a crowded garden and a pool of the dorp spruit, entered, and was seen no more alive. His servant, a sullen Kaffir, found him in his bed when supper-time came, called him, looked, made sure, and ran off to spread the news that

David Uyo was dead. He was lying, I have learned, as one would lie who wished to die formally, with a smile on his face and his arms duly crossed. This is copiously confirmed by many women who crowded, after the manner of Boers, to see the corpse; and of all connected with him, I think, his end and the studied manner of it, implying an ultimate deference to the conventions, have most to do with the awe in which his memory is preserved.

Now a death so well conceived, so aptly preluded, must, in the nature of things, crown and complete a life of singular and strong quality. A murder without a good motive is merely folly; properly actuated, it is tragedy, and therefore of worth. So with a death: one seldom dies well, in the technical sense, without having lived well, in the artistic sense; and a man who will furnish forth a good death-bed scene seldom goes naked of an excellent tradition. I have been at some pains to discover the story of David Uyo; and though some or the greater part of it may throw no further back than to the vrouws of the dorp, it seems to me that they have done their part at least as well as David Uyo did his, and this is the tale I gleaned.

When David was a young man, the Boers were not yet scattered abroad all over the veldt, and the farms lay in to the dorps, and men saw one another every day. There was still trouble with the Kaffirs at times, little risings and occasional murders, with the sacking and burning of homesteads, and it was well to have the men within a couple of days' ride of the field-cornet, for purposes of defence and retaliation. But when David married all this weighed little with him.

"What need of neighbours?" he said to his young wife. "We have more need of land — good land and much of it. We will trek."

"It shall be as you will, David," answered Christina. "I have no wish but yours, and neighbours are nothing to me."

There was a pair of them, you see — both Boers of the best, caring more for a good fire of their own than to see the smoke from another's chimney soiling the sky. Within a week of their agreement the waggons were creaking towards the rising sun, and the whips were saluting the morning. David and Christina fronted a new world together, and sought virgin soil. For a full month they journeyed out, and outspanned at last, on a mellow evening, on their home.

"Could you live here, do you think, Christina?" asked David, smiling, and she smiled back at him and made no other answer.

There was need for none, indeed, for no Boer could pass such a place. It was a rise, a little rand, flowing out from a tall kopje, grass and bush to its crown, and at its skirts ran a wide spruit of clear water. The veldt waved like a sea — not nakedly and forlorn, but dotted with grey mimosa and big, green, dropsical aloes, that here and there showed a scarlet plume like a flame. The country was thigh-deep in grass and spoke of game; as they looked, a springbok got up and fled. So here they stayed.

David and his Kaffirs built the house, such a house as you see only when the man who is to make his home in it puts his hand to the building. David knew but one architecture, that of the great hills and the sky, and when all was done, the house and its background clove together like a picture in a fit frame, the one enhancing the other, the two being one in perfection. It was thatched, with deep eaves, and these made a cool stoep and cast shadows on the windows; while the door was red, and took the eye at once, as do the plumes of the aloes. It was not well devised — to say so would be to lend David a credit not due to him; but it occurred excellently.

The next thing that occurred was a child, a son, and this set the pinnacle on their happiness. His arrival was the one great event in many years, for the multiplication of David's flocks and herbs was so well graduated, the growth of his prosperity so steady and of so even a process, that it tended rather to content than to joy. It was like having money rather than like getting it. In the same barefoot quiet their youth left them, and the constant passing of days marked them, tenderly at first, and then more deeply. Their boy, Trikkie, was a man and thinking of marrying, when the consciousness of the leak in their lives stood up before them.

They were sitting of an evening on the stoep, watching the sun go down and pull his ribbons after him, when Christina spoke.

"David," she said, "yesterday was twenty-five years since our marriage. We — we are growing old, David."

She spoke with a falter, believing what she said. For though the blood is running strong and warm, and the eye is as clear as the heart is loyal, twenty-five years is a weary while to count back to one's youth.

David turned and looked at her. He saw for a moment with her eyes — saw that the tenseness of her girlhood had vanished, and he was astonished. But he knew he was strong and hale, well set-up and a good man to be friends with, and as he gripped his knees, he felt the tough muscle under his fingers, and it restored him.

"Christina," he said, seeing she was troubled, "it is the same with both of us. You are not afraid to grow old with me, little cousin?"

She came closer to him, but said nothing. It was soon after that, and a wonderful thing in its way, such as David had never heard of before, that there came to them another boy, a wee rascal that shattered all the cobwebs of twenty-five years, and gave Christina something better to think of than the footsteps of time.

Trikkie had been glorious enough in his time, and was glorious enough still, for the matter of that; but this was a creature with exceptional points, which neither David nor Christina — nor, to do him justice, Trikkie — could possibly overlook. Trikkie had a voice like a bell, and whiskers like the father of a family, and stood six foot two in his naked feet, and lacked no excellence that a sturdy bachelor should possess. But the other, who was born to the name of Paul, lamented his arrival with a vociferous note of disappointment in the world, that was indescribably endearing; had a head clothed in down like the intimate garments of an ostrich chick, and was small enough for David to put in his pocket. He brought a new horizon with him and imposed it on his parents; he was, in brief, a thing to make a deacon of a Jew pedlar.

Thereafter, life for David and Christina was no longer a single phenomenon, but a series of developments. It was like sailing in agreeably rough water. No pensive mood could survive the sight of mighty Trikkie gambolling like a young bull in the company of Paul; nor could quiet hours impart a melancholy while the welkin rang with the voice of the *kleintje* bullying the adoring Kaffirs. Where before life had glided, now it steeplechased, taking its days bull-headed, and Paul grew to the age of four as a bamboo grows, in leaps.

Then Trikkie, the huge, the hairy, the heavy-footed, the man who prided himself on his ability to make circumstances, discovered, in a revealing flash, that he was, after all, a poor creature, and that the brightest being on earth was Katje Voss, whose people had settled about thirty miles off — next door, as it were. Katje held views not entirely dissimilar, but she consented to marry him, and the big youth walked on air. Katje was a dumpy Boer girl, with a face all cream and roses, and a figure that gave promise of much fat hereafter. Christina had imagined other things, but the idea is a rickety structure, and she yielded; while David had never considered such an emergency, and consented heartily. Behind Trikkie's back he talked of grandchildren, and was exceedingly happy.

Then his dream-fabric tumbled about his ears.

Trikkie had ridden off to worship his beloved, and David and Christina, as was their wont, sat on the stoep. They watched the figure of their son out of sight, and talked awhile, and then lapsed into the silence of perfect companionship. The veldt was all about them, as silent and friendly as they, and the distance was mellow with a haze of heat. From the kraals came at intervals the voice of little Paul in fluent Kaffir; David smiled over his pipe and nodded to his wife once when the boy's voice was raised in a shout. Christina was sewing; her thoughts were on Katje, and were still vaguely hostile.

Of a sudden she heard David's pipe clatter on the ground, and looked sharply round at him. He was staring intently into void sky; his brows were knitted, and his face was drawn; even as she turned he gave a hoarse cry.

She rose quickly, but he rose too, and spoke to her in an unfamiliar voice.

"Go in," he said. "Have all ready, for our son has met with a mishap. He has fallen from his horse."

She gasped and stared at him, but could not speak.

"Go and do it," he said again, looking at her with hard eyes, and suddenly she saw, as by an inward light, that here was not madness, but truth. It spurred her.

"I will do it," she said swiftly. "But you will go and bring him in?"

"At once," he replied, and was away to the shed for the cart. The Kaffirs came running to inspan the horses, and shrank from him as they worked. He was white through his tan, and he breathed loud. Little Paul saw him, and sat down on the ground and cried quietly.

Before David went, his wife touched him on the arm, and he turned. She was white to the lips.

"David," she said, and struggled with her speech — "David."

"Well?" he answered with a pregnant calm.

"David, he is not — not *dead?*"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I cannot say how it will be when I get there." A tenderness overwhelmed him, and he caught a great sob and put his arm about her. "All must be ready, little cousin. Time enough to grieve afterwards — all our lives, Christina, all our lives!"

She put her hand on his breast.

"All shall be ready, David," she answered. "Trust me, David."

He drove off, and she watched him lash the horses down the hill and force them at the drift — he, the man who loved horses and knew them as he knew his children. His children! She fled into the house to do her office and to drink to the bottom of the cup the bitterness of motherhood. A cool bed, linen, cold water and hot water, brandy and milk, all the insignia of the valley of the shadow did she put to hand, and con over and adjust and think upon, and then there was the waiting. She waited on the stoep, burning and tortured, boring at the horizon with dry eyes, and praying and hoping. A lifetime went in those hours, and the sun was slanting down before the road yielded, far and far away, a speck that grew into a cart going slowly. By-and-by she was able to see her husband driving, but nobody with him — only a rag or a garment that fluttered from the side. Her mind snatched at it; was it — God! what was it?

David drove into the yard soberly; she was at the stoep.

"All is ready," she said in a low voice. "Will you bring him in?"

"Yes," he said; and she went inside with her heart thrashing like a kicking horse.

David carried in his son in his arms; he was not yet past that. On the white bed inside they laid him, and where his fair head touched the pillow it dyed it red. Trikkie's face was white and blue, and his jaw hung oddly; but once he was within the door, some reinforcement of association came to Christina, and she went about her ministry purposefully and swiftly, a little comforted. At the back of her brain dwelt some idea such as this: here was her house, her home, there David, there Trikkie, here she, and where these were together Death could never make the fourth. The same thought sends a stricken child to its mother. David leant on the foot of the bed, his burning eyes on the face of his son, and his brows tortured with anxiety. Christina brought some drink in a cup and held it to the still lips of the young man.

"Drink, Trikkie," she pleaded softly. "Drink, my *kleintje*. Only a drop, Trikkie, and the pain will fly away."

She spoke as though he were yet a child, for a mother knows nothing of manhood when her son lies helpless. The arts that made him a man shall keep him a man; so she coaxed the closed eyes and the dumb mouth.

But Trikkie would not drink, heard nothing, gave no sign. Christina laid drenched cloths to his forehead, deftly cleansed and bandaged the gaping rent in the base of the skull whence the life whistled forth, and talked to her boy all the while in the low, crooning mother-voice. David never moved from the foot of the bed, and never loosed his drawn brows. In came little Paul silently and took his hand, but he never looked down, and the father and the child remained there throughout the languid afternoon.

Evening cool was growing up when Trikkie opened his eyes. Christina was wetting towels for bandages, and her back was towards him, but she knew instantly and came swiftly to his side. David leaned forward breathlessly, and little Paul cried out with the grip of his hand. They saw a waver of recognition in Trikkie's eyes, a fond light, and it seemed that his lips moved. Christina laid her ear to them.

"And — a — shod — horse!" murmured Trikkie. Nothing more. An hour after, he was cold, and David was alone on the stoep, questioning pitiless skies and groping for God, while Christina knelt beside the bed within and wept blood from her soul.

They buried Trikkie in a little kraal on the hillside, and David made the coffin. When

he nailed down the lid, he was an old man; when the first red clod rung on it, he felt life had emptied itself. When they were back in the house again, Christina turned to him.

"You knew," she said, in a strange voice —"You knew, but you could not save him." And she laughed aloud. David covered his face with his hands and groaned, but the next instant Christina's arms were about him.

Yet of their old life, before the deluge of grief, too much was happy to be all swamped. Time softened the ruggedness of their wound somewhat, and a day came when all the world was no longer black. Little Paul helped them much, for what had once been Trikkie's was now his, and as he grew before their eyes, his young strength and beauty were a balm to them. David was much abroad in the lands now, for he was growing mealies and rapidly becoming a rich man; and as he rode off in the morning, and rode in at sundown, his new gravity of mind and mien broke up to the youngster who jumped at the stirrup with shouts and laughter and demanded to ride on the saddle-bow. At intervals, also, Paul laid claim to a gun, to spurs, to a watch, to all the things that go in procession across a child's horizon, and Christina was not proof against the impulse to smile at him.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the shock of foreknowledge, of omnipotent vision, had left David scatheless. Though the other details of the tragedy shared his memory, and elbowed the terrifying sense of revelation, he would find himself now and again peering at the future, straining to foresee, at a sailor hores at a fog-bank. Then he would catch himself, and start back shuddering to the instant matters about him. Eventualities he could meet, but in their season and hand to hand, afar off they mastered him. Christina, too, dwelt on it at seasons; but, by some process of her woman's mind, it was less dreadful to her than to David: she, too, could dream at times.

One day she was at work within the house, and Paul ran in and out. She spoke to him once about introducing an evil-smelling water-tortoise; he went forth to exploit it in the yard. From time to time his shrill voice reached her; then the frayed edges of David's black trousers of ceremony engaged her, to the exclusion of all else. Between the scissors and the needle, at last, there stole on her ear a faint tap — tap — such a sound as water dropping on to a board makes. It left her unconscious for a while, and then grew a little louder, with a note of vehemence. At last she looked up and listened. Tap, tap, it went, and she sprang from her chair and went to the stoep and looked out along the road. Far off on the hillside was a horse, ridden furiously on the downward road, and though dwarfed by the miles, she could see the rider flogging and his urgent crouch over the horse's withers. It was a picture of mad speed, of terror and violence, and struck her with a chill. Were the Kaffirs risen? she queried. Was there war abroad? Was this mad rider her husband?

The last question struck her sharply, and she glanced about. Little Paul was sitting on a stone, plaguing the water-tortoise with a stick, and speaking to himself and it. The sight reassured her, and she viewed the rider again with equanimity. But now she was able to place him: it was David, and the horse was his big roan. The pace at which he rode was winding up the distance, and the hoofs no longer tap-tapped, but rung insistently. There was war, then; it could be nothing else. Her category of calamities was brief, and war and the death of her dear ones nearly exhausted it.

David galloped the last furlongs with a tightened rein, and froth snowed from the bit. He pulled up in the yard and slipped from the saddle. Christina saw again on his face the white, stricken look and the furrowed frown that had stared on Trikkie's death. David stood with the bridle in his hand and the horse's muzzle against his arm and looked around. He saw Christina coming toward him with quick steps, and little Paul, abandoning the *skellpot*, running to greet him. He staggered and drew his hand across his forehead.

Christina had trouble to make him speak.

"A dream," he kept saying, "an evil dream."

"A lying dream," suggested Christina anxiously.

"Yes," he hastened to add, "a lying dream."

"About — about little Paul?" was her timid question.

David was silent for a while, and then answered. "I saw him dead," he replied

with a shudder. "God! I saw it as plain as I saw him a moment ago in the kraal."

They heard the child's gleeful shout the same instant. "I've got you! I've got you!" he cried from without.

"He has a water-tortoise," explained Christina with a smile. "Paul," she called aloud, "come indoors."

"Ja," shouted the child, and they heard him run up the steps of the stoep.

"Look," he said, standing at the door, "I found this in the grass. What sort is it, Father?"

David saw something lithe and sinuous in the child's hands, and stiffened in every limb. Paul had a *skaapstikker* in his grip, the green-and-yellow death-snake that abounds in the veldt. Its head lay on his arm, its pin-point eyes maliciously agleam, and the child gripped it by the middle. Christina stood petrified, but the boy laughed and dandled the reptile in glee.

"Be still, Paul," said David, in a voice that was new to him — "be still; do not move."

The child looked up at him in astonishment. "Why?" he began.

"Be still," commanded David, and went over to him cautiously. The serpent's evil head was raised as he approached, and it hissed at him. Paul stood quite quiet, and David advanced his naked hand to his certain death and the delivery of his child. The reptile poised, and as David snatched at it, it struck — but on his sleeve. The next instant was a delirious vision of writhing green and yellow; there was a cry from Paul, and the snake was on the floor. David crushed it furiously with his boot.

Christina snatched the child. "Did it bite you, Paul?" she screamed. "Did it bite you?"

The boy shook his head, but David interposed with a voice of thunder.

"Of course it did!" he vociferated with blazing eyes; "what else did my dream point to? But we'll fight with God yet. Bring me the child, Christina."

On the plump forearm of Paul they found two minute punctures and two tiny points of blood. David drew his knife, and the child shrieked and struggled.

"Get a hot iron, Christina," cried David, and gripped Paul with his knees.

In the morning the room was wild and grisly with blood and the smell of burnt flesh, and David lay face downwards on the floor, writhing as the echoes of Paul's shrieks tortured his ears. But in the next room little Paul was still for ever, and all the ghastly labour was to no purpose.

I suppose there is some provision in the make of humanity for overflow grief, some limit impregnable to affliction; for when little Paul was laid beside his brother, there were still David and Christina to walk aimlessly in their empty world. Their scars were deep and they were crippled with woe, and it seemed to them they lived as paralytics live, dead in all save in their susceptibility to torture. Moreover, there was a barrier between them in David's disastrous foreknowledge, for Christina could not throw off the thought that it contained the causal elements which had robbed her of her sons. Pain had fogged her; she could not probe the matter, and sensations tyrannized over her mind. David, too, was bowed with a sense of guilt that he could not rise to throw off. All motive was buried in the kraal; and he and his wife sat apart and spent days and nights without the traffic of speech.

But Christina was seized with an idea. She woke David in the night and spoke to him tensely.

"David," she cried, gripping him by the arm — "David! We cannot live for ever. Do you hear me? Look, David, look hard! Look where you looked before. Can you see nothing for me — for us, David?"

He was sitting up, and the spell of her inspiration claimed him. He opened his eyes wide and searched the barren darkness for a sign. He groped with his mind, tore at the bonds of the present.

"Do you see nothing?" whispered Christina. "Oh, David, there must be something. Look — look hard!"

For the space of a hundred seconds they huddled on the bed, David fumbling with the trusts of destiny, Christina waiting, breathless.

"Lie down," said David at last. "You are going to die, little cousin. It is all well."

His voice was the calmest in the world.

"And you?" cried Christina; "David, and you?"

"I see nothing," he said.

"Poor David!" murmured his wife, clinging to him. "But I am sure all will yet be well, David. Have no fear, my husband."

She murmured on in the dark, with his arm about her, and promised him death,

entreated him to believe with her, and coaxed him with the bait of the grave. They were bride and groom again, they two, and slept at last in one another's arms.

In the morning all was well with Christina, and she bustled about as of old. David was still, and hoped ever, with a tired content in what should happen, a languor that forbade him from railing on fate. Together they prepared matters as for a journey.

"If the black trousers come frayed again," said Christina, "try to remember that the scissors are better than a knife. And the seeds are all in the box under our bed."

"In the box under our bed," repeated David carefully. "Yes, under the bed. I will remember."

"And this, David," holding up piles of white linen, "this is for me. You will not forget?"

"For you?" he queried, not understanding.

"Yes," she answered softly. "I will be buried in this."

He started, but recovered himself with a quivering lip.

"Of course," he answered. "I will see to it. I must be very old, Christina."

She came over and kissed him on the forehead.

In the middle of the afternoon she went to bed, and he came in and sat beside her. She held his hand, and smiled at him.

"Are you dying now?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she said. "What shall I tell Trikkie and the *kleintje* from you?"

"Tell them nothing," he said, after a pause. "It cannot be that I shall be apart from you all long. No; I am very sure of that."

She pressed his hand, and soon afterwards felt some pain. It was little, and she made no outcry. Her death was calm and not strongly distressing, and the next day David put her into the ground where her sons lay.

But, as I have made clear, he did not die till long afterwards, when he had sold his farm and come to live in the little white house in the dorp, where colours jostled each other in the garden, and fascinated children watched him go in and come out. I think the story explains that perpetual search of which his vacant eyes gave news, and the joyous alacrity of his last home-coming, and the perfect technique of his death. It all points to the conclusion, that however brave the figures, however aspiring their capers, they but respond to strings which are pulled and loosened elsewhere.

THE FOOL'S MOTHER

BY

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

WHEN I — the fool — am dead,
There will be one to stand above my head,
Her wan lips yearning toward my quiet lips
That stung her soul so oft with bitter cries.
And I shall feel forgiving finger-tips,
And I shall hear her saying with her sighs:
"This fool I mothered sucked a bitter breast;
His life was fever and his soul was fire;
O burning Fool! O restless Fool at rest!
None knew but I how high you could aspire,
None knew but I how deep your soul could sink!"

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS—THE BOSTON LITERARY CIRCLE—ROUGH CAMPAIGNING IN MINNESOTA—A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT RACE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

WHEN we arrived in America, in May, 1856, the public mind seemed to be in a state of high political animation. The hotels and the railroad cars and the steamboat decks were buzzing with eager discussions of the slavery question and the impending presidential campaign, which were not seldom enlivened by bitter attacks from Democrats upon those who had left the Democratic party to join the new Republican organization, then entering upon its first national contest. My German neighbors in Watertown, Wisconsin, were almost all Democrats. As a rule, the foreign immigrants had drifted into the Democratic party, which presented itself to them as the protector of the political rights of the foreign-born population, while the Whigs were suspected of "nativistic" tendencies, hostile to the foreign-born. The attachment of the foreign-born, and among them the Germans, to the Democratic party was, therefore, not at all unnatural, and although they were at heart opposed to slavery, yet their anxiety about their own rights outweighed for the time all other considerations, and served to keep them in the Democratic ranks.

But what I read in the newspapers of the invasions of the Territories of Kansas by the pro-slavery "border ruffians" of Missouri, and of their high-handed and bloody attempts to subjugate the free-state settlers there, deeply agitated me. In June, the national conventions of the great political parties were held. That of the Democrats met at Cincinnati, in its platform approved the opening of the territories to slavery under the guise of "popular sovereignty," and nominated Buchanan and Breckenridge as its candidates; that of the young Republican party met at Philadelphia, in its platform demanded the exclusion of slavery from the territories dedicated to freedom, reaffirmed the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and nominated, as its standard-bearers, Fremont of California and Dayton of New Jersey. The Republican platform sounded to me like a bugle call of liberty, and the name of Fremont, "the Pathfinder," surrounded by a halo of adventurous heroism, mightily stirred the imagination. The old cause of human freedom was to be fought for on the soil of the new world. The great final decision seemed to be impending.

Mr. Schurz Enters American Politics

I was eager to take part in the contest. But at the same time a feeling came upon me that I was still sadly incompetent for the task. While I was in that troubled state of mind, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Louis P. Harvey, later Governor of Wisconsin, who was then a member of the State Senate of Wisconsin, and one of the Republican leaders. He asked me

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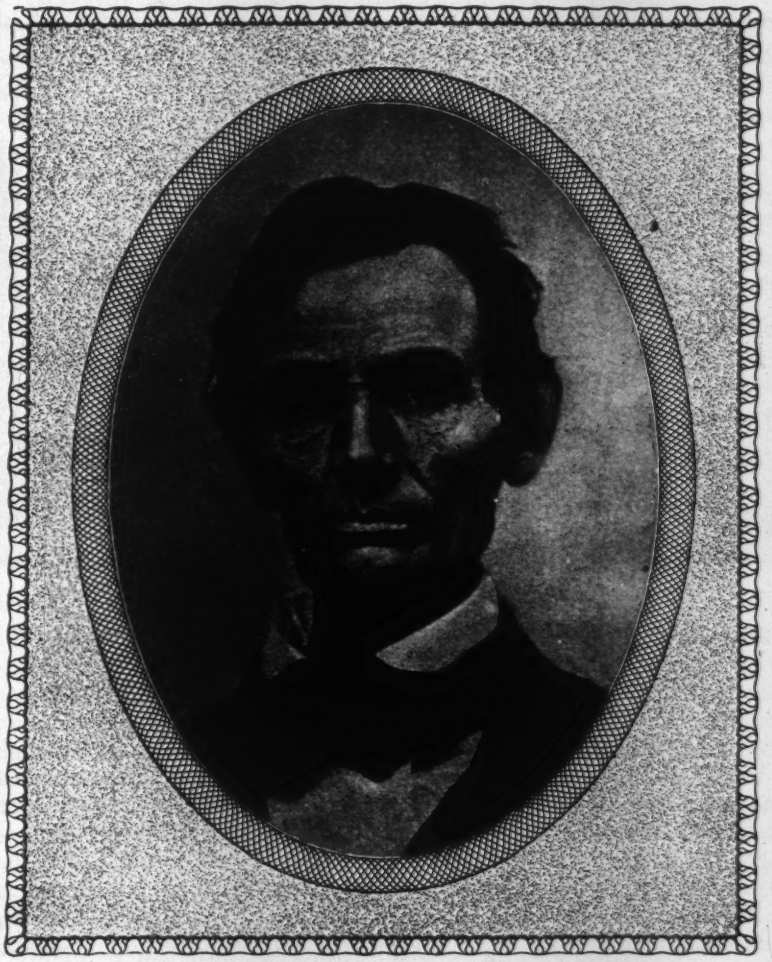
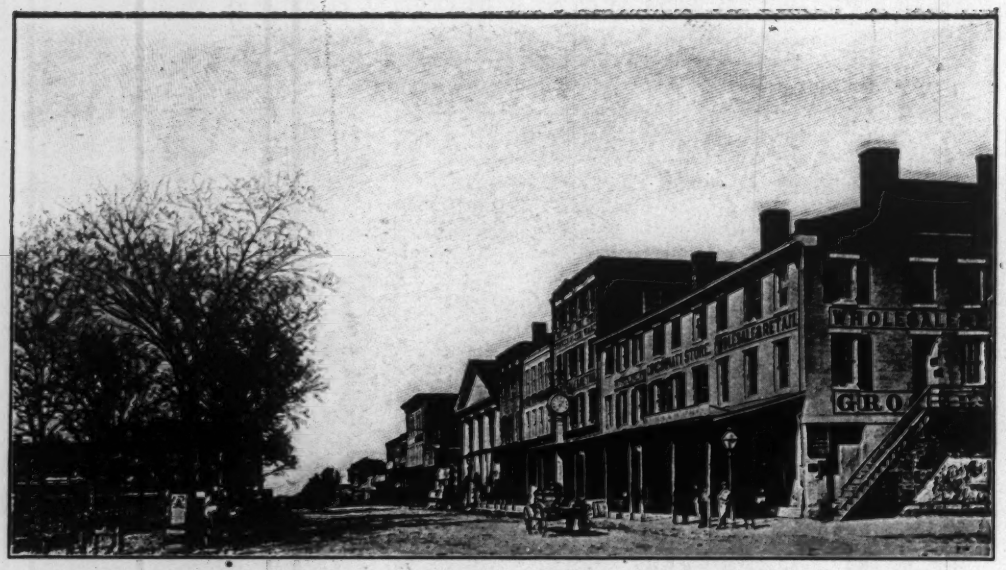


ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1858

whether I would not make a little speech in German at a mass-meeting to be held in a few days at Jefferson, a country town near by. No, I could not think of it, for I was not prepared. Would I not, then, at least come and hear him speak at that meeting? Of course I would, with great pleasure. It was an open-air meeting, attended by a large crowd of country people. Mr. Harvey invited me to the platform and introduced me to the local magnates. He spoke with uncommon eloquence.

When the applause following his speech had subsided, the chairman of the meeting coolly rose and said: "I have now the great pleasure of introducing Mr. Carl Schurz, of Watertown, who has fought for human liberty in his native country and who has come to us to do the same in his adopted home. He will address his fellow-citizens of German birth in their native language." Well, well! I felt myself blush all over; but what could I do? I stammered a few initial words about the entirely unexpected honor, and then, for half an hour or more, I blurted out what happened to come into my mind about the slavery question. After the first sentences, the words came easily, and my hearers seemed to be well pleased. This was my first political speech in America. The ice was broken. Mr. Harvey triumphed over my diffidence. Invitations to address meetings poured in upon me from all sides and kept me busy during the whole campaign. I did not yet trust myself to make public speeches in English, and therefore in that campaign addressed only German audiences in their own language.

On the whole, the campaign of 1856 was to me a very happy experience while the



SCENE OF THE LINCOLN–DOUGLAS DEBATE AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS

This photograph, taken in 1862, shows at the left the public square in which the debate took place

contest was going on. I was so confident of the irresistible power of truth and justice on our side that I did not permit myself to entertain any doubt of Fremont's success, and when, after the November election, the returns had all come in,— I would not abandon hope until I had seen them all,— and our defeat was certain, I felt as if I had suffered an immeasurable personal misfortune. It was a stunning blow. Was not this like the disastrous breakdown of the great movement for popular government on the European continent in 1848? Was the democratic principle to collapse in America, too? It took me some time to recover from my bewilderment and to recognize the fact that this was only the first battle in a long campaign — a campaign of many years.

In the autumn of 1857 the Republicans of Watertown sent me as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. A great surprise awaited me there. I found that the leading party managers had selected me as the Republican candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor. I soon perceived that my nomination was intended as a bid to draw the German vote to the Republican party, and as it would serve the anti-slavery cause if it had that effect, I accepted.

But I had my misgivings. Would not the nomination of a young and comparatively unknown new-comer for so conspicuous and honorable a place, while it might attract some German votes, displease many voters of American birth? Besides, the thought of making a campaign for my principles, while I had a personal stake as a candidate for office, was uncomfortable. The campaign — at least my share in it — was not nearly as spirited as that of 1856, the Fremont campaign, had been. However, it was good experience for me, as I made then my first public speeches in English. My misgivings were justified by the result. While the Republican candidate for the governorship, Mr. Alexander Randall, was elected by a small majority, I was defeated by 107 votes.

"Abe" Lincoln — Shawl, Cotton Umbrella, and Stove-pipe Hat

In the fall of 1858, the Republican State Committee, of Illinois, asked me to make some speeches in their campaign, and obeying that call I found myself for the first time on a conspicuous field of action. One of my appointments called me to Quincy, on the day when one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas on the slavery question was to take place there, and on that occasion I met Abraham Lincoln himself. On the evening before the day of the debate, I was on a railroad train bound for Quincy. The car in which I traveled was full of men who discussed the absorbing question with great animation.

A member of the Republican State Committee accompanied me and sat by my side.

All at once, after the train had left a way-station, I observed a great commotion among my fellow-passengers, many of whom jumped from their seats and pressed eagerly around a tall man who had just entered the car. They addressed him in the most familiar style: "Hello, Abe! How are you?" and so on. And he responded in the same manner: "Good-evening, Ben! How are you, Joe? Glad to see you, Dick!" and there was much laughter at some things he said, which, in the confusion of voices, I could not understand. "Why," exclaimed my companion, the committeeman, "there's Lincoln, himself!" He pressed through the crowd and introduced me to Abraham Lincoln, whom I then saw for the first time.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS IN 1858

I must confess that I was somewhat startled by his appearance. There he stood, overtopping by several inches all those surrounding him. Although measuring something over six feet myself, I had, when standing quite near to him, to throw my head backward in order to look into his eyes. That swarthy face, with its strong features, its deep furrows, and its benignant, melancholy eyes, is now familiar to every American. It may be said that the whole civilized world knows and loves it. At that time it was clean-shaven and looked even more haggard and careworn than later, when it was framed in whiskers.

On his head he wore a somewhat battered "stove-pipe hat." His neck emerged, long and sinewy, from a white collar turned down over a thin black necktie. His lank, ungainly body was clad in a rusty black frock-coat with sleeves that should have been longer; but his arms appeared so long that the sleeves of a "store" coat could hardly have been expected to cover them all the way down to the wrists. His black trousers, too, permitted a very full view of his large feet. On his left arm he carried a gray woolen shawl, which evidently served him for an overcoat in chilly weather. His left hand held a cotton umbrella of the bulging kind, and also a black satchel that bore the marks of long and hard usage. His right he had kept free for hand-shaking, of which there was no end until everybody in the car seemed to be satisfied. I had seen, in Washington and in the West, several public men of rough appearance, but none whose looks seemed quite so uncouth, not to say grotesque, as Lincoln's.

He received me with an off-hand cordiality, like an old acquaintance, having been informed of what I was doing in the campaign; and we sat down together. In a somewhat high-pitched but pleasant voice, he began to talk to me, telling me much about the points he and Douglas had made in the debates at different places, and about those he intended to make at Quincy on the morrow. When, in a tone of perfect ingenuousness, he asked me — a young beginner in politics — what I thought about this and that, I should have felt myself very much honored by his confidence, had he permitted me to regard him as a great man. But he talked in so simple and familiar a

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW IN 1860

strain, and his manner and homely phrase were so absolutely free from any semblance of self-consciousness or pretension of superiority, that I soon felt as if I had known him all my life, and we had very long been close friends. He interspersed our conversations with all sorts of quaint stories, each of which had a witty point applicable to the subject in hand, and not seldom concluded an argument in such a manner that nothing more was to be said. He seemed to enjoy his own jests in a childlike way. His usually sad-looking eyes would kindle with a merry twinkle, and he himself led in the laughter; and his laugh was so genuine, hearty, and contagious that nobody could fail to join in it.

When we arrived at Quincy, we found a large number of friends waiting for him; there was much hand-shaking, and many familiar salutations were exchanged. Then they got him into a carriage, much against his wish, for he said that he would prefer to "foot it to Browning's," an old friend at whose house he was to have supper and a quiet night. But the night was by no means quiet outside. The blare of brass bands and the shouts of enthusiastic and not in all cases quite sober Democrats and Republicans, cheering and hurrahing for their respective champions, did not cease until the small hours.

Lincoln and Douglas at Quincy

The next morning the country people began to stream into town for the great meeting, some singly, on foot or on horseback, some in small parties of men and women and even children, in buggies or farm wagons; while others were marshaled in solemn procession from outlying towns or districts, with banners and drums, often headed by maidens in white with tricolored scarfs, who represented the Goddess of Liberty and the different states of the Union, and whose beauty was duly admired by everyone, including themselves.

On the whole, the Democratic displays were much more elaborate and gorgeous than those of the Republicans, and it was said that Douglas had plenty of money to spend for such things. He himself traveled in what was called in those days "great style," with a secretary and servants and a numerous escort of somewhat loud companions, moving from place to place by special train, with cars especially decorated for the occasion, all of which

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1859

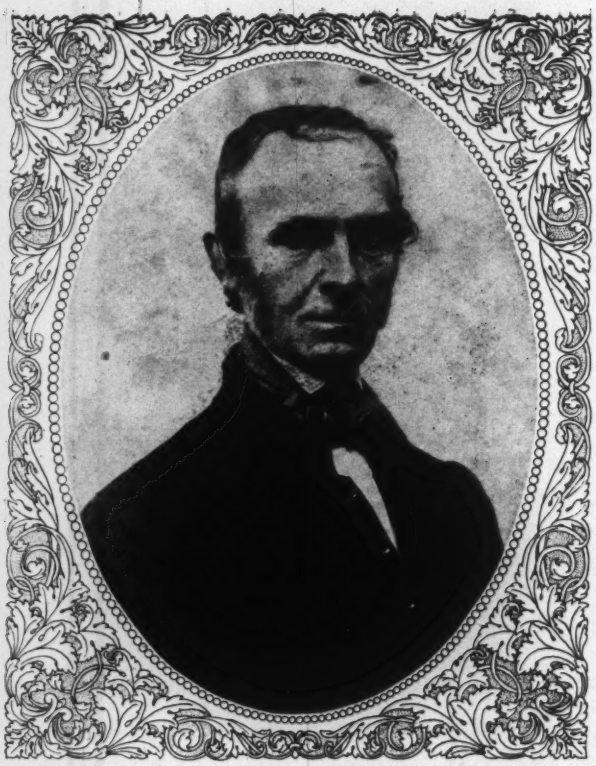
contrasted strongly with Lincoln's extremely modest simplicity. There was no end of cheering and shouting and jostling on the streets of Quincy that day. But in spite of the excitement created by the political contest, the crowds remained very good-natured, and the occasional jibes flung from one side to the other were uniformly received with a mere laugh.

The great debate took place in the afternoon in the open square, where a large pine-board platform had been built for the committee of arrangements, the speakers, and the persons they wished to have with them. I thus was favored with a seat on that platform. In front of it many thousands of people were assembled. Republicans and Democrats standing peaceably together, only chaffing one another now and then in a good-tempered way.

Lincoln's Ungraceful Style of Oratory

As the champions arrived, they were demonstratively cheered by their adherents. The presiding officer agreed upon by the two parties called the meeting to order and announced the program of proceedings. Mr. Lincoln was to open with a speech of one hour, Senator Douglas was to follow with a speech of one hour and a half, and Mr. Lincoln was to close with a speech of a half hour. The first part of Mr. Lincoln's opening address was devoted to a refutation of some things Douglas had said at previous meetings. This refutation may, indeed, have been required for the settlement of disputed points, but it did not strike me as anything extraordinary, either in substance or in form.

Neither had Mr. Lincoln any of those physical advantages which usually are thought to be very desirable, if not necessary, to the orator. His voice was not musical, being rather high-keyed and apt to turn into a shrill treble in moments of excitement; but it was not positively disagreeable. It had an exceedingly penetrating, far-reaching quality. The looks of the audience convinced me that every word he spoke was understood at the remotest edges of the vast assemblage. His gestures were awkward. He swung his long arms sometimes in a very ungraceful manner. Now and then; to give particular emphasis to a point, he would bend his knees and body with a sudden downward jerk and then shoot up again with a vehemence that raised him to his tiptoes and made him look much taller



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER IN 1859

From an ambrotype never before reproduced, now in the possession of Samuel T. Pickard of Amesbury, Massachusetts

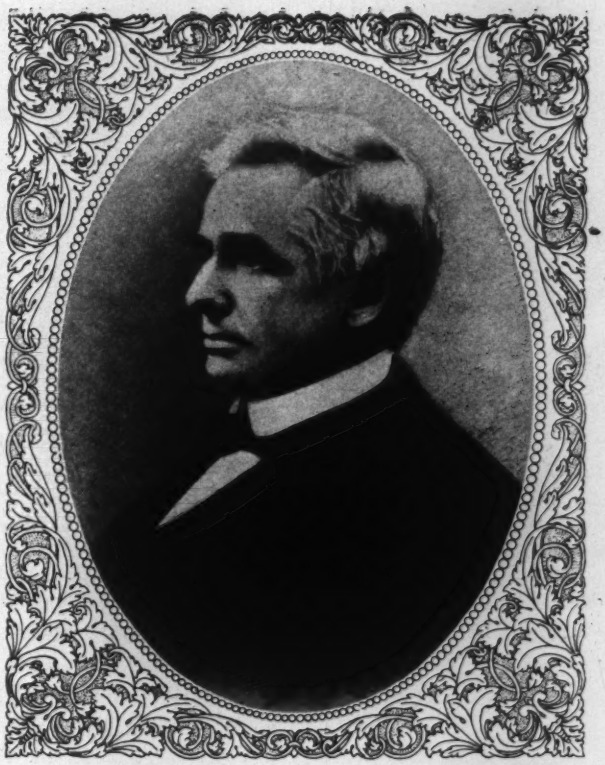
than he really was — a manner of enlivening a speech which at that time was, and perhaps still is, not unusual in the West, but which he succeeded in avoiding at a later period.

There was, however, in all he said, a tone of earnest truthfulness, of elevated, noble sentiment, and of kindly sympathy, which added greatly to the strength of his argument, and became, as in the course of his speech he touched upon the moral side of the question in debate, powerfully impressive. Even when he was attacking his opponent with keen satire or invective, which, coming from any other speaker, would have sounded bitter and cruel, there was still a certain something in his utterance which made his hearers feel that those thrusts came from a reluctant heart, and that he would much rather have treated his foe as a friend.

When Lincoln had sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his adherents, I asked myself with some trepidation in my heart, "What will Douglas say now?" Lincoln's speech had struck me as something very clear, logical, persuasive, convincing even, and very sympathetic; but not as something overwhelming. Douglas, I thought, might not be able to confute it, but by the cunning sophistry at his command, and by one of his forceful appeals to prejudice, he might succeed in neutralizing its effect.

Douglas, Agressive and Overbearing

No more striking contrast could have been imagined than that between those two men as they appeared upon the platform. By the side of Lincoln's tall, lank, and ungainly form, Douglas stood almost like a dwarf, very short of stature, but square-shouldered and broad-chested, a massive head upon a strong neck — the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. On that stage at Quincy he looked rather natty and well-groomed, being clothed in excellently fitting broadcloth and shining linen. But his face seemed a little puffy, and it was said that he had



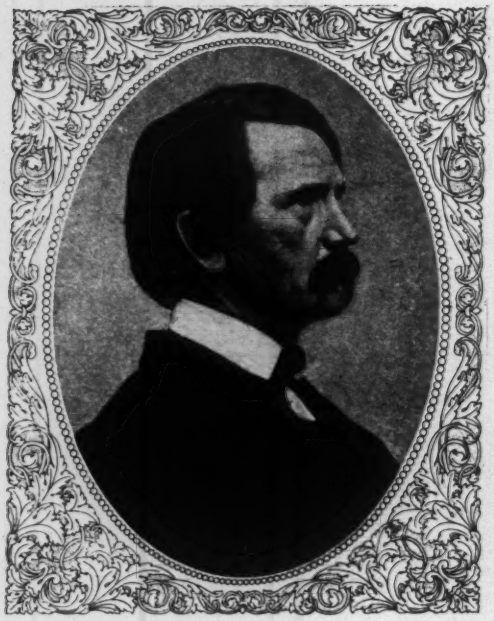
JUDGE AARON GOODRICH

With whom Mr. Schurz stumped the Minnesota frontier in the first State election in 1859

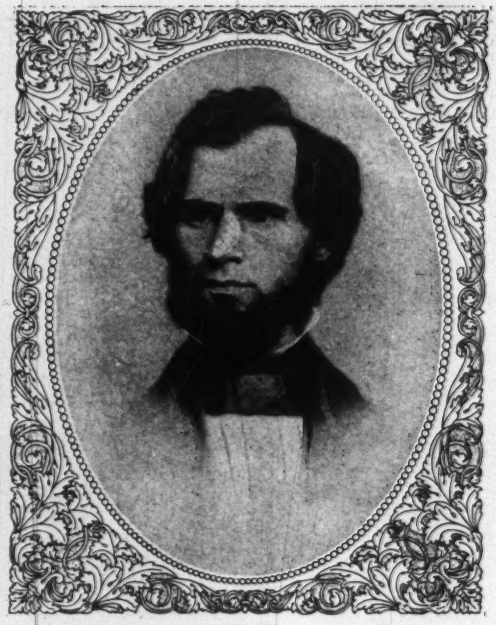
been drinking hard with some boon companions either on his journey or since his arrival. The deep horizontal wrinkle between his keen eyes was unusually dark and scowling. While he was listening to Lincoln's speech, a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say: "How dare anyone stand up against me?"

As I looked at him, I detested him deeply; but my detestation was not free from an anxious dread as to what was to come. His voice, naturally a strong baritone, gave forth a hoarse and rough, and at times something like a barking sound. His tone was from the very start angry, dictatorial, and insolent in the extreme. In one of his first sentences he charged Lincoln with "base insinuations," and then he went on in that style with a wrathful frown upon his brow, defiantly shaking his head, clenching his fists, and stamping his feet. No language seemed to be too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded as if intended to be insulting, and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of remonstrance from the opposition. But his sentences were well put together, his points strongly accentuated, his argumentation seemingly clear and plausible, his sophisms skilfully woven so as to throw the desired flood of darkness upon the subject, and thus beguile the untutored mind; his appeals to prejudice were unprincipled and reckless, but shrewdly aimed, and his invective was vigorous and exceedingly trying to the temper of the assailed party.

But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Douglas' arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retort so quaint and pat, and with witty illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly, that the meeting again and again broke out in bursts of delight by which many of his opponents, even, were carried away, while the



FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR.



GALUSHA GROW

scowl on Douglas' face grew darker and darker.

Those who, by way of historical study, now read the printed report of that speech and of its pointed allusions to persons then in the public eye and to the happenings of those days, will hardly appreciate the effect its delivery produced on the spot. But that has been the fate of many far more famous oratorical feats, to which cold print never could do justice.

At that period Abraham Lincoln had, indeed, not yet risen to the wonderful elevation of sentiment and the grand beauty of diction which the whole world, some years later, came to admire in his Gettysburg speech and still more in his second inaugural address. But there was in his debates with Douglas, which, as to their form at least, were largely extemporaneous, occasionally a flash of the same lofty moral inspiration; and all he said came out with the sympathetic persuasiveness of a thoroughly honest nature, which made the listener feel as if the speaker looked him straight in the eye and took him by the hand, saying: "My friend, what I tell you is my earnest conviction, and I have no doubt that at heart you think so yourself."

When the debate at Quincy was over, the champions were heartily cheered by their partizans, the assemblage dissolved peaceably, the brass bands began to play again — several of them within hearing of one another, so as to fill the air with discordant sounds — and the country people, with their banners and their maidens in white, got in motion to return to their homes; each party, no doubt, as it usually happens in such cases, persuaded that the result of the day was in its favor. I took my leave of Mr. Lincoln and was not to meet him again until about twenty months later, and then on an occasion even more memorable.

Lincoln Proves His Leadership

The result of the election in Illinois was unfavorable to Mr. Lincoln as a candidate for the Senate. Douglas did not, indeed, receive a majority of the popular vote, but, owing to the apportionment of legislative districts, he won a majority in the new legislature. His return to the Senate was thus assured. But Lincoln was the real conqueror in another sense. His keen political foresight and his courageous leadership had secured to the anti-slavery cause an advantage which rendered its triumph in the next presidential election well-nigh certain. In the famous Freeport debate he had forced Douglas to make, in the most authoritative form and on so conspicuous an occasion that all the people would hear every word uttered, a declaration which

rendered the disruption of his party inevitable. It was the declaration that while the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision had asserted the constitutional right of the slave-holder to hold his slave as property in any territory of the United States, yet the people of a territory had the legal power practically to nullify that right by denying to slavery the necessary police protection — in other words, practically to exclude slavery by unfriendly legislation.

This was a jugglery which the slavery propagandists who formed the aggressive force of the Democratic party in the South not only would not accept, but would never forgive. With inexorable logic they argued that, if the Constitution gave the slave-holder the right to hold his slave as property in the territories of the United States, the territorial legislatures were in duty bound not only to abstain from whatever might tend practically to defeat that right, but to make such laws as were required to protect him in the full enjoyment of it. Whoever refused to subscribe to that doctrine was in their eyes an enemy of the South. And as to making such a man President, it would not be thought of. Thus the fate of Douglas as a candidate for the presidency was sealed. And as he could not accept that doctrine without utterly ruining himself at the North, and was therefore bound actively to resist it, the fate of the Democratic party was sealed, too.

Lincoln had clearly foreseen this; and when, on the night before the Freeport meeting, the Republican managers had tried to dissuade him from forcing the decisive declaration from Douglas for the reason that Douglas, by a plausible answer, might win the election in Illinois, and with it the senatorship, Lincoln answered that he was after larger game than the senatorship; that Douglas could then never be President, and that the battle of 1860 was worth a hundred of this. The sureness of his outlook and the courageous firmness of his attitude in this crisis proved that Lincoln was not a mere follower of other men's minds, nor a mere advocate and agitator, but a real leader — a leader in the truest sense of the term.*

* The history of the Wisconsin campaign in 1859 for Byron Paine, the Republican nominee for the Supreme Court of the State, on the issue of opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, is omitted here, but will appear when Mr. Schurz's Reminiscences are published in book form.

Holmes, Longfellow, and Whittier

In the spring of 1859 I was urgently invited by United States Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, to attend a Jefferson birthday banquet in Boston, the real object of which was to afford an opportunity for a protest against the so-called "Know-Nothing" movement. A few days later, on April 18, 1859, I myself spoke on the subject at a large public reception in Faneuil Hall.

Several evenings later I was invited to a dinner party at the house of Mr. Gardner Brewer, one of the patrician houses of the town. I met there several of my friends of the Jefferson birthday dinner; also, for the first time, Longfellow and Banks. I was seated at the table by the side of a little gentleman whose name had escaped me when I was presented to him. He was very kind to me, and soon I found myself engaged with him in a lively conversation which gradually drew the attention of the whole table. His talk was so animated, bubbling, and sparkling, and at the same time so kindly and genial a flow of wit and wisdom, that I sat there in a state of amazed delight. I had never heard anything like it. After a while I asked my neighbor on the other side: "Pray, who is this wonderful man?" "You do not know him?" he answered. "Why, that is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes."

I visited Boston often after those days in 1859, and I had sometimes the happiness of sitting as a guest at the same table with the members of the famous circle of Boston's, or rather, America's great celebrities — Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Norton, Field, Sumner, and others of their companionship — and of hearing them converse among themselves, not with an effort to say remarkable things, but with the natural, unpretending, and therefore most charming simplicity of truly great minds. I never saw Whittier at one of those dinners. But being a warm admirer of Whittier's powerfully moving anti-slavery poems, I wished very much to behold the poet's face and to hear his voice. Therefore, I eagerly accepted, on one of my visits to Boston, the offer of one of Whittier's friends to take me to Amesbury, the village where he lived, and to introduce me to him.

When we called at his very modest frame house, the typical New England village

house, painted white with green shutters, we were told that he was not at home, but might possibly be found at the post-office. At the post-office we were told that he had been there, but had probably gone to the drug store. At the drug store we found him quietly talking with a little company of neighbors assembled around the stove — for it was a cold winter day. I was almost sorry to break into that tranquil chat between the poet and his village familiars, for I was satisfied with looking at him as he stood there, tall and slim, with his fine, placid face, all goodness and unpretending simplicity, so superior to those surrounding him, and yet so like them. My friend introduced me to him as a co-worker in the anti-slavery cause, and he received me very kindly. We had a little exchange of questions and answers not remarkable, and he offered to take us to his house. But we could not accept the invitation, as we had to hurry back to the train for Boston. I left him with a feeling as if the mere meeting with him had been a blessing — a breath of air from a world of purity and beneficence.

To no member of that famous circle did I feel myself more attracted than to Longfellow, and he, too, seemed to look upon me with a friendly eye. He kindly invited me to visit him whenever I might come within hailing distance. And how delightful were those hours I spent with him from time to time in the cozy intimacy of his old colonial house in Cambridge, the historic Washington headquarters! We usually sat together in a little room on the right hand of the hall, the room with the round, book-covered table in it. He used to bring in a bottle of old Rhine wine and a couple of long German student pipes which, I fear, he did not very much enjoy smoking, although he pretended to, because, no doubt, he thought I did. And then he talked of German poetry and poets, and of the anti-slavery cause, in which he cherished a warm, although quiet, interest, and of Charles Sumner, whom he loved dearly, as I did.

Longfellow was one of the most beautiful men I have ever known, and he grew more beautiful every year of his advancing old age, with his flowing white hair and beard and his grand face of the antique Jupiter type — not indeed a *Jupiter tonans*, but a fatherly Zeus holding a benignant hand over the world and mankind. He was by no means a brilliant conversationalist — not to be compared with Oliver Wendell Holmes — but his talk, although not remarkable for wit or eloquence, had for me a peculiar fascination. It produced, upon me at least, the impression of modestly withholding behind it a great store of serene reserve power, and it flowed on so placidly as to make me feel as if I were in a gently rocking boat, floating down a tranquil stream meandering through green meadows. His very being seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of peace and noble sympathy. I have seen him quietly entering social gatherings of men and women when everybody seemed at once to become sensible of the mellow sunshine radiating from his presence, and all faces, old and young, turned to him with an expression of something like joyous affection.

Stumping the Frontier with a Spread-Eagle Orator

In the autumn of 1859, I not only was on duty in Wisconsin, but I was also urgently asked to make some speeches in Minnesota, where the first State election was to be held in November. I obeyed the call.

I remember that journey with pleasure, and may be pardoned for indulging myself in giving a picture of what political campaigning, with its humors, was at that period in the "Far West." The population of Minnesota was thin, the western part of the State being still occupied by Sioux tribes. The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, which now count their population by the hundred thousands, were then still in their infancy. St. Paul, if I remember rightly, had about 12,000 inhabitants, and the name of Minneapolis did not yet exist at all. That settlement was called the Falls of St. Anthony and had a population of about 2,000 souls. At St. Paul I was received by the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Alexander Ramsey, a man of moderate gifts, but blessed with one of those winning countenances which betoken sound sense, a quiet conscience, good humor, and a kind heart for all men. I was to meet him again at a later period in the Senate of the United States and in the cabinet of President Hayes.

I found myself put down in the plan of campaign for one or two speeches a day, with an itinerary spreading over a large part of the State. I was to travel for several days in the company of a gentleman who

introduced himself to me as Judge Goodrich. There being at that time no railroads in that part of the State which I was to visit, Judge Goodrich and I rode in a buggy from place to place, to small country towns and sparsely populated settlements. He was a middle-aged man of slim stature, a clean-shaven, somewhat haggard face, and lively dark eyes. I soon discovered in him one of those "originals," who at that time seemed to abound in the new country. His conversation was indeed rather liberally interspersed with those over-emphatic terms of affirmation which are much in use on the frontier, so that it seemed as if the Judge liked to appear as one of the people. But sometimes he made keen observations touching a variety of subjects — political, historical, philosophical, even theological, — which betrayed an uncommonly active and independent mind and extensive reading.

As we became better acquainted, he began to confide to me the favorite trend of his studies. It was the discovery and unmasking of sham characters in history. He had found, upon close investigation, that some men, whom conventional history called very good and great, had not been good and great at all and did not deserve the credit which for centuries had by common consent been bestowed upon them; but that in fact that credit and praise belonged to others. His pet aversion was Christopher Columbus. His researches and studies had convinced him that Christopher Columbus had made his voyage of discovery according to the log-book of a shipwrecked seaman who had sought shelter with him, whom he had treacherously murdered, and whose belongings he had made his own. Judge Goodrich told me long stories of the misdeeds of Christopher Columbus, which he had found out in their true character. He spoke of the so-called "Great Discoverer of the New World" with intense indignation and denounced him as an assassin, a hypocrite and false pretender, a cruel tyrant, and a downright pirate. He was industriously pursuing his inquiries concerning that infamous person, and he was going to expose the fraud in a book which he hoped to publish before long.

"*The Ruins of Palmyra and the Downfall of Rome*"

Judge Goodrich's oratory was somewhat singular. We agreed to alternate in the order of proceedings in addressing audiences; he was to speak first at one meeting, and I at the next, and so we listened to one another a great deal. His speeches always had a sound, sober, and strong body of argument, enlivened by some robust anecdotes after the fashion of the stump, but he regularly closed with an elaborate peroration couched in wonderfully gorgeous and high-sounding phrase, in which the ruins of Palmyra and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire played a great and mysterious part. That a man of such practical intellect and large reading, and so capable of strong reasoning, should please himself in such a euphonical display astonished me not a little. It actually troubled me. One night when, after a very successful meeting and after an especially cordial and confidential talk, we went to bed together, I picked up courage to say: "Judge, those sentences about the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire are very poetical, but I have not been able exactly to catch their meaning and application to the slavery question. Will you tell me?" The Judge gave a good-natured laugh. "Well," said he, "I have thought all along that the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire would strike you. The fact is, I composed the piece in which those sentences occur many years ago when I was young, and I have always been fond of it and kept it in my memory. I thought it would do splendidly to wind up a speech with. It's true, its bearing upon the slavery question is not quite clear. But don't it sound beautiful? And don't you believe it sets folks to thinking?" Of course, I thought it would, and there was nothing more to be said.

The next day I was sent by the campaign managers upon an expedition on which Judge Goodrich could not accompany me, and we parted with very sincere regret. I have never seen him again. But he sent me a copy of his book on Christopher Columbus — a book full of ingenious ratiocination and righteous wrath — as soon as it appeared in print, and I heard that after a long bachelorship he had married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Spanish or South-American birth, and had been appointed secretary of our legation at Brussels. I have often thought how careful he would be in that place to tone down the western vigor of his vocabulary, and how difficult

he would find it to reduce and adapt it to the diplomatic usage.

An Informal Luncheon with Frank Blair

I was to speak at a place called, by the committee-man instructing me, the "City of Lexington," the center of a large farming district. It was marked with a big dot on the map. A buggy was assigned to me with a young man who "knew the road" as a driver. I should have to start at about daybreak in order to reach my destination in time for the afternoon meeting. There I should meet the Hon. Galusha Grow, the well-known representative from Pennsylvania in Congress. This was all the committee-man could tell me.

It was a glorious sunrise, and soon I found myself on the open prairie, swept by the exhilarating morning breeze. The empty spaces between farms became larger and larger, human habitations scarcer. Now I saw a number of Indian papooses sitting in a row on the fence of a lonesome settlement, and an Indian wigwam near by; then, before me, the vast plain, apparently boundless and without a sign of human life; here and there a little strip of timber along a water course; the road a mere wagon track. It was delightful to breathe. I heartily enjoyed the bracing freshness of this western atmosphere.

After we had traveled on for two or three hours, a buggy hove in sight, coming the opposite way. Two men were seated in it, one of whom hailed me with, "Hello, stranger! Please stop a moment!" We stopped. A tall gentleman jumped down from the other vehicle and, saluting me, said: "I wonder whether you are not Mr. Carl Schurz?" "Yes, that is my name." "I am Frank Blair from St. Louis, Missouri," said he. He was well known to me as one of the bravest anti-slavery men in that slave state, and as the son of Francis P. Blair, who had been one of the confidential friends and advisers of President Andrew Jackson. "A committee-man told me last night," he said, "that you were in this part of the country, and when I saw you in that buggy, I made a happy guess. Very glad to meet you. Let us sit down in the grass and have some lunch. I have a bottle of claret and some sandwiches, enough for both of us." So we sat down.

This was the way in which I made the acquaintance of the famous Frank Blair, one of the most gallant and successful anti-slavery leaders in the South, who later, after the breaking out of the Civil War, bore such a splendid part in the movement which saved St. Louis and the State of Missouri to the Union; who then became a major-general in the Union Army; then, being discontented with the Republican reconstruction policy, went over to the Democrats and was nominated by them for the vice-presidency in 1868; took a somewhat sinister part in the Liberal-Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872; and met me again in the Senate of the United States. Our meeting on the Minnesota prairie was exceedingly pleasant. We laughed much about the fun of this wild campaign, and rejoiced together in the prospects of our cause.

The Mysterious "City of Lexington"

Before we parted, I inquired of Mr. Blair's driver whether he knew where the City of Lexington was. He had only heard of it, but guessed that if we followed "this road" westward, we should strike it. So our buggy trundled on over "this road" several hours longer, until we entered a belt of timber on a creek bottom and suddenly found ourselves in front of a cluster of log houses, the largest of which seemed to be a tavern. Near its door a man was lounging on a wooden bench, whittling a stick. I asked him whether we were on the right road to the City of Lexington and what the distance might be. "Why," said he, with a contemptuous drawl, "this is the City of Lexington. Be you one of the chaps that's to lecture here this afternoon?" I confessed that I was, and at the same moment another buggy drove up, from which a traveler alighted, in whom, from some picture I had seen, I recognized the Hon. Galusha Grow from Pennsylvania, the speaker of the National House of Representatives that was to be. I found in him an exceedingly jovial gentleman, in the prime of life, and inclined to look at the bright or humorous side of everything. His search for the City of Lexington had been no less arduous than mine, and we had a hearty laugh at our discovery.

The "City" consisted of the tavern, a small country store, a blacksmith's shop, a school-house, and perhaps an additional cabin or two, all built of logs. But the landlord — the man I had seen lounging

on the bench — assured us that a great many blocks of city lots had been laid out which were for sale cheap, and that this was sure to become a "big business center." We asked for a room where we might "clean up." He pointed to the pump in the yard and gave us a tolerably clean towel. As to our dinner, the landlord told us that he was a little short of provisions just then, but would give us the "best he had." The "best he had" consisted of salt pork, somewhat rancid, boiled onions, very sour bread, and a greenish fluid of indescribable taste, called coffee.

As to the meeting we were to address, we learned that it was to be held at half-past two, in the school-house. We looked at the school-house, and we found a few wooden benches in it, which, together with the standing room, would accommodate some forty or fifty persons. A member of the county committee arrived, who apologetically told us that the assemblage would "not be very large," as the population of the district was still sparse; although, the land being of first-rate quality, they expected it to be thickly settled before long. Presently some farm wagons arrived with men, women, and children, and also a few young citizens on horseback. Soon the school-room was filled, the men mostly standing and the women, some with babies in their arms, sitting on the benches. Mr. Grow and I contemplated the situation with much amusement. Finally, we concluded to make our very best speeches, just as if we had thousands before us, and to put in some extra flights of oratory in honor of the rare occasion. And so we did. We discussed the slavery question with all possible earnestness and fire. By and by the audience became quite enthusiastic. The men stamped and yelled, some of the boys whistled, and the babies shrieked. When the meeting had adjourned there was much vigorous hand-shaking, and we had many urgent invitations to "take a drink" at the tavern bar, which it required no little strategy on our part to evade without giving offense. At last the honest farmers, with their wives and children, departed, and the City of Lexington relapsed into stillness.

The Savage Excitement of Steamboat Racing

My return home from Minnesota was no less characteristic of the Western country than the campaign had been. I took passage on a Mississippi steamboat down to La Crosse. Steamboat travel on the Western rivers, which soon was to go down under the competition of railroads, was then still in full bloom. I have forgotten the name of the fine boat on which I traveled, but will call her the "Flying Cloud." It so happened that another boat of different ownership, but of about the same size, started at the same time down the river. Let us call her the "Ocean Wave."

When we passed those majestic bluffs of Lake Pepin, the "Ocean Wave" seemed to be gaining on our "Flying Cloud," and my fellow-passengers began to yield forthwith to an irrepressible feeling that this must not be. At first this feeling seemed to be confined to the men, but then the women, too, began to show an interest in the matter, which constantly grew more lively. They crowded around the captain, a short, broad-shouldered, and somewhat grumpy-looking man, who paced the "hurricane-deck" with an air of indifference. Would he permit the "Ocean Wave" to get ahead? he was asked "Would you like to be blown up?" he asked in return. "No," was the answer, "we should not like to be blown up, but we don't want the 'Ocean Wave' to beat us, either." The captain looked up with a grim smile, said nothing, and walked away.

After a while the thumping of the engine grew louder, the guttural, raucous breathing of the smoke-stacks heavier and more feverish, the clouds of smoke rolling up from them blacker and more impetuous, and the quiver of the big vessel, as it rushed through the water, more shuddering. At the same time we noticed that the "Ocean Wave," which was almost abreast of us, showed the same symptoms of extraordinary commotion. She even seemed to have anticipated us somewhat in her preparations for the contest and forged ahead most vigorously. Indeed, a cheer went up from her decks, her passengers evidently thinking that the "Ocean Wave" would soon leave us behind. Our people cheered back defiantly, and the "Flying Cloud" again put in an extra throb.

I see our captain now before me, as he stood on the upper deck with his left foot on the low railing, his elbow resting on his knee, and his chin on his fists, his cheek full of tobacco which he was chewing nervously, and his glittering eye fixed upon some spot

ahead. From time to time he would turn his head and shout a hoarse order up to the pilot-house. The passengers crowding around him, men and women, were almost wild with excitement, which vented itself in all sorts of exclamations, some of them, I regret to say, quite profane. Suddenly the captain looked up, and with as much of a smile as the tobacco quid in his mouth permitted, he muttered: "Now I've got that 'Ocean Wave,' d— her!" Then we noticed that the "Ocean Wave" suddenly "slowed up" and fell behind, and our "Flying Cloud" shot forward, far ahead. Our passengers sent up a triumphant shout and seemed beside themselves with joy. It turned out that the channel had considerably narrowed so as not to be wide enough for two boats, and made at the same time a pretty sharp turn, and that our boat, having the inside of the curve, had succeeded in rushing into the narrow pass first.

But this victorious manoeuver did not altogether relieve us of our anxieties. After a while, our fuel being much reduced, we had to land near a big pile of cord-wood to take in a new supply. Our passengers were dismayed. "Never mind," said the captain, "the 'Ocean Wave' will have to take in wood, too." No sooner had the "Flying Cloud" made fast near the woodpile than a large number of my fellow-travelers jumped ashore to help the "roustabouts" take in the fuel, and thus shorten our delay. Everybody worked with the utmost ardor. While this was going on, the "Ocean Wave" steamed majestically by, her people rending the air with their cheers. When we started again we saw her a formidable distance ahead. But our captain was right. Soon we beheld the "Ocean Wave" lying still to take in a fresh supply of fire-wood, and we expected to run by and leave her far in the rear. But we had reckoned without our host. Before we had reached her stopping-place, she hastily pulled in her gang-planks and started again.

And now came the real tug of war. The whistles of both boats blew fierce notes of challenge. For a long stretch the channel seemed to be wide, and the boats ran side by side, neck to neck. The paddle-boxes sometimes almost touched each other. The passengers crowding the two decks were within speaking distance and jeered from one side to the other half good-naturedly, half defiantly. Meanwhile, the smoke-stack heaved and puffed and snorted, and the engines thumped and thundered, and the lightly-built decks shook and quaked and creaked as if the boat were engaged in a desperate struggle for life. The captain now seemed to divide his time between the engine-room and the pilot-house, moving up and down with nervous quickness. Once, when he crossed the deck, I saw a delicate-looking woman stop him with something like anxiety in her eyes, and ask him whether it was "all safe." "Well," he grunted, "I can slow down and drop behind if you say so!" The poor woman did not say so. She looked abashed, as if she had been trying to do something mean and contemptible, and the passengers cheered.

Both steamboats stopped at one or two places, to discharge and take on passengers and cargo. But they both did this with such marvelous rapidity that neither of them got an advantage. They also had occasion again for sharp manoeuvering to get in one another's way when narrow places in the channel were reached. Luck was first on one side and then on the other, and the spirits of the passengers rose and fell accordingly, now to boisterously triumphant assurance and then to gloomy wrath, and even despondency.

At last La Crosse hove in sight. The end was near, and many hearts beat with anxious expectancy. The crowd on the deck grew still. Hardly anybody dared to say anything or to make any demonstration of his feelings. But now fortune favored us again. The boats were still side by side, doing their utmost with fearful energy. But they had to make a curve in order to swing to the landing-place, and the "Flying Cloud"—whether owing to good luck or to the foresight of the captain—had the advantage of the inside. Running full speed as long as it was possible, and stopping the engine only when it was absolutely necessary, the "Flying Cloud" touched the dock with a crash and had the lines fastened and the gang-planks thrown out with the utmost rapidity while the "Ocean Wave" was just coming in. The victory was ours, and a tremendous shout of jubilation went up.

MR. SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES IN FEBRUARY WILL DESCRIBE THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN AND WILL RECALL THE GREAT MORAL ENTHUSIASM OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860

THE DRAMA IN OUR TOWN

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," "NIAGARA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY HORACE TAYLOR

WHAT was the first real "the-ay-ter" play you ever went to?

I can hear you say "O-o-o-oh. . . ." in a long-drawn sigh. I can see you close your eyes, and a faint smile come over your face, as you recall that night. It is the first time you have thought of it in many a day. Wasn't it just gra-and?

I suppose that when they come to our age, the children of this day and generation will hardly be able to remember with as much distinctness their first real play. They see so many of them; so much is done for them that it wasn't thought well to do for us, and they live in a world at all points so widely different from that of ours "back home." And even so, that world was somewhat emancipated as compared with the one in which Grandpap lived when he was young. In those days Grandpap was a fine, strong, husky fellow (so other people have told me; he never said much about it himself), and took great delight in wrestling. But he got to thinking it over, and the upshot was that he stopped wrestling, right square off. He applied the moral touchstone of his day: If a thing is good fun, then it is wicked. I mind the first time Grandpap ate a dish of ice-cream. It tasted so good he knew it must be bad for the health. So he went and took a pill to counteract the evil.

In his young days all that people could do — nice people, I mean, not the rough element — was to attend to business, farming or shoemaking or housekeeping or whatever; and to try to be good men and women. What kind of a life is that? When folks don't do anything foolish, but just attend to business and try to be good — why, they might as well be dead. That's the way I look at it. The rough element might go to dances, might play euchre and seven-up; might read novels; might fiddle; might go to horse-races and the playhouse; might wear gold and silver and costly apparel, such as gold collar-buttons, and neckties, and artificial flowers, and ruffles, and ribbons and beads, and all such dew-dabs; but not nice people, not people that wanted to be somebody. And here's a funny thing: In spite of the fact that the girls wore no ruffles and beads and ribbons and artificial flowers, but went around in plain straight skirts and slat sunbonnets, they all got married. Some of them, two or three times. Now, how do you account for that?

This thing of being sensible and good went well enough while everybody lived in log cabins, but after the War was over, and the men that had been sleeping out of doors for four years and living a pretty strenuous life came home and began to put the same energy into business that they had put into fighting, things began to hum. The country went ahead like a scared rabbit. People made money so fast that they had to put some of it on their backs. They had to buy melodeons and pianos. Now, pretty nearly the first thing you learn when you take music lessons is the "Sack Waltz." As a natural consequence, whenever you'd find half

a dozen girls together, one of them would have her skirts drawn up to her shoe-tops, so the others could see how she moved her feet, and she'd be counting, "One, two, three, One, two three." It wasn't long before they got in a real organ, and a paid choir, and stained-glass windows, and a carpet on the floor. I shouldn't wonder if even the U. P's had organs now in the meeting-houses.

Well, you know what all that leads to. You might stave it off a little while, you might titivate yourself with lectures on "Does Death End All?" by the Rev. Joseph Cook, but you had to own up that you liked John B. Gough a lot better. He — er — er — (Out with it!) — Well, he kind o' acted it out more. Now, take the "Swiss Bell-ringers," for example. The music was lovely and elevating to the mind, and all like that, but the fellow that was with them — what was his name, now? Sol. Smith Russell. That's the man — He was a heap more interesting. He acted it out. And then, about that time along came a lecturer on "Richard Brinsley Sheridan." Sheridan was a man that wrote plays, yes, I know, but don't you see? It was English Literature the man was lecturing about, and it was merely incidental that he should tell about the characters, *Bob Acres*, and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, and the rest. He did it very well, and you could tell right away which was which character, but it kind of made you wish that . . . that . . .

Just about that time, too, the elocution teacher came to our town. A lot of people learned from him how to talk like a dry cistern. I won't be sure, but I think he was the first to start the fashion of saying "i-ther" and "thurfore," two pronunciations which confer distinction upon any discourse, I think even more so than "disremember." (There was something so dressed up about "disremember." So much more refined than "fergit.") You remember the elocution teacher, and his plug hat, and his ginger-colored whiskers dyed a crape black up to within an eighth of an inch of the roots. You remember his explosives and effusives, his gutturals and pectorals, his orotunds and orals, his "Ho! Ha! Hee! Hoo!" his wavings and weavings of hands, "from the shoulder always; never from the elbows." You remember his:

"Rrrrrrr-*ouse* h-ye Ro-MUNS! H-rrrrrr-*ouse* ye sul-LAVES!" his:

"Hn-thy liver *loves*-ah, CUR-few SHALLLL LLLll not ha-rrrrringngng to NIGHTTTT-t!" and his:

"Hea-ea-ear the sledgeeswiththeirbellllllls, SEE-eelver bellllllls!"

Quite a few in our town took lessons from him. The worst of it was that a body could never get a chance to practise. The girl that took piano lessons might clatter and boom up and down the scale in contrary motion from breakfast till bedtime, and nobody noticed it; the fellow that played the "tooby" in the band could take the lantern and go down to the barn and snort by the hour "Poomp! Poomp! Poom-poom-poom-poomp!" and nobody made fun of him. But let an elocution student start in with "Ho! Ha! Hee! Hoo!" and Pap would fling down his *Examiner* with "Aw, let up on that!" and if you persevered, he would bawl out, "Give that calf more room!" There'd be a crowd out on the front sidewalk in no time, mocking you, and making that sound with their soft palates, a kind of snoring laugh which is so chilling to the artistic temperament. If he goes out to the woods pasture to practice, he has to keep one ear hung out, even in his intensest moments, for the rattle of a wagon

jingling down the big road, or this will ensue :

"Whoa! Ho, there! Stand still, can't ye? . . . Mother, did you hear that? They're killin' somebuddy in yan!"

"Why, Pap!"

"Yes, sir, they are. Why, jis' listen to him holler. My Lord! Oh, I can't stand this."

"Now, Pap —— "

"Don't hang onto me thataway. Leggo."

"Now, Pap, now don't ye go fer to git mixed up in no muss 'at don't concern you, runnin' headlong into danger like that. Now, Pap! An' a mortgage on the farm, smf! an' me left all, all alone in the world with four little helpless, innocent children, ahoo! an' the milk o' five cows to 'tend to — Aw, now, Pap!"

"Mother, it ain't human for me to drive apast and leave that pore bein' to his fate. Now. It won't do, I tell you, to wait till we git to the Squire's. It'll be too late then. Whoa, Fan! Whoa, girl! You set right still and keep a-holt o' them lines. I'll be right back. LET THE MAN ALONE!"

He crashes through the hazel-brush with the noise of a yoke of oxen, while his poor wife sits perched up there, sniffling and "all of a trimble," till he comes back, mad as a hornet and red in the face.

"Aw, jist some fool in there speakin' a piece! Go on, Fan! Ck! Ck! Half a cent I'd 'a' broke his neck for him. D-tarn . . . fool!"

But while "Kentucky Belle" and "Lasca" and "The Polish Boy" were exciting and all that, something was lacking. There wasn't any dressing up; there wasn't any painting your face; there wasn't any curtain to go up and come down (which is perhaps the most important of all, since a curtain means mystery, and charm, and magic). But there was missing, too, the reckless deviltry, the risk of something which I will not further hint at than to say that these blue-tipped matches put you in mind of it, the state of mind associated with euchre in the haymow, and novels. Ah, the first novel! I don't mean "Antelope Abe," but the first bound novel. In vain you argued with your mother that George Eliot's Works were entirely fit and proper reading for the young. She took the book and turned over to the title page and pointed her accusing finger at the black and shameless words, "Adam Bede, a Novel." She had you there. You might protest. "Oh, well, it ain't a *dime* novel." It was "A Novel" just the same, and there her finger stayed. Something sank within you. You might talk and talk, but you could not evade the fact. You could not but stare where the finger pointed. You, *you* were reading *novels*. False, false to the vows you had made! Knowing the good and choosing the evil. This was not your

first step downward. Before this, you had borrowed from a neighbor Shakspere's Plays. You heard what Brother Longenecker said about that only last Sunday. He said, "Shakspere is the Devil's Bible!" And you had borrowed that book, *borrowed* it, when you had Butler's "Analogy of Revealed Religion," Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," "The Autobiography of Hester Ann Rogers," and other good books about the house, scarcely opened. Scarcely opened. What did you suppose was going to become of you if you kept on like that? The next thing, you'd be wanting to go to the the-ay-ter. And something within you thrilled in answer, although you knew then and know now that the word, especially when pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, connotes, as no other word in our language does, hardened impenitence that can look reproach in the eye and say, "Well, what of it?"

That is why we have so few theaters in this country and so many Opera-Houses. So much of conscience is left to us yet, that though we may do the deed, we dare not speak the word. Hence such conversations as:

"Goin' to the Opry to-night?"

"Why, I hadn't thought. What is it?"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Perhaps it was not all your fault that the Old Boy leaped up in you at the bare mention of the the-ay-ter. The dialogues at the Sunday-school exhibitions might have fostered in you the wish to see and hear character impersonated. The minstrel show your daddy took you to, not long after your curls were cut off, first showed you the luxury of the sight of others' miseries (when they are feigned). It was in the old Melodeon Hall. That was before Judge Rodehaver built the Opry-House. All the comedy went by you, and you wondered and wondered what the folks were laughing at. But the afterpiece you understood. It showed how it would be away, 'way off in the future, in 1909, when the colored folks, so lately freed, would have the upper hand and would then give the white folks a taste of their own medicine. A lot of nig — Sh! How many times have I got to speak to you about that word? It's very low, and rude. Only Democrats say that — A lot of colored gentlemen were having a fine dinner, when in comes a poor white man all wrapped up in a quilt, his cold pink legs showing underneath. He begged them for something to eat. He couldn't have it.

"What did you eat last?"

"I had a peanut last week."

Aw, the poor man! You felt so sorry for him. And just when you were wishing they would tell him to draw up and eat himself done, Bang! went a cannon or a pistol or something, and the curtain came down, shutting off the colored gentlemen, and the man threw off his quilt, and there he was all in pink tights and spangles, and dancing to the music. And coming home, your father explained to you that the man was only pretending. He wasn't really hungry.

And then the pammer-ammer of "The Pilgrim's Progress" gave you an inkling of scenic effect. "Pilgrim's Progress" is (or was) a boys' book all full of fighting and adventures. It only had a few black and white pictures in it. The pammer-ammer was a whole, whole lot of colored pictures, big ones that they rolled past whenever the man clapped his hands. And maybe *Apollyon* wasn't a fierce-looking critter, all green and scaly, and an arrow-headed stinger on the end of his tail! But it was the effects that interested you. For instance, when *Christian* first started out, it came up to storm, and they turned down the gas, and the piano

went whanga, whanga, whanga on the bass notes, just exactly like thunder. And then *Christian* meets *Evangelist* and asks the way, and *Evangelist* says, "Do you see yonder shining light?" and *Christian* says, "I think I do." Well, I should think so too, for there was a hole cut in the canvas, and just then somebody put a light behind it, so that you couldn't help but see it. There were a lot of those things, but the best of all was the Grand Transformation Scene at the last. *Christian* and *Hopeful* swum the River of Death. It seemed as if they swum standing up and kind of cow-fashion, but we didn't mind that, we were so interested in seeing how the story came out. And sure enough, they got to Heaven. In the next scene there they were, being pulled up by a wire, and two angels, also on wires, came in from the sides, blowing on horns. And there was the Celestial City, all gold and white, splendid, if a little skimpy.

And here's something they had in our town that I don't think they had in yours. Just as *Christian* and *Hopeful* started to wabble upward, a painted scene-cloth all blazing at the edges swung across the opening. The lecturer gave a kind of jump, but kept right on talking, and pretty soon he bowed and smiled, and the curtain came down, and the piano started up a grand march, and the people put on their things and sauntered out talking about how lovely it all was, and how much better they understood it now than they ever had before. Apparently it never crossed their minds — it certainly did not cross mine — that possibly the blazing scene-cloth might not have been down on the program as a scenic effect; that while the lecturer was bowing and smiling he was scared half to death, and if the piano had played a shade less loudly, I might have heard them behind scampering here and there for buckets of water, and stamping out the blazing canvas. So far as I know, never a word got out that would make people understand how near they came to being burned alive or trampled to death that night. And speaking of fire makes me think of red fire and the entertainment they got up for Center Street M. E. when they were going to build the new church. It ran for three nights. They called it "Tableaux Vivants." When I say "they," I mean the bills, for the people just skipped those words. That is, all of them did except those folks who always make fun of everything stylish. They said, "Tab-lokes Vi-vance! What in tunket is tab-lokes vi-vance?" In case you don't know what these words mean, I'll explain that it's where you get folks to dress up and stand just so and not move, and then you pull the curtain up, and when they can't stand it any longer without breathing, you let the curtain down, and you burn red fire so's the light will shine on them. The reason why you mustn't breathe is, that if you do, the smoke of the red fire will make you cough. I don't know whether, when you saw these what-you-may-callums, they had what they had the night I went. The program said: "Poses Statuesques — Ajax Defying the Lightnings —Cain Killing Abel — The Dying Gladiator." Well, sir, when the curtain went up, there stood a man without anything on but a suit of union underwear, no pants or shirt or anything but just this white suit of underclothes, looked like it was all in one piece, and his face was all white, and he had kind of cotton-batting hair, and he looked for all the world like a marble statue, like that one on the Clayton Monument down at the

cemetery, only that is a marble angel with a nightgown on, and kind of holes cut in the back to let the wings go through, though how they get the feathers through without rumpling them all up, I never could see. This man I'm telling you about was a fine-looking young man and very well-built but—Well, what's your opinion?

Do you think such a thing is calculated to set a good example to the young? There was a good deal of talk about it at the time, I remember, especially among the old stick-in-the-muds up in the Amen corner, and I heard that old Aunt Betty Mooney went so far as to threaten to take out her letter. She said such goings-on were perfectly scandalous, and if that was the way they were going to do, she just wouldn't stand it. Now! But there could be no possible complaint as to the last thing on the program. When the curtain went up, there were potted palms on the stage, and a rubber plant tied with a red ribbon. That was to show it was in the tropics somewhere. Then a lot of the Company K fellows marched in with their guns, only they wore red-and-yellow uniforms and carried a flag that made you think of a horse-blanket. It was yellow and had two narrow red strips, one at each end, like a horse-blanket. And there was a man led out with his hands tied behind him and a handkerchief over his eyes. Then we knew what it was. It was down in Cuba that time they were going to shoot a revolutionist. The captain said: "Read-ay-ay! Aim!" and just as he was going to say: "Fire," and the women started to put their fingers in their ears, here came Abel Horn—Oh, sure, he was in it. He was in everything—here came Abel Horn and threw the American Flag over the man as much as to say: "You just dare!" And while the captain was studying whether he'd better or not, down dropped what they call a "tar-po-le-on" that they had hung up at the back of the stage, and there stood Jenny Snodgrass with her hair let down, and a kind of a skating-cap on her head, and a big shield that came up so she could rest her hand on it, and all dressed up in the American Flag, low-neck-and-short-sleeves and a trail, or would have been a trail if she hadn't been standing on a white box, kind of. Well, sir, that just settled it. They dassent to shoot the man then, and they lighted the red fire, and the piano started to play, "O, say, can you see," and the people clapped and stomped like everything. But I tell you it was a mighty near thing for that fellow with his hands tied. Little more, and he'd have been a goner. It was bully.

Coming home with George Donnyhew that night, I said as much. Now, George was a boy that had been around a good deal. He had been down to Columbus twice, and I think he had been as far as Circleville. "Aw, that ain't nothin'," says he. "You ought to see a real the-ay-ter play once." At that moment Satan entered into me. I fought against the entrance. I knew how wicked it was to think of such things, let alone going to them. But I also knew (rejoicing and despairing in spirit at once), that a day would come when I should be among those who sat and saw the Devil's Bible acted out on a stage by people painted up and dressed up to look the way they did in those days. I knew, too, that very likely I should sink so low as to attend a "variety show," and that, as you know, scrapes on the bottom, for the ladies wear short skirts and kick up their heels, as bold as brass. It all came true, I regret to say. But I shall also have to tell you that even in a "variety show" I never saw any "Poses Statuesques," in union underwear.

In another place I have written about William B. Bradbury and the great work he did for this country's musical development by his composition of sacred songs, whose bass was invariably do, sol, and fa, so that any young man who learned those three tones of the scale could join in without having to sing "air." Bradbury did something

which contributed more to the dissipation of the old fogy notion that we are here to attend to business and try to be good, than any other one thing. He composed "Esther, The Beautiful Queen." It was all about *Esther*, and *Mordecai*, and the Israelites, and that rapscallion of a *Haman*. Being from the Bible, it took the people off their guard, don't you see? Musically, the work compares favorably with "Work for the Night is Coming," and "Shall We Gather at the River?" and that is a great convenience in the matter of amateur productions. And you can make the costumes out of cheesecloth, blue and red and yellow, and all such; and it's great fun getting it up, and taking the girls home after the rehearsals, and there are more solos for more different people than you can shake a stick at; and there are no end of chances to work in all the nice-looking little boys and girls in town as pages and train-bearers, and so all the fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives, and uncles and aunts and cousins, to the fifth remove, and relations of every degree, and friends and acquaintances of everybody that "takes part" all buy tickets, and the Opry-House is chock-a-block for the three nights. It could run longer, but everybody in it is just played out with excitement and can't stand any more. There is acting in it, and scenery, and costumes, and you paint your face, and the curtain goes up, and all like that, but it isn't a the-ay-ter. Not at all.

It's all singing. So it can't be a the-ay-ter.

Well, if it's acting and costumes, and the curtain goes up and down, and it's all singing, it must be an opera.

No. It's about the Bible, so it can't be an opera.

Well, what is it, then?

It's a cantata. Something entirely different from an opera or a play. Right here I must confess my entire unfitness to write on this subject. I suppose I am the only man in the United States of America, able to sing the scale in C, who not only has never taken part in "Esther, The Beautiful Queen," but who has never even witnessed a performance of that great work. I never had the chance. I suppose I ought to feel proud of the distinction, but I'm not. It makes me feel lonesome. You saw it, and I didn't. You were in it, and I wasn't. I'll bet that at times you find yourself whistling that about: "Ever the dutiful more than the beautiful," and, "I'll go unto the King, though not according to the Law." Oh, well, that's the way of it in this world. Some have everything nice, and some don't have anything but trouble.

But I saw "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh," just the same as you did. Laura Hornbaker, who was *Esther*, was the girl that Mose Coogler wanted to get, and that Johnny Durfee got. Mose was afterward Prosecuting Attorney, you remember. He played the part of the *Rebel Colonel*, and was in command of Andersonville, and who should turn up among the Union prisoners but Johnny Durfee that got engaged to Laura before the War broke out. She mittened Mose because he talked so against the Old Flag. Harry Detwiler that played the *Dutch Recruit* wasn't in the prison scene at all because he was such an awful cut-up you couldn't help laughing at him, and this scene wasn't intended to be a bit funny. The Company K boys were all in rags, and chalked up to look pale and starved to death. In walks Mose Coogler with a bucket, and they all clamor for something to eat, and he scatters wet sawdust like it was chicken feed. They made out it was cornmeal. And the boys grabbled for it with their hands like they

were crazy to get it, and pretended to eat it. (Oh, it made you wild to see 'em.) Johnny Durfee was supposed to be too sick to be able to get his share (he had such pretty black eyes and mustache!). So *Little Jimmy*, the *Drummer-boy of Shiloh*, who was supposed to be the brother of Johnny Durfee (young Loosh Benson played the part), he up and asks Mose for something for his poor sick brother. That was Mose's chance to get even with Johnny for cutting him out with Laura. So he roars out: "No, you Yankee dogs! No-o! Right here in this prison pen you shall rot, starve, and die!" (Oo-oo! You ought to have heard the people grit their teeth at that.) So Loosh he throws himself at Mose's feet and begs and pleads with him. But Mose was a coward as well as a villain, and he shot the poor boy dead. That is, he did on the nights when the blame thing would go off. Sometimes it wouldn't, and young Loosh would have to stagger and fall and struggle and die just the same as if he had been shot. Heart failure, you know. Abel Horn was in that, too, and after Johnny Durfee said: "My G—! *Little Jimmy* dead? This will kill poor mother!" Abel had a speech like this: "Comrades, unknown to you all I have kept concealed next to my heart —" But wait till I tell you. One night he forgot to put the folded-up flag inside his shirt-bosom, so when he came to feel for it there, he didn't find it.—"Next to my heart," says he, hunting wildly, and reaching way down.—"Next to my heart"—(then he whispered: "Where is it? Quick, you fellows!") —"Next to my heart — next to my — my heart"—Abel was getting rattled. Finally he fished it out of his pistol pocket where he had thoughtlessly stowed it.—"Next to my heart the dear Old Flag. Let us spread it over *Little Jimmy* for *Little Jimmy* is dead."

Now you might say that was a the-ay-ter. It was a regular play, costumes and everything, and all spoken except in the last act where Laura sings "There will be one Vacant Chair," with that kind of a tremble in her voice that she got right after she began to take vocal of old Prof. Minetti who plays the organ in St. Bridget's Church. Yes, but don't you see, these were our boys, the Company K boys, and we wanted to help 'em along. It wasn't like upholding regular actors, trapesing around the country, too lazy to make a living in an honest way. And besides, it was about the War, and that's the next thing to a Bible story. People went to see it and laughed till they got to coughing at Harry Detwiler trying to make his blanket cover both his head and toes at once when his stuffed stomach made the blanket too short,—people that would no more have gone to a regular the-ay-ter than they would have walked into Oesterle's and ordered a glass of that mixture of yeast and quinine that Oesterle called beer. All this time, whenever they threw show-bills over into your front yard, you studied them till you almost knew them by heart. They were these long narrow bills that they don't have any more. Now and again there would be a picture on one of them of people with their hands clasped in agony while they saw somebody running a butcher-knife into somebody else. How you did wish you knew the story of it, and how it all came out! But it was wicked to go, and it cost money. But one day the man that papered your house, who was also a bill-poster, left a complimentary ticket for you. He said he didn't care much for that kind of a show, but he thought maybe you would. Would you? Aw-haw-haw-aw-aw! *Would* you? Would a duck swim? *Could* you? That was the question. Well —er—er—seeing that it said "Complimentary" on it, why, it would be kind of ill-mannered not to go. Oh, goody! Goo— But—er—er— How about your getting home? Because it would be pretty late at night. Oh, you'd come right home as soon as it was out. Yes, mam. You wouldn't loiter? No'm. Well—er—er— Wouldn't you be afraid to be alone on the street so late at night? Ah, afraid! You afraid! What of, for pity's sakes? Well, you know you always said the covered bridge was so spooky after dark. Oh, well! That was a good while ago. That was along last spring when you were littler. And besides, there

would be people coming home from the the-ay — from the entertainment, and you could come along with them. What time did it begin? "Doors open at 7:30. Performance begins promptly at 8."

The doors did open at 7:30, didn't they? You were there and saw 'em open. In those days there weren't any reserved seats, no boxes, or orchestra seats, or "parkay," or balcony, or even gallery. There was just the flat floor of the Opry-House, and rows of wooden chairs nailed to scantlings. First come, first served, and you were in the front row, so close that you could just see over the edge of what the janitor called "de flat-fawm." You stared at the drop curtain with its view of Swiss scenery tastefully bordered with painted advices like: "Go to J. P. Runkle's for your Hardw're, Stoves and Tinw're"; "Highest Prices for Country Produce at Rouse & Walker's Grocery Store, Main St. opp. P. O."

Dinny Lynch's orchestra must have been playing for a dance that night somewhere, so the "troupe" engaged the nig — the colored band from the South End, and whenever they got to going, the windows of the hall would bulge outward, and little flakes of whitewash floated down on you from the ceiling. That helped to pass the time a little, though if anybody asks you if you have any notion of how long a thousand years is, you can tell 'em. Yes, you have. It's just about as long as from 7:30 till 8, the first time you ever saw a real the-ay-ter play. But you enjoyed yourself in anticipation — until you heard something that made your heart sink within you. Right back of you sat two farmers, come into town to "set" on the Grand Jury. One of them said to the other: "Tell you what, I jist bet you anything 'at when it gets along to the excitin' part, they'll come out an' say, 'To be continued in our next,' like they do in them weekly paper stories." Gosh all fish-hooks! If they did that! And your "Complimentary" was for one night only.

Even a thousand years will pass if you wait long enough, and finally the curtain did go up, and there on a green sofa sat the *Lady of Lyons* with a bunch of hat-trimmings in her hand, saying: "I cannot think who it is sends me these beautiful flowers every day." Got you interested right from the word go. And she had such pretty rosy cheeks! And wasn't *Claude Melnotte* perfectly elegant? And that *Mossoo Bo-se-ong*, I just despised that man, didn't you? Think of him drawing a revolver on a lady! That's no way to act. And then, when he got left after all, and he says: "K-hairses on ye both!" that old fellow (I can't think of his name now), he jumps up and cracks his heels, and he says to him: "Curse away! But remember that curses are like chickens and always come home to roost." And that's just about so, too.

So far from the story being "continued in our next," it was completed that night, and more also, for they had another one, a short one, about a lady that took in roomers, and she rented out the same room to two men, one that worked nights, and the other days. They didn't know she did that, but they suspicioned something was wrong, and finally, one day, the man that worked days got laid off or something, and came home unexpected, and here was this other fellow in his room. Well, sir, if they didn't have it hot and heavy there for a while!

Don't you remember? Sure, you do. Well, maybe it wasn't "The Lady of Lyons." Maybe it was "East Lynne," or "The Marble Heart," or Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon the Cricket," or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No matter. It was the most entrancing thing that ever was. George Donnyhew was right when he said of the tableaux vivants: "Aw, that ain't nothin'. You want to see a real the-ay-ter play."

Let me see, now—How long was it after that before you said to yourself, "I could do as well as that"? And when was it you began to subscribe for a theatrical paper and read with eager interest the news-notes from Ishpeming and Canal Winchester, like "Giddy Girls comb. 16 to fair house. Leap for Life co. 21 failed to show up and house dark. Next wk. Sharon's U. T. C. co. 28-29"? How you pondered on "WANTED — AT ONCE. For Bigelow Bros'. Refined Wagon Show, leading juvenile. Must be neat dresser and double in brass, willing to eat and sleep on lot. We PAY, not promise. Mashers and boozers, first offense, Bing! Address Bigelow Bros., Jefferson Center, Shelby County, Ind." You came very near writing to them, didn't you? "Wait a while," says you to yourself. You have been waiting ever since. The birthdays have come and come, each one a little swifter-footed than its predecessor, each one exhaling a faint sigh, as it found you less likely to do what you had dreamed so vividly of doing — er — (Whisper) — going on the stage. You could do as good as some of them. You could do it better now than ever; could put more intelligence into it, more feeling, but — (Whisper again) — you're bigger around the waist.

Wouldn't you like to see again that first real the-ay-ter play of yours, if you could see it with the same eager interest, if once again you could sit there tranced, your lips moving as the actors spoke their lines? Wouldn't you like to see "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh" once more if you could laugh as once you did at Harry Detwiler's fooling as the *Dutch Recruit*, and grit your teeth at Mose Coogler's villainy? Wouldn't you like to take the girls home from the rehearsal of "Esther," singing, as you went through the quiet streets, "Go thou unto the King"? I think I'd like to see the pammerammer of "The Pilgrim's Progress" again if I could also see a resemblance in the tremolando of the bass notes of the piano to the rolling thunder, and if I were right sure they would have "Poses Statuesque — Ajax Defying the Lightnings — Cain Killing Abel — The Dying Gladiator," and it was for the new Center Street M. E. I believe I'd buy a ticket to the "Tableaux Vivants," and go, even if the smoke of the red fire, "the incense of the scene," as Abel Horn called it, did make me cough. Alive yet? Yes, indeed. Abel's in the insurance business up in the northern part of the State somewhere. Alive? Well, I guess. Just married his third wife the other day. Who was this that was telling me?

REMOLDING IT

BY

LILY A. LONG

AUTHOR OF "A SQUIRE OF LOW DEGREE," "APPRENTICES TO DESTINY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

I

THREE young men were having their tea one summer evening under an apple-tree in Miss Mary Stubbs' back yard in the Vermont village of Bennettboro. They chose the apple-tree instead of Miss Stubbs' neat dining-room because they wished to give visible expression to their inner feeling that they were bivouacking with the Red Gods, and also because it insured greater privacy to their conversation. One of the three young men had a great deal of money, the second had a great deal of imagination, and the third had a great deal of ingenuity. They called the first the Mint, because they had detected a desire on his part to have the fact that he was a millionaire overlooked and forgotten in the ordinary relations of life, and they held that it was necessary for his soul's discipline to dangle the obnoxious truth before him until he had somehow managed to live it down. The man of imagination owned the name of Richard Lawrence Smith, but he was known simply as "R. L. S." The appellation gave him a joy that was three parts pain, and he tried to conceal both feelings under an air of modest unconsciousness. After all — But that, of course, was a dream. Still some of his verses *had* been printed. The third was known among themselves as the Knight of Labor, because to him usually fell the lot of executing the schemes of his two friends. He told them that he was the only one of the three who had any sense, and they told him that this was what made his peculiar charm. The oldest of them was twenty-three, and they had all graduated at Harvard two weeks before, and they were now carrying out a cherished plan to spend a month together, loafing and inviting their souls, before separating to tackle Life. The idea had originated with R. L. S. He spoke of it as the Vigil before the Quest.

Miss Stubbs came out from the house, bearing an earthenware coffee-pot in her hand, and she set it down on the unsteady table under the tree with protest in every line of her severe face, against this irregular way of living. She felt that it was hardly decent to eat in the open air, in the first place, and that the indifference of these college boys to the household traditions was something which should not be condoned merely because they were lavish in paying.

"Anything else wanted?" she asked curtly.

"No, thank you. You have made us entirely happy," said R. L. S. gently.

Miss Stubbs did not sniff. She was too well-bred for that. But as she turned away she succeeded in conveying the impression of a sniff without any material manifestation of the idea.

"What's the use of working your imagination overtime in that way, R. L. S.?" asked the Knight of Labor, as he poured the black coffee.

"Didn't. I *am* happy," protested R. L. S., producing a box of cigars.

"*She* isn't happy," said the Mint, jerking his head in the direction of Miss Stubbs' retreating figure. "I've noticed it for some time. I think it's because she's poor."

"That's a rich man's sordid way of looking at things," cried R. L. S. "How many times must I tell you that people aren't necessarily happy and enviable because they have much money? Isn't it within your possibilities, even, to imagine a hunger of the soul? That's what Miss Stubbs is suffering from."

The Knight of Labor rapped for silence with his coffee-cup.

"You are both guessing," he said. "Now *I* know the facts. In order to do anything effectively in this world, it is highly essential that one should have facts to go on."

"Then *go* on," cried R. L. S.

"Mint is right —— "

"I knew it," cried the Mint.

" — though he didn't know it," pursued the Knight calmly. "He was merely floundering about among possibilities. The facts are that Miss Stubbs' house and garden and apple-tree and all are mortgaged, and lacking the five hundred dollars which is necessary to redeem them from the village Shylock, they will all be sold at auction on the 10th proximo."

"Let's redeem them for her — a little souvenir of our stay," cried the Mint. Then he blushed, for he had learned that any heedless display of his resources was a risky piece of business. But this time the indiscretion passed without retribution. Indeed, the Knight nodded at him approvingly.

"I thought that idea might strike you," he said. "With that in view, I have taken the trouble and pains to find out all about the situation — a piece of work, I may point out in passing, which cost me a great deal more personal effort than signing your name to a check will cost you, Mint."

"I know it," said the Mint humbly.

"Facts are all right in their proper places," conceded R. L. S. magnanimously. "They make a good foundation. Go on with them."

"Miss Stubbs is thirty-eight years old, though she looks ten years older and owns to five years less. She is one of four sisters. All the others have married and left Bennettboro. The house and garden belong to her, but she had to mortgage them when her mother died, and she has never been able to pay off the debt. She raises a little garden truck, and she tries to sew to eke out a living. But most of the poor people in Bennettboro do their own sewing, and the well-to-do get their sewing done by city dressmakers. I dare say she isn't strictly up to date, poor thing. So her trade has fallen off, and there you are."

"We'll settle the mortgage matter tomorrow," cried the Mint, starting up and walking about in his enthusiasm. "You'll arrange the details, won't you, Knight, like a good fellow?"

"That's all very well, so far as it goes," said R. L. S. slowly; "but how is she going to live afterwards? You say, yourself, that she can't support herself by the needle, and that she has no other means."

"Are you suggesting that we endow her?" demanded the Knight.

"Something of that sort," R. L. S. replied, with the careless magnificence of a prince of imagination.

The Mint caught at the suggestion alertly. "It wouldn't require very much," he urged, eagerly and persuasively.

"Five thousand would do it — do it magnificently," said the Knight thoughtfully. "Invested in some safe six per cent stock, it would give her a steady income of three hundred a year. With the house cleared, she would be as independent as a queen — or, rather, as no queen ever was."

"What's five thousand?" urged the Mint, watching his face eagerly.

"*And* five hundred."

"Yes. What's five thousand five hundred? We might easily have spent it on a yacht, or on the races, or on something else that we haven't."

The Knight drummed with his fingers on the table.

"There's another fact which you are not taking into consideration," he said after a moment. "That's the New England conscience and the New England pride of independence —— "

"Oh, Lord," groaned R. L. S. "That's what comes of being born without any imagination."

"Of course, she mustn't know," cried the Mint, speaking from the fullness of his past experience at the hands of R. L. S. "It must be managed anonymously somehow."

"Oh! And you think that easy? Well, even if she hasn't any more imagination than I have, it won't be very hard for her to guess —— "

"See here, where do I come into this deal?" cried R. L. S. "I guess that's my part of the affair, isn't it?"

"Well, then," yielded the Knight, "what's your idea?"

"It's my idea that if we are going to do this thing, we want to do it in style," said R. L. S. calmly. "The gift without the giver is bare, isn't it? You can't simply poke the money at her. Even if you tell her to shut her eyes and open her mouth, you aren't quite rising to the occasion. Anyhow, you are only considering half the situation, and the less important half, at that. Miss Stubbs needs more than money to make her life happy. She needs love."

"Oh, hold on," gasped the Mint.

"Well?" demanded the Knight sternly.

"Suppose this fortune, which you crudely suggest should come to her anonymously, be the bequest of a dying lover, instead?" suggested R. L. S. with ill-concealed triumph.

The two others stared at him a moment in silence, and then they allowed themselves to exchange a glance of gratification.

"We point with pride," they murmured in unison, and in turn they arose and solemnly shook hands with R. L. S., who puffed his cigar with more than usual nonchalance.

"Quiet being restored," said the Knight, "let us get down to considering the thing practically."

But the divine madness had descended upon R. L. S., and he was not to be diverted.

"All of her sisters are married, and she is left," he said, addressing the white rings of smoke that he sent curling up toward the leaves; "left with the feeling that no one has ever wanted her, that she counts for nothing in the sum of existence, that her neighbors look upon her as that supreme failure, a superfluous woman. What wonder that she grows stern and angular and unbeautiful? Her soul is starved."

"What good will a dead lover do her?" scoffed the Knight.

"All good. He will fill her dreams. She will idealize him and then live up to that ideal. The hard lines will melt away from the corners of her lips and eyes, and she will wear lace at her throat instead of that linen collar, and she will let her hair come down in little waves about her temples instead of pulling it back till it hurts, and her eyes will grow dreamy —— "

"Shake him, Mint; you are nearer him than I," ejaculated the Knight.

"No, humor him," said the Mint. He leaned toward R. L. S. and spoke in the quietly respectful tone that would befit an inquirer before a somewhat difficult Delphic oracle.

"When did she know this lover of hers?"

"It must have been when they were children. They went to the village school together. Then he went away — went West."

"Why did he never tell her of his love?"

"He was too poor. He had his fortune to make, and he did not wish to fetter her."

"Didn't he ever write, or anything?"

"No. He did not succeed as he hoped, and so he got discouraged."

"Perhaps he was told that she had married someone else," suggested the Mint, forgetting his rôle of inquirer and drawing upon his memories of melodrama to assist the oracle's imagination. He was crushed with one look of eloquent scorn.

"Would he be sending money to another man's wife?"

"No," said the Mint meekly. "He made a fortune, then, and died?"

"He didn't make any fortune. He must have been away from Bennettboro about twenty years, and he has only saved up five thousand five hundred dollars after his funeral expenses are paid. He died of quick consumption, and knew the end was approaching, so he had time to put all his affairs in order — turn everything into money and leave no loose ends for anyone to settle up. He has no relatives or near friends. She has been the one star of his life, worshiped from afar, and the thought of her — in the pink lawn dress she wore the last time he saw her, with her hair blown loose about her forehead — has been his inspiration in toil, his consolation in defeat, his sorrow in life, and his triumph in dying."

"Just make your facts fit that, Knight," said the Mint tersely, turning to their silent companion.

"It will mean another evening over the parlor-table album while you fellows are loafing," grumbled the Knight. But even as he grumbled, his mind was working on the problem, and the fire of his own special ambition smouldered in his narrowed eyes.

"There was a Roger Tompkins who left Bennettboro years ago and died out West," he said musingly. "A dough-faced youth. He was at school with her."

"That sounds all right," cried the Mint encouragingly. "The first report of his

death was a mistake. He really dies now for the first and only time."

"It will bear looking into," admitted the Knight modestly. "But there's a lot to be considered — relatives, and correspondence with neighbors, and his line of work, and whether anyone here is in a position positively to swear that he died ten years ago, and no end of details. Then there's the selection of the right kind of stock for the investment, and his letter to the lawyer —— "

"Hold on there. I'll take exclusive charge of *all* his letters, if you please," interrupted R. L. S. "Why, that's the delicate and crucial part of the whole thing."

"Of course," said the Mint soothingly. "We shouldn't think of touching that part. But it must all be settled before the 10th prox. Won't she be amazed! And pleased. After all," he added thoughtfully, "it's a good thing to have money."

"It's a glorious thing to have imagination," cried R. L. S., swelling out his chest.

"And it isn't an altogether contemptible thing to have some practical sense," chipped in the Knight. "An engine is a pretty piece of machinery, and live steam has its points, and the two in combination can make a noise, but unless you have some steel tracks in the neighborhood, they are more liable to mix themselves up with the scenery than to get anywhere in particular."

"Oh, WE are great," laughed the Mint, throwing an arm across the shoulders of each of the others, as they all strolled toward the street.

II

A week later the three conspirators were lunching together in a cheap little Italian restaurant in New York. The zest of life was still so strong within them that they found cause for deep joy in the fact that the waiter repeated their order with an accent suggestive of Italian opera, while the odor of garlic hanging about the dish which was set before the operatic villain on their left was to them as a breath from Bohemia the wonderful. When a dilapidated sandwich man came in from the street and, after a moment of hesitation, slipped modestly out of his boards and slid evasively into a seat near the door, they gazed upon him with lively curiosity, as a Public Character caught in the undress of private life. But nothing could long keep their attention or their speech from the great matter in hand.

"By this time she has the letter," said the Mint.

The Knight looked at his watch. "She has had it for an hour. The carrier was never later than twelve."

"By this time," said R. L. S. dreamily, "she has taken that old photograph of his out of the parlor-table album. She has taken it up to her room and set it up on her table and has looked at it long and wonderingly. She has walked away from it and casually returned to it, trying to catch its effect upon herself when she comes upon it unexpectedly. She has now hidden it away at the bottom of her handkerchief box, but she will take it out and look at it again to-night, before she goes to sleep."

"I'm glad you allow her the afternoon to attend to business in," commented the Knight, with a suspicion of scorn in his tone. "It is a mere trifle, of course, compared with the importance of setting up a shrine for a faded old photograph, but still a mortgage is a mortgage, and it is worth while detaching one's mind from the higher levels of sentiment just long enough to see that it is cleared off the records."

"Her lawyer will attend to that," said the Mint pacifically. "It was clever of you, Knight, to think of finding out what lawyers were there twenty-three years ago, so as to select one whose name might reasonably be familiar to him."

"Those little things are what count," said the mollified Knight. "You mustn't allow a flaw anywhere. I figured out the dates very carefully. See here." He took a letter from his pocket and began scribbling figures on the back of the envelop. "If he was eighteen years old twenty-three years ago, he would now be —— "

A sudden gust of wind from the windy street puffed into the room and sent the menu cards and the noon editions and the Knight's letter fluttering across the tables in a scurry of startled paper. A surprised waiter gave chase and, returning, laid two rescued letters before the Knight — who stared at the topmost one in paralyzed silence.

"Excuse me, I think that letter is mine," said a deprecating voice at his elbow. It was the sandwich man, who had himself arisen to pursue his fleeing property. He picked up the letter with an unsteady hand and returned to his plate of spaghetti and tomatoes.

The Knight stared after him as if hypnotized.

"What's the matter?" asked the Mint, following his fixed gaze.

The Knight pulled himself together. "Did you see the name on that envelop?" he asked, in a subdued tone

"No."

"It was Roger Tompkins."

"Really?" laughed R. L. S. "Well, the name is not copyrighted. Still it is a curious coincidence."

But the Mint looked serious. "You made sure that *the* Roger Tompkins is really dead, didn't you?" he asked.

"That's what everybody up there has believed for ten years."

They all turned to study the Public Character who had so unexpectedly taken on a wholly private interest. He was a man of middle age, with the thin, intellectual face of the New Englander, but stamped with the open though indefinable stamp of failure, poverty, and dissipation.

"Oh, it can't be true," murmured R. L. S. "It would be too awful."

"That's the worst symptom. It's too awful not to be true," frowned the Knight.

The sandwich man finished his mug of beer and was pushing back his chair.

"He's going," murmured R. L. S. "The horrible uncertainty will hang over us like a pall forever more."

"We must know," said the Mint, taking things into his own hands as he did in emergencies only. He approached the stranger with external composure.

"Excuse me — that name on your letter — may I ask if you are Roger Tompkins?"

"Yes," said the man, with a surprised look.

"Formerly of Bennettboro, Vermont?"

"Yes."

"But everybody in Bennettboro believes that Roger Tompkins died years ago," cried the Knight accusingly.

"Indeed?" The man took in the three friends, and surprise almost made his look steady. "Well, they are probably misinformed. So far as I know I am still alive — after a fashion."

"Can't we keep them from ever knowing the truth?" asked R. L. S. hopefully.

"It might be difficult," said the man thoughtfully. "You see, I'm going up there to-morrow, if my pay for this job will cover the cost of a ticket."

The Knight groaned aloud, and the sound spurred the Mint to action. He gently laid hold of the stranger's lapel.

"Sit down at our table. Have a cup of coffee or something with us. We must come to an understanding."

"I confess you have excited my curiosity," said Mr. Tompkins, allowing himself to be drawn to the other table. "Coffee and — yes, thank you; mince."

"We have just been up to Bennettboro — a fishing trip," said the Mint. "We boarded with Miss Mary Stubbs — you remember her?"

"Stubbs? Stubbs?" said Mr. Tompkins thoughtfully. "No."

The Mint stole a sympathetic glance across the table to R. L. S. and continued:

"We found that she was very hard up — property going to be foreclosed, and all that sort of thing — so we thought it would be a pleasant thing to help her out. She's alone in the world, you see. And it only took a few thousands."

"Very generous of you, I'm sure," said Mr. Tompkins, as the narrative came to a dead stop. "I hope, for the credit of my native town, that she was properly grateful."

"Well, we naturally didn't appear in the transaction ourselves," said the Mint, toying with his spoon. "It was to be anonymous, you see. At the same time, we thought it would look better to have it come as a bequest from someone dead than to have it just plain anonymous."

Mr. Tompkins dropped his spoon and honored the speaker with more serious attention than he had heretofore given him.

"You seem to have thought it out carefully," he said. "Go on. Am I to understand ——"

"Yes, we used your name. You were the only person we could find who had gone away and definitely died and left no relatives."

"I see. And even I am a disappointment to you. It's too bad," said Mr. Tompkins, swallowing his coffee a little too hastily and choking over it. "What was the amount — some thousands, you say?"

"Five thousand five hundred," said the Mint reluctantly.

Mr. Tompkins permitted himself to laugh, but there was more bitterness than mirth in his laughter.

"I am flattered! To feel that I have given away five thousand five hundred dollars as a little souvenir gives me a sense of affluence I haven't had for some time." He glanced involuntarily at the sandwich boards which leaned against the wall. "I was glad to get a chance to do *that* for a few days, because there was ready money in it — money enough to buy a ticket to Bennettboro."

"But you can't go *now!*" cried the Knight. "Good heavens, you can't!"

"You think she'll want to return my money, if she sees how needy I am?" he asked, with a keen look. "I suppose she really might."

"It isn't that," said the Mint hesitatingly.

"Then what is it?"

"She must never see you," said R. L. S. earnestly. "She must never know that you are alive. It would spoil the illusion."

"I'm afraid that it would," said the man dryly. "But please remember that I am not responsible for the illusion. You can't exactly ask me to stay away from my native place because you have been spinning yarns which you don't want unraveled. I am going back to take up an old farm my people abandoned some years ago. Besides, Bennettboro used to be a temperance town. That naturally attracts me."

R. L. S. met the insolent bravado of the man's eyes with such serious gravity in his own, that Mr. Tompkins was irritated into honest openness.

"Oh, I suppose it is pretty obvious that I'm a failure and a disgrace. But I've got to hide myself somewhere, and if the old farm can't support me and my wife, we might as well be buried there as anywhere else."

"Your *wife?*" gasped the Knight, while R. L. S. and the Mint stared at him in open-eyed horror. "Are you married?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Mr Tompkins answered, with some deliberation.

He studied the three blank faces before him for a moment, and then his own seemed to grow a shade thinner, and his look definitely became more sober.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded curtly.

"That part was all my affair," said R. L. S. staunchly. "I thought it would give more verisimilitude to the story if there were some reason for your leaving her the money — some personal reason. So, naturally, — we thought you were dead, you know, — naturally, we made it out that you had been in love with her. You must see yourself that no other motive would have been quite strong enough to account for it."

"That is quite obvious," said the man, squaring his jaw. "It is quite diabolically irrefutable. Has it occurred to you to wonder how the story will strike a woman who is already as jealous and unreasonable as the devil?"

"But you see we never thought of you as being married," protested the Mint.

"We'll explain it to her," suggested R. L. S. hopefully. "Don't you think if we went with you to her and explained to her how it is, as we have to you, she would agree to keep the secret and not disturb poor Miss Stubbs in her possession of the money?"

The man shot a glance keen with scorn at poor R. L. S.

"Would Miss Stubbs consent to keep the money sent her by a lover who turns out to be the living husband of another woman? And as to explaining to my wife — well, you don't know anything about women, that's all. The more you explained, the more she'd believe there was something in it."

The Mint looked up from the patterns he had been drawing on the table-cloth.

"That means that for your own sake, as well as for ours, you must keep away from Bennettboro," he said, with unexpected and logical clearness.

The man tugged impatiently at his mustache.

"Shall I get off the earth? No matter where I am, I'll be walking on a mine so long as that story is in the air. I'm liable any day to meet someone from Bennettboro who'll touch a match to the fuse. I suppose everybody there knows the story?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted the Mint.

"In the letter to the lawyer," said R. L. S., "which was designed to give necessary color to the bequest, for public satisfaction, I merely made the formal statement that you left this property to Miss Stubbs because you had loved her all your life and had once hoped to make her your wife. There was nothing perfervid or sentimental about *that.*"

"It seems to have been reasonably comprehensive, however," said the man, after a moment's attentive observation of R. L. S. "About *that*, you say. Was there anything else?"

"There was a personal letter to Miss Stubbs herself," R. L. S. answered with dignity.

"Oh! There was? Do you think, under the peculiar circumstances, that I might be permitted, without breach of confidence, to see that personal letter to Miss Stubbs?"

R. L. S. opened his pocket-book, took out his neatly folded copies of the two letters, and silently handed them over to the stranger. They were not long, but Mr. Tompkins took a long time to read them, and when he finally folded them up, his face was gray.

"Well, you *have* done it," he said, more in awe than in sorrow or anger. "It's as neat and complete a piece of work as could have been devised. You didn't happen to know it, but I lost some money last week — not five thousand, but all I happened to have. I put it into a machine I had invented — which just failed of working. I didn't have the courage to tell my wife because she is not sympathetic about my inventions, so, to give variety to her reproaches, I told her I had been gambling and had lost it. But I would better have told her the truth and taken my medicine than let her get the idea that I was making surreptitious donations to spinsters I had known before her day. Why, the affidavit of the archangel Gabriel wouldn't convince her it was the invention of a lot of hare-brained young fools."

"I think it would be best simply to keep the story from her," said the Knight sagely.

Mr. Tompkins turned and looked at him attentively. "I agree with you most cordially," he said. "How is it to be done?"

The dense silence which fell upon the table was broken finally by the Mint.

"Will you go to South America — and take your wife with you?" he asked slowly.

"Is this another bit of imagination?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, no. I don't attempt that. I have some influence with a business house in Buenos Aires, and if you will go out, I'll give you a letter that will insure you a position — the best you may prove capable of filling. I'll pay your passage out, of course. The boat leaves this evening. I suppose you wouldn't have much packing to do. They say the climate is delightful."

"Come off," ejaculated Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, he means it," cried the Knight.

The Mint extracted a card from his case and laid it on the table. "You may have heard of my father," he said.

Mr. Tompkins looked at the card, and then he looked respectfully at the Mint. "Yes," he said.

"What do you think of my suggestion?"

Mr. Tompkins looked at the table-cloth, at the ceiling, and out of the window where New York hummed past like a big, busy machine, and his face was full of doubt. Then his eye fell upon the letters which he still held in his hand, and the chaotic waves of uncertainty crystallized sharply into decision.

"I'll go," he said. "Lord, I'll go."

"This evening?"

"The sooner the better, man."

The Mint wrote two short notes. One was addressed to the purser of the ship "Yankee Doodle," and one to the general manager of a certain shipping company in Buenos Aires. Both of them had heard of his father before, and even of himself. Then he counted out some bills, but after a moment's imperceptible hesitation he replaced them in his pocket-book.

"If you will permit me, I'll go with you while you select a suitable outfit," he said courteously.

Mr. Tompkins flushed. "Are you suggesting an advance on my prospective salary?"

"Call it the cost of exchange on our remittance to Miss Stubbs," the Mint answered gently.

Mr. Tompkins considered a moment; then he laughed and pushed back his chair.

"All right," he said. "When I get to Buenos Aires we will consider that account squared. I'm not in a position to be too nice about my means of getting there. Ready?"

R. L. S. held out his hand. "Those letters —— "

"Oh, yes." Mr. Tompkins fingered them again and yielded them with some reluctance. "It would be pleasing to keep them by me as proof of my epistolary talents — but I guess it's better to be able to sleep o' nights. Say," he murmured, drawing R. L. S. somewhat aside, while the other two were consulting together, and dropping his voice, "what sort of a person is Miss Mary Stubbs, anyhow?"

"She has lovely brown hair — and she wears pink," said the prophetic R. L. S., in the same tone. (He had never seen her in anything but black.)

"Squint-eyed? There was a little squint-eyed girl named Mary, I remember —— "

"Of course not!" R. L. S. repudiated the suggestion as indignantly as though squint eyes were a moral weakness. "She has fine eyes — a little sad and weary, but

deep — as though she had thoughts she didn't tell."

Mr. Tompkins nodded. "Well — perhaps it's just as well," he said enigmatically. He turned to the Mint.

"My wife may have some difficulty in comprehending the exigency which demands my instant departure — women don't understand business, you know. Would it be possible for you to come with me and help me explain to her?"

The Mint bowed gravely.

"We will stand by you till you are both on board the steamer," he said.

They did. It was a strenuous afternoon. When at last a space of clear water separated a man in a new suit of clothes and a still expostulating woman from their three determined and watchful friends on shore, the said three friends mopped their brows as one man.

"You got us into that, with your frills on the Mint's bequest," said the Knight to R. L. S., with dispassionate candor.

"Never mind," said the Mint soothingly. "We're out of it now, all right."

R. L. S. tried to assume a look of penitence, but it shaded off into a joyous grin. "I don't care! Just think what his worthless old photograph is meaning to Miss Stubbs this minute!"

III

"Shall we stop off at Bennettboro?" asked the Mint, with sudden interest in his voice, running his eye down the time-table while the train curled around a spur of the Green Mountains.

The three friends were coming down from a summer vacation trip to the Maine woods, and the years that had passed since their last visit to Bennettboro had made them, as R. L. S. phrased it, each five years older and collectively fifteen years wiser.

R. L. S. shook his head at the Mint's suggestion.

"Let sleeping dreams lie," he said.

"'In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among.
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams I shall behold her
Still fair and kind and young.'"

"That 'still' is good," commented the Knight. "When I recall Miss Stubbs As She Was, I should call 'still' an example of poetic license. By the way, Mint, whatever became of that clever reprobate you shipped to South America?"

"He did good work for the company for about a year, then he went to pieces — in the old way, I suppose. At any rate, he disappeared from the records, and when I sent a special inquiry to the manager, he said the man had quit work on the alleged ground of illness and had left Buenos Aires. I confess I went to my physician and asked for something to steady my nerves, but I never heard anything more of him."

"He was clever," said the Knight reminiscently. "I remember yet how he balled us up."

"He was too clever," said R. L. S. righteously. "There is nothing so dangerous or so inimical to the finer emotions as cleverness."

"A spirit of meek thankfulness would be more becoming in you, R. L. S., than vainglorious boasting," said the Knight severely. "It isn't your doing that you were born free from all temptation toward cleverness."

"There's Bennettboro," cried the Mint, as the train swung around a curve, revealing the village far below. "How peaceful it looks! I'd half like to stop off, after all."

"Any of your folks live down Bennettboro way?" asked a native Yankee in the opposite seat, seizing the conversational crevice with an adroitness that showed he had been watching for the opportunity.

"No," said the Knight laconically.

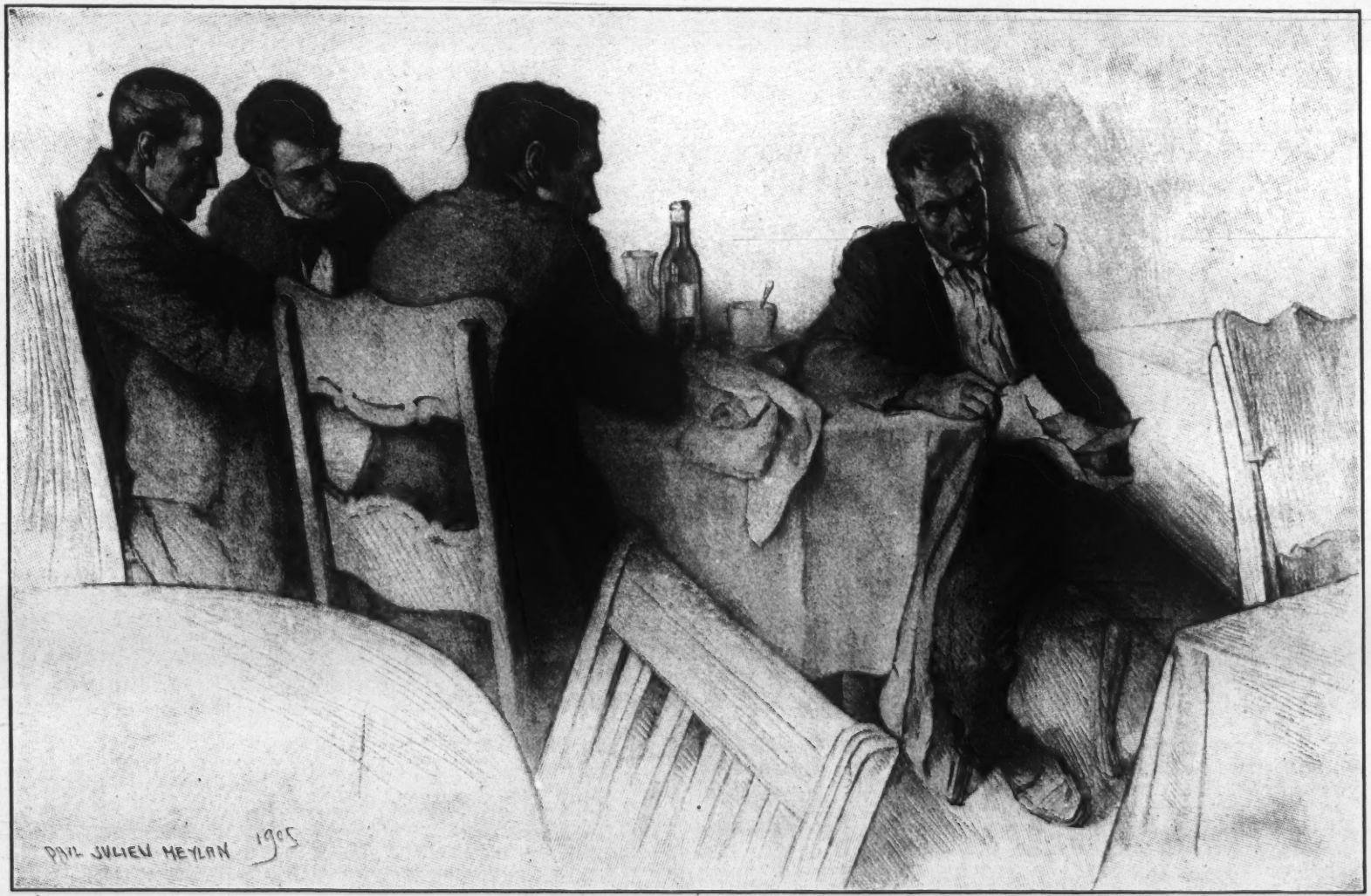
"I live in West Hill, myself," continued the native, lounging against the Mint's seat in neighborly fashion, "but my wife's aunt lives in Bennettboro, and she keeps us up on the news there. I thought maybe you'd like to hear something about your folks, if you had any."

"Thank you," said the Mint conciliatingly, trying by the warmth of his tone to distract attention from the Knight's air of haughty reserve.

"Now there's the case of Miss Mary Stubbs," said the native.

The three men turned their eyes upon him with sudden interest, and he perceived that he had scored.

"She came into a fortoon five years ago, in a most romantic manner," the Teller of Tales continued affably. "An old admirer of hers, long supposed to be dead, left it to



"MR. TOMPKINS TOOK A LONG TIME TO READ THEM, AND WHEN HE FINALLY FOLDED THEM UP, HIS FACE WAS GRAY"

her in his will, like. Neat way of making a present!"

"*Supposed* to be dead?" repeated the Mint slowly. "Wasn't he dead, then?"

"Not a bit of it. He turned up alive and well a month ago, so Aunt Malindy says. Quite a story, eh?"

"Well?" demanded the Knight, while R. L. S. leaned forward in near-sighted tension.

"Well, that's all, so far, but there's no tellin' where it will end," he said, with a wink. "My Aunt Malindy seemed to think he was making up for lost time, all right. What, be you stoppin' at Bennettboro, after all?" he asked in surprise, for the three men had simultaneously begun to gather up bags and traps.

"Yes, we're stopping here," said the Mint. They had dropped from the train to the Bennettboro platform before the native had recovered from his surprise.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked R. L. S.

"We're going to find out," said the Knight succinctly.

The others nodded.

The village of Bennettboro lies somewhat apart from the railway station, and the three young men struck out across a remembered meadow. Half way across they saw two people approaching from the other side. R. L. S. was near-sighted, but his perception was acute, and after one glance he turned to rest himself upon the zigzagging rail fence that divided the cows of Squire Brown from the cows of Farmer Green.

"It wouldn't be dignified for me to sit down on the ground, and my knees won't hold me up," he explained simply to the inquiring look of his companions.

"All right. We'll await them here."

"The enemy seems to have joined forces," said the Knight, watching the approaching pair.

Miss Stubbs — there was no doubt about the personality of the brown-haired woman in pink — was the first to notice and recognize them. She took a quick step in advance of her companion, and her cheeks were as pink as her gown as she held out her hand in surprised welcome and with more than her old warmth.

"Why, it's my college boys! How natural you three look together! Why, I'd know you anywhere!"

"That's almost more than I could say," said the Knight, with a frank look of scrutiny. "You look so different, Miss Stubbs, that I should hardly know you on your own door-step."

"That's because these last five years have been — oh, so different from any other years in my life," said Miss Stubbs, and she actually dropped her eyes with the shy, downward glance of a young girl. "I want you to know a very dear old friend of mine, Mr. Tompkins."

Mr. Tompkins drew near and bowed, without speaking. His eyes were grave to solemnity.

"You were not in Bennettboro five years ago, Mr. Tompkins," said the Mint, with his unfailing courtesy of manner.

"No," said Mr. Tompkins, letting his eyes fall slowly upon the Mint. "I was — in New York."

The Mint felt rather than saw the prodding glances directed at his back, and struggled on. "I am glad to see you so well, Miss Stubbs, and — and to know of — your good fortune. A man in the train told us of your — your legacy."

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful?" murmured Miss Stubbs.

("By my faith, a dimple," R. L. S. whispered to his soul.)

"And I hope we can think of you as settled here in peace and comfort for all the rest of your life," he concluded, with what a stage-manager would call "intention."

"Well," hesitated Miss Stubbs, with a half laugh and a swift glance at Mr. Tompkins, "I — there may — there's no telling."

"No," echoed Mr. Tompkins, "there's no telling — anything."

The Mint, aghast, shot a look at his coadjutors. Things evidently were as bad as possible.

"You certainly would never think of leaving your old home and your trusted friends here," he said hastily.

"Mr. Tompkins is the oldest friend I have, — and the trustiest," said Miss Stubbs, with winning and shy dignity. "I must tell you, — it is so strange meeting you just to-day, — I am to be married to Mr. Tompkins."

The silence that fell upon the group was so profound that Miss Stubbs caught her breath with a little surprised gasp, and the Mint stumbled over his own words in his haste to cover it up.

"You know we wish you all possible happiness in the world, Miss Stubbs. We — we quite feel a personal interest and — and

"'I AM TO BE MARRIED TO MR. TOMPKINS'"

responsibility — always have. I should like to have a little talk with Mr. Tompkins if I may venture to claim the place of your friend."

Mr. Tompkins bowed with an air. "I shall be glad to hear anything that you may wish to say to me before Miss Stubbs," he said grandly. "*Have* you anything that you wish to say to me — before Miss Stubbs?" he added softly, after a moment.

The Mint looked so uncomfortable that the Knight plunged to his rescue.

"I remember meeting you in New York five years ago, Mr. Tompkins," he said, trying at the same time to fix Mr. Tompkins with a severe glance, but failing somewhat because of the far-away dreaminess in Mr. Tompkins' eyes. "At that time your wife — " (He heard R. L. S gasp behind him, but he went grimly on) " — your wife was with you."

"Yes," said Mr. Tompkins simply. "She died a year later, in South America."

"Really?"

"Really," Mr. Tompkins echoed.

There was an awkward pause. Condolences were evidently not in place.

"That reminds me," the Knight persisted, "it was reported at one time that you were dead."

"Oh, you are thinking of that legacy," Mr. Tompkins said, with a keen glance. He laughed derisively. "That was nothing to speak of — merely a fantastic whim."

"But didn't you yourself claim to be dying when you sent that legacy to Miss Stubbs?" asked R. L. S. seriously. "Having done that, why didn't you stay dead? That would have been to play the game fairly and like a man."

Mr. Tompkins looked into the eyes of R. L. S., and the defensive and half-insolent banter which had lurked under the surface smoothness of his replies died out of his voice.

"That's a fair question," he said. "I did mean to stay dead at first. Then, gradually, certain things came to seem of so much impor ance that I risked coming back to Bennettboro — under another name. I was recognized in spite of myself. Then I tried to make Miss Stubbs believe that I had not sent her that legacy. But when she showed me a letter indubitably bearing my signature, which she had considered worth preserving, and which, womanlike, she valued more than the legacy itself — well, I couldn't very well deny *that*."

"No, you couldn't," R. L. S. admitted.

"So, considering everything, I just dropped the matter. Perhaps that old letter was truer, in reality, than it was in — in fact."

R. L. S. beamed upon him and held out his hand.

"May I offer my congratulations and wish you all happiness?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Tompkins. "And now may I ask a favor? We were just on our way to Squire Brown's to execute a legal document, and I should like to have you sign it as witnesses. You see, Mary has a pretty fancy of leaving her cottage and the annual income from that famous legacy to Bennettboro, as a perpetual home for some lone woman. I don't know of any use more in harmony with the original intention, that it could be put to. We shall live in South America, and fortunately shall be quite independent — some little inventions of mine have turned out pretty well —— "

"He's dazzlingly and vulgarly rich," laughed Miss Stubbs. "And to think of his coming back for me after all these years!"

Mr. Tompkins quietly took her hand, but it was R. L. S. he looked at and spoke to.

"It was the thought that up here in Bennettboro a good woman believed in me and valued my good name, that put new life into me when I was pretty well dead," he said. "So, on the whole, you can hardly blame me for coming back here, when it became possible, to redeem that letter of mine," he added slowly. "No letter that I ever wrote was so profoundly mine as that one."

"No," said R. L. S., with eyes alight.

"We shall count it an honor to be witnesses to that deed," said the Mint.

Half an hour later the three friends stood on the platform waiting for the next southbound train.

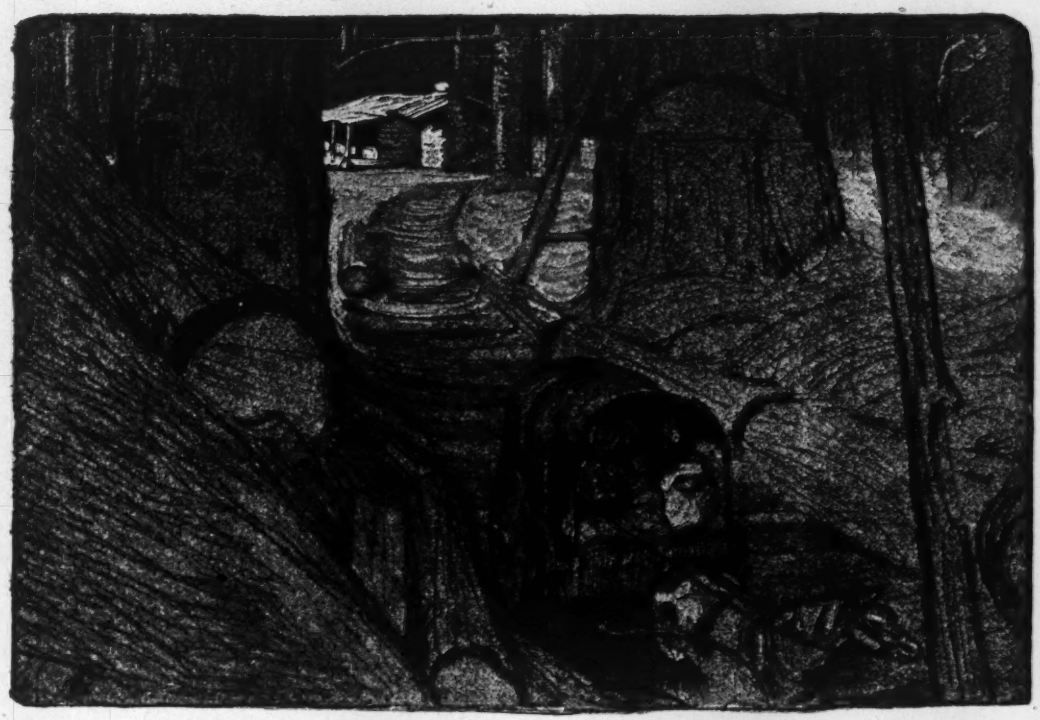
"Well, how do you feel?" demanded the Knight, wheeling abruptly upon his silent companions.

"As though I had dropped a match in a powder factory, and it had not exploded," answered the Mint promptly.

"It certainly was a mighty narrow shave."

"It was a mighty sentiment," cried R. L. S. exultantly. "He thought she loved him, she thought he loved her. The facts *had* to swing around under such a tremendous pressure from the ideal. Incidentally, they have both been made over in the process. And we did it all."

"Oh, WE are great," chanted the Mint, with his old laugh.



CARL

BY

ADA MELVIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

I

FOR company and neighbor, the cabin in the little clearing had only the unseen creek, whose waters could be heard gurgling against the logs that choked it a new way after every freshet.

The sun had just ceased to glint from behind the pointed tops of the great firs that rimmed the tiny space.

Miles away they stretched, those pointed evergreens, grand miles in all directions, and along each side of the little-used, fern-grown county road they swept in vast columns magnificent to behold. The county road, chancing here to curve in graceful sinuousness, looped both its ends down somewhere to tide-water. You could walk out into the world either way. But by its least lengthy reach you would need seven of those toilsome miles, up hill and down, to bring you to the nearest gap that had been chopped into the forest:—a place on the tree-hung river where six or eight families, dwelling in their rain-dimmed houses around a store and a post-office, hung their salmon nets in the water, and farmed near by their small, slow-waxing ranches. And not once in all that dragging distance would another smoke mark another lonely and laborious home.

Within the cabin the mother lay on a canvas cot that had been drawn well out to get such fresh drafts as came from the door.

A cherished and admired family possession was that narrow canvas cot. It had been an exciting day when the father had brought it home, all the seven miles from Brown's Landing, strapped to his big Scandinavian shoulders. It was for the baby, he had said, or for anyone who might be sick. Later, in the same way, he had brought the stout little rocking-chair, and very funny it had looked, sticking up like horns above the gunny-sack that held the flour and the sugar and the other things for which the father's wages had been spent. The chair was for the mother, and all her chubby-faced, good little children had loved to jump up and give it to her when she came in so tired from the clearing. Whenever the father had come home to visit, he had had to hurry back again to make more money working in the mill. But the mother and Carl and the little ones had stayed out here to hold the homestead. Two years and five months more would they need to hold it, and then it would be theirs forever.

Carl was nearly fourteen; nearly grown, he thought himself, and to them all the two years between him and Christine seemed a great gap, such close and anxious work-mates had he and the mother been since the father was killed in the accident last spring. Christine was good — patient, trustworthy, tireless little Christine. She would watch the children carefully and help to sweep and cook. But it was Carl's place to help the mother think how they would spend every half-dollar of the money which the men had given them. And how gladly, how willingly, he had helped her to roll, to cut, to saw, to burn, to dig. For Nature had fashioned Carl from her Atlas man-material — the kind on which the world rests. He loved his power to help, and the heavier were the bags, which it was now his place to bring on his back from the Landing, the more tenderly he thought of those for whom he carried them. He loved them all so much — Oh, so much!

A handsome boy was Carl, too, in the large, blond, sculptured way of his ancestors — as good to see, almost, as he was good to know. Such looks, covering such a nature, must have brought back compensating joy to his mother's heart on many a day of dumb aching. For only mothers know how good it is to love the kind of man-child that mothers *can* love with all their souls, bowing down without reservation before the work of God which is also theirs.

Carl's aged shirt and faded overalls were variously and hastily patched, but clean; and patiently cared-for also seemed everything else in sight. From the spotted cat asleep on a well-swept hearth, to the family wardrobe hanging inoffensively on its nails, all was decency and order. Such cleanliness as the poor may practise was plainly here the rule of life: a rule so established that it seemed to keep to the road of itself, though the guiding hand had dropped. Like the sun's rays steeping the earth, the mother's character had stored itself up in the son and daughter who were springing to take her place — her burden-bearing.

In the rocking-chair, placed to command the cot, the door, and the hearth, where a little pot was bubbling for the children's supper, Carl was sitting to watch his mother. So he had sat all this last day, ready to jump if she stirred or needed him. So absorbedly he watched, that at times his eyes seemed straining with the effort to force from his inexperience a way to help her. He had sent Christine and the children to stay out in the clearing, lest some inadvertent noise might bring back the mother's moaning. To his ignorance, the stupor had seemed so much less dreadful than the fevered tossing. Now and then, in the long afternoon, one or another of the barefooted little creatures had crept up to peep in dumbly at the awing silence and creep away again. They would as soon have thought of disobeying the mother as of not heeding what Carl bade them do.

It had been so still all day, so hushed in the sun that was pouring down on the dry greenness. Only the topmost boughs of the highest trees ever seemed to move. So silent was it that Carl could hear every least splutter and crackle of the August fire-piles, now burning low and dull from lack of tending; so silent, so abandoned to the creeping inward chill of the boy's watch. It might have eased him a little to have heard sometimes one of the short and abrupt but not uncheerful bird-calls of the deep woods; or the wind beginning its familiar, long, billowy sweeping in the great trees. But today not even the small, far sound of the mill-whistles had come in at noon or at six o'clock.

"CHRISTINE WEPT WITH DESPAIRING SOBS"

Presently, it seemed as if the darkening of the air drew a last automatic flicker of interest to the dying eyes that slowly unclosed and turned for a moment to the west window, where a wisp of starched and ruffled white curtain had been crumpled aside by little hands. Then, wanderingly, the sick woman's gaze found and settled on her son. At the same instant Carl, turning back his head, saw that his mother was looking at him with eyes so wide open that a dreadful rim of white showed around their blue. The child sprang up and ran to the bed, his hands outstretched to the struggling clutch of his mother's fingers. The boy's own eyes were of as clear a northern blue as ever looked out of a tanned viking face on perilous seas; and certainly, if any ancestral aid were due to him, he was about to need it now.

Last week the mother had fallen heavily on a sharp, little splintered stump hidden in the fern.

"Carlie — I'm — afraid — mudder's going — to die."

The hoarse whisper strove desperately to clear itself from the almost useless throat. The cruel return of consciousness had brought with it the wine of anguish — the need for effort still.

"Oh, no, Mother." Carl was already trembling hard, but his voice was as firm and strong as a man's; and how his heart was swelling with the necessity to save his mother from being frightened!

"Yes — my good — boy —" came the determined breath — "de little ones — don't — let dem — get — scattered. Safe dem, Carl ——"

"Hush, Mother, you're dreaming," rolled clearly, upholdingly, from the child's shaking lips; "everything's all right — I'll call the children to supper in a minute. Go to sleep now, Mother dear, and you'll wake up and feel better. Everything's all right, Mother."

The mother ceased her struggling to rise, and her unseeing eyes turned away from her boy. But after a little, with the very last of her brief seconds, she succeeded in still a service more.

"De gunny-sacks — son — sew dem togedder — I'm so big — drag me — easy — to — dig — where — de tree — fell ——"

Carl waited for his mother's faintness to pass — waited with eyes strained on her face in the growing awful dusk of the still room. Realizing at length that her breath had not returned to move her, breathless himself, he began to call to her, softly at first, afterwards very loudly. For so, as she teaches us all when the strain comes, Nature taught the poor child to call to his dead, who had but gone away and could hear him yet in the far places.

Carl had seen death before, only too often, in the saw-mill town where they had lived before they came out here. Drowned men washed ashore, men crushed to death in the logging camps, or found dead in the woods, or killed in the mills like his father — all these his childish attention had followed as they were brought into town for burial. But those were men, and this was mother. Whatever became of the men, mothers always stayed to take care of their children.

Incredulous, frenzied, Carl rubbed his mother wildly, always calling her. He ran stumbling for the whisky, bathed the still face, and poured spoonfuls into the motionless mouth. When at last he had to believe, it was not like Carl — patient Carl, always ready to bear the feather more in this hard life — that he stood with his whole body contracting like that of some wild thing under the lash. This was too much. His hands were clenched, his lips were opening to yell forth his overwhelming horror and loneliness, when at the door he saw Christine — O poor Christine! In all the world there was no one now to be good to Christine but just him. Like the rebounding of some mighty spring, the boy's normal nature sprang back from its moment's recoil. Carl ran to the door to meet and guard his dependent ones.

II

The mother lay in her place under the crumbly red earth where, with her last maternal triumph over the forces against them, she had bidden her children find easy digging. Several weeks had passed, and it was a soft September morning. Breezy sun-brightness was sparkling in a thousand reflections in the clearing. Three or four days of gentle rain had cleansed the forest of its summer drought and brought back the pleasant wet smell of things which was the native breath of these children of the Northwestern woodland.

Near the house, beside a flower-bed raggedly flourishing with petunias and portulaca, the three younger ones were busily playing; Ansel,— pettish, made-allowance-for Ansel,— round little Mary, and the fat

baby, aged two. The happy inconsequence of childhood had quite returned to them, for to infancy a day of grief is as a thousand years.

In a dozen places, from knots and hillocks of obstinate, ever re-piled, charred remnants, smoke was waving upward, fragrant and dark. On the outer edge of the clearing droned and buzzed the chief implement of man's supremacy in the forest.

For, steady as the trees around them, the two children had relighted the hope-giving fires and brought out again the cross-cut saw. In like manner, their mother had picked up the difficult ax as it fell from the hand of her husband and, with more than a man's courage, had stepped into the breach. While he lived, the father had shielded her from the harder work, himself doing all the heavier clearing in the intervals when the mill was idle, and on such Sundays as he could be at home. In him, neither, had there been any drop of shirking blood.

One on each side of a felled monarch, back and forth bobbed the heads of Carl and Christine, with that patience which they must learn who match an ounce of strength against uncounted pounds of resistance. Measured by their feelings, the sawing was as endless as eternity. It was also to them of as little present use; though this they had not as yet paused in their routine to recognize. On a woodland ranch, more clearing and more clearing, filling in all the intervals of bread-winning, becomes a second nature that demands little conscious thought.

Carl, who had been doing double share as became his bigness, pushing as well as pulling, straightened up to rest, and Christine lost no time in following suit. No matter how much you may love to work with your brother, sawing is not light work when you are only twelve. Breathing deep, she rubbed away with her checked apron at the dampness under her neck-ruffle, her sun-bleached, yellowish hair crinkling around her forehead in a way that Carl loved to see. Christine, too, was a pretty child — Carl thought her beautiful; as, also, he found much to admire in the Swedish breadth and solemnity of feature of the other three. The boy's heart yearned over his own with constant caressingness, like a mother's.

"Christine," said Carl, and then he hesitated. He dreaded to give Christine more pain.

"Yes Carlie." No lamb was ever more gentle for the slaughter.

"Christine, you know how people do when they open a ranch in the woods. Somebody has to make money, and the rest of them clear and get a herd of cattle started."

"Oh, yes," said Christine. Her mind darted off after old Bessie, who was not starting their herd very fast. Old Bessie was unlucky with her calves. She had only the yearling that trotted around after her with his milk-thieving little muzzle bound with a row of spikes in a leather band.

"You know father made the money for us, and mother kept things straight here."

"Oh, yes."

Carl was leading up to his point with unconscious skill, and Christine was following unsuspectingly; though she added, as if suddenly awakening to the sequence:

"What was mother going to do when her money was all gone?"

"She was going to send me to the mill pretty soon, Christine. There's only five dollars left. Do you think, honey, you could take mother's place here and let brother go?"

Christine was staring at him with a paling face. Oh, yes, she saw the point — saw it with such pangs of acceptance and rejection as they can understand who also are born to suffer and glow with the passion of helpful love. But Christine had reached her limit. With mother or Carl beside her, she could bear anything — she was not afraid. But all alone with the children, to wake in the night and see those strange flashings of cougar eyes outside the windows — Oh, no! To be always hearing bears trampling about, snapping sticks under their feet as they sneaked through the woods — Oh, no! no!

Dropping on a twig-strewn salal mat behind the log, where the children could not see her, Christine wept with despairing sobs. In a moment Carl was sitting beside her, cuddling his little sister, but wearing in his turn a stricken face. Christine afraid of bears and cougars, when she knew as well as he did that they hardly ever came around and never hurt anybody when they did come! Christine, who had always seemed so brave, as brave as the mother!

In vain Carl coaxed, explained, reasoned. The little girl's sobs ceased only to break forth again more helplessly. The eon-long instinct of the feminine race to abhor a solitude peopled with wild beasts was too much for Christine the individual.

"Hush, hush, honey," said the boy at last; "brother doesn't have to go, not this fall anyhow. There's the fishing; I can do that. I can make enough at that to last till the loggers come. I know I can. They're bound to get here sometime this winter. They can't take it out in talk forever."

The rainbow in Carl's life was the long talked-of establishment of a logging camp near by on the creek. His fancy loved to riot in the variety and multiplicity of the jobs that might then be his.

But when Carl had finished telling Christine all about the possibilities for the fishing, his little sister could only look at him with a face grown more and more piteous.

"O Carlie, it will 'most kill you. Maybe I can stay. I'll try, brother."

"No, you won't," said Carl, stoutly. "It will not kill me at all. I'm as strong as an ox. You'll see."

He felt that he could never leave Christine, now that he knew so well that weak place in her heart, poor, little, patient thing.

So there was only the fishing left, till the loggers came.

To make you a trap, having seen traps handled all your life, and knowing where at the Landing plenty of cast-off netting was to be had for the taking; to catch the salmon in the creek by your door, the run being now good; to lift your net, say every other day, and drag your fish, well-wrapped in hemlock boughs, on a hand-sled, the seven miles to the Landing — how simple! And with what desperation, falling more and more into the silence of dumb endurance, Carl lived through the toil of it all, as the shortening days went on!

For failure meant an alternative so terrible that he and Christine had borne to whisper of it only once or twice. If he could not make it, if he had to ask for help, then the people would come and take them all away and part them among different families, as they had parted the Nelson children, and they would never be together again, no, never any more.

Unfortunately, it was a year when the rains came early and persisted with their utmost continuousness and volume. The forest was a dark and dreary place of chill darkness, with the eternal mists dripping overhead, and underfoot slimy, deep-piled, soaked decay. The brief inroads of sunshine with which, ordinarily, the climate embroiders its winter grayness, were this year so brief and so infrequent that even the baby scarcely noticed the brightness when it came. The younger children Christine was able most of the time to keep within by the protecting fire, and this fact was Carl's thought of comfort as he himself, ill-clad as they, trudged to and fro in the wet world without. On his days at the Landing he must be up and away by his lantern light so early in the morning that it was still last night, and often his weary home-coming was well into the darkness at the other end of the short day. His Landing days he made as frequent as it was possible for him to endure, for he never forgot that the expiring of the salmon season would bring him all too soon to the evil days when he must wait without employment till the loggers came. He must make all the money he could while the chance was his. On the days when he was forced to rest at home, Carl helped the others to clean and smoke the fish that were unsalable. His catch was always light, disheartenningly so too often. Adult pride, of course, would not have descended to the humility of a trap so far upstream, since at the best only a few fish could be expected to escape the nets at the mouth of the creek.

Gaunt and grim, limping and stiff, Carl lived through the days, anxiously adding to his little hoard of savings, and glad of the scanty hours when he could sit by the fire and see how glad the others were to have him there. Happily, no cringing, no chilling in his splendid love and courage added itself to his burden. It was only the dark and rolling creek — even in summer how shadowy and cold it was under the great height of the trees! — it was only the rolling of the dark creek that would not leave his sleep; that was able to haunt his dreams with a sort of sickness and weariness of its unwearied drive. None other of the powers of the forest got within his guard; no fear of darkness, of cougar, of slouching bear, or even of the rushing wind that sometimes swung the big trees about not at all cheeringly. In all those long months since the father died, Carl had lived with his mother very close to the edge of life, too close for common fears to hurt him now. They who dwell within the very sound of the snarl of the wolf and see nakedness just ahead, lose the habit of troubling themselves as to what else the world can do to them.

And so for an eternity of five months the son of his mother stood his guard.

III

It was not until well into January that rescue came — not too soon. In the waning of a sodden afternoon in that dark month, two men came along the county road: a toughened native timber cruiser and his employer, an investor in mills, a city man from afar. Swinging along in the drip, their heavy footwear making a dull thudding on the corduroyed, swampy place in the road-bed, rain-coated, pack on shoulder, they looked masterful, the genii of the place. In truth, the city man was not thinking masterful thoughts. Oppressed by the savage, primeval grayness rolling over and into the black-green of the forest, he was thinking how remarkably the ancient woodland kept itself up-to-date in the fight. Not a month ago, down below on the Columbia, it had cast out an engineering party, two of them crazy, another as good as dead; and this within a stone's throw of cities all around.

Emerging on the clearing, the two men beheld in the little cabin an opportune vision. The twelve days of their cruise had given them the most uncompromisingly nasty weather of the season, a constant pour-down just missing the freezing point. The woods had been reeking and rotting with the chillest saturation of that saturated portion of the world.

"Stop?" said the laconic native.

"You bet," said the city man.

It was little Mary who opened the door for them, piteous little six-year-old with cheeks well drained of chubbiness. From each bed a flushed face with a swathed throat under it was lifted from its pillow as the travelers entered. The enemy had Christine and Ansel down, though happily not as yet with fatal intent. The baby, not much reduced — he had been the favored one — sat on Carl's well arm as the boy rose from the rocking-chair by the fire to receive his visitors. His left arm, swollen and useless from salmon poisoning, Carl carried in a sling.

Barefooted in mid-winter, no longer very clean, gaunt and oldened, the boy was still at the front so far as his eyes went. Steadfast and hopeful still, they stamped themselves into the city man's fancy, a die that time was not to eradicate.

Greetings were followed by a succinct extracting of information on the part of the adults.

"Well!" suspirated the city man, beginning to remove his pack and rain-wear.

"Well!" agreed the native, beginning to do the same. Him the city man checked.

"There's no use dodging, McKinnon. You'll just have to trot along on to that place on the river — Brown's Landing, you call it? — and get out here with a team as soon as you can in the morning. I'll feed up these kids to-night with what's left in the packs. Sorry, McKinnon, but you'll do better going than I would. You know those folks."

"All right," sighed McKinnon, departing as he sighed. He wished that the other fellow were the hired man and that he himself had the choice of parts in this game of Providence.

Carl felt a strange, not unpleasant pang, the stirring of a fiber long disused, at hearing himself termed a kid to be fed up. And as the city man bustled about, more and more the child's forced growth and age died away from him, like the unnatural thing it was. With the round-eyed, watchful baby on his knee, with an easing heart, Carl saw the city man taking hold. Only a few minutes ago he had been truly hopeful still, for it must surely be that he could hold out till March, in which month the loggers had at last definitely announced their intention of arriving. But those few minutes had unstrung him to blissful weakness. Now he knew how tired he was, how ill. Nevertheless, the relaxing of his nerves to their proper childish tension did not cause Carl to unlearn the deep, manly sympathy with which his eyes followed the kind man about. His heart would never be a child's heart again.

The city man began his ministrations with the feeling that here was a job cut out for him and not for some other man, and he ended by pluming himself on the aptness and enjoyment with which he played the part of Providence. Later, with well-earned complacency, he heard from his rescued one the story of the brave, foolish fight.

Yes, sir, he had stuck to the fishing till the run was over. His shoes did not go entirely until December. Before that he had taken care to bring out all the supplies which he had money to buy. Of course, Ansel had to have shoes, his throat was so bad. Besides, it was Ansel's business to tend the cow, and he had done it all right, too, poor little fellow, until one day he was so sure he saw a wild-cat that he ran old Bessie into a bad place and broke her leg, so that she died.

"I killed her, sir, of course," added Carl. "She couldn't be left to suffer. And I would have cut up her meat, too, only Christine cried so. Besides, my hand was getting pretty bad then. Yes, sir, it is better. I must have got hold of a poison salmon. Father said he did not know the cause of them, but you strike them sometimes. Yes, sir, we ate all the chickens the wood-rats didn't get. I thought we'd buy some more in the spring when the camp comes. The calf got lost after its mother died. Oh, yes, sir, we had a good deal in the root-house. No, sir, we've some left. There's some smoked salmon and some potatoes."

Thus ran the little story, questioned out, so short in the telling, so long in the living.

"Potatoes and fish is a very good dish," croaked Ansel, from his restless pillow. It was the breadless slogan of the very earliest home-makers in the Northwest woodland. Carl and Christine had chanted it with him in the first rebellious days of failing palatableness in the food.

Carl got up to make his little brother more comfortable and to speak to him soothing words; to go across and pull the covers straight on little Mary and the baby; to touch with lingering, anxious examination Christine's hot, sleeping face — unconscious actions all, plainly the offspring of his habitual mind.

The city man blinked. Natural goodness, found deposited in a rich pocket in some human heart, is such a wonderful sight.

"It must have been pretty bad, that fishing of yours. Hard work, I mean."

"Yes, sir," said Carl, with reserve. Life would not be long enough for him to forget the heart-breaking toil with which he had earned those too few salmon dollars.

"Christine helped a great deal," he remarked.

"I'll bet she did," muttered the city man, rising to get out again the quinine and throat medicine which he always carried as a charm against his own chance of needing them. "I shouldn't wonder if the baby darned the stockings. And I'll bet that boy could make it yet. It seems almost a pity to interfere," thought the deputy of Providence.

Nevertheless, he unfolded to Carl the plans that had been growing in his mind.

The next morning, early, Carl was outside the cabin. The others were still sleeping deep, the city man having made himself comfortable in the shed-room.

Miraculously, the sun was in full glow just above the swaying tops. A bracing east wind, hinting of snow, had piled all the cloud into the white fog-bank in the west. After the weeks of impenetrable gray above, it was a great clearness.

It had been with little of the alleviation of the naturalist's or the artist's eye that Carl had battled with the deep woods all these months. To him, as to his mother, the forest had been but an over-stout adversary, savagely repellent, veiled as to its details and its mysteries. Weakness can not measure itself with the wilderness in a struggle for life and find much joy in the process.

But now, for good-by, the mighty woodland seemed to fling itself on the boy's heart in a great gamboling riot of rough good-will. Carl moved about, hither and yon, in the little domain that could hurt and threaten him no more. His chest labored and heaved with the excess of his feeling for it all.

Oh, the thimble-berries, how they had bloomed — wild rose blooms! And the million tiny jewel leaves of the huckleberry trees, how they seemed to be dancing, dancing around the red berries, the blue berries that shone out so beautifully it hurt to think of them! And the great carpeting banks of shiny dark salal, and the wonderful pale green of the sorrel patches, and the devil's-club — the queer devil's-club in its tangled jungle — Oh, how they came rushing, smiling! And the smell of it all, the great, great breath of it, and the low, lonesome murmuring that would be around mother forever and forever!

But when McKinnon came with the wagon and the cooked food and the hospitable messages from the astonished people at the Landing, Carl knew that he was glad to go — glad to give up and lean on a stronger arm, for the city man was increasingly kind. Mother would know how hard he had tried, and she would not blame him. And it would only be for a little while. The kind man had said so.

As his eyes looked their last on the red hillock under the torn-out root, the true heart — surely the most marvelous of created things! — whispered in itself once more — so it had whispered in the dreadful dusk of that day —

"Don't be afraid, Mother. I'll get them again. They sha'n't get away from me and you."

ON THE NIGHT TRAIL

BY

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "ALIEN OF THE WILD," ETC.

THE radiant, blue-white, midwinter moonlight, flooding the little open space of white in the blackness of the spruce forest, revealed the frozen fragments of a big lake trout, scattered over the snow. They stood out sharply, so that no midnight forager of the wilds, prowling in the fringes of the shadow and peering forth on the watch for prey or foe, could by any possibility fail to sight them.

The stillness of the solitude was intense, breathless, as if sealed to perpetual silence by the bitter cold. At last, at one corner of the open, a spruce branch that leaned upon the snow stirred ever so slightly; and from its shelter a little gray-brown nose, surmounted by a pair of tiny eyes like black beads, anxiously surveyed the perilous space of illumination. For perhaps half a minute there was not another movement. Then the shrew-mouse, well aware that death might be watching him from under every tree, plucked up a desperate valor and darted out into the light. He seized the nearest bit of fish that was small enough for him to handle and scurried back with it to his safe hole under a fir root. It was a brave adventure and deserved its success.

For ten minutes more nothing happened to break the stillness. Then again the little shrew-mouse peered from the covert of his hanging branch. This time, however, he drew back instantly. He had caught sight of a pointed black head and snake-like neck stealthily reconnoitering from the opposite side of the open. A hungry mink was making ready to appropriate some of the fish; but since he knew that a forest glade, far from the water, was not a customary resort of fish, alive or frozen, he was inclined to be suspicious. Instead of looking at the delicious morsels there in plain, alluring view, he scanned piercingly the shadows and drooping branches which encircled the glade. Suddenly he seemed to detect something to his distaste. A red gleam of anger and ferocity flared into his eyes, and he sank back noiselessly into covert.

A moment later came a huge lynx, padding softly but fearlessly straight out into the revealing light, as if he knew that at this season, when the bears were asleep, and the bull moose, bereft of their antlers, had lost their interest in combat, there was not one of all the forest kindreds to challenge his supremacy. He was stealthy, of course, in every movement, and his round, sinister eyes glared palely into every covert, but that was merely because he dreaded to frighten off a possible quarry. The frozen fish, however, showed no signs of flight at his approach; so he fell upon the nearest fragment and bolted it ravenously.

Having thus eagerly disposed of several substantial lumps, the great lynx became more critical and went sniffing fastidiously from morsel to morsel.

Suddenly there was a vicious *click;* and with a spit and a yowl the lynx started as if to jump into the air. But instead of rising some six or seven feet, under the propulsion of his mighty, spring-like muscles, he merely bowed his back and strained tremendously. In response, a small thing of dark steel emerged from the snow, followed closely by a log of heavy wood. The lynx was caught in a trap by his right forefoot.

For a minute or two the panic-stricken beast went through a number of more or less aimless contortions, spitting and screeching, biting at the trap, and clawing frantically at the log. Presently, however, finding that his contortions only made the thing that had him grip the harder and hurt him the more savagely, he halted to consider his

predicament. Consideration not appearing to ease that urgent anguish in his paw, he began to strain steadily backward, hoping, if he could not free himself, at least to drag his captor into the woods and perhaps lose it among the trees. The log, however, was very heavy, and his best efforts could move it but a few inches at a time. When, at the end of an hour of fierce struggle, he lay down utterly exhausted, he was still in the full glare of the moon. But no sooner had he lain down than the crunching of a footstep on the crisp snow brought him to his feet again; and with every hair along his back on end, his eyes ablaze with rage and fear, he turned to face the tall figure of a backwoodsman, who stood gazing at him with a smile of satisfaction from the other side of the glade.

Just about three hours earlier, on his way into the Cross Roads Settlement, Pete Logan had set that trap with particular care, and with the definite purpose of capturing that particular lynx. With all his cunning, little did the great tuft-eared cat suspect that for weeks the backwoodsman had been watching him, noting his haunts and trails, observing his peculiarities, and laying plans for his capture. That very evening, at the Cross Roads, Logan had boasted that single-handed he would bring the big lynx into the Settlement, alive and undamaged. He wanted the splendid animal to sell to an American who was collecting wild beasts for menageries; and to avoid injuring the captive's fine gray fur he had partly muffled the cruel teeth of the trap, that they might take hold without tearing.

Having no dread of anything that inhabited the wilds, Logan had left his rifle at home and carried no weapon but the knife in his belt and his light, straight-hafted ax. In the pack on his back he brought what he intended should serve him better than any weapon — a thick blanket and a heavy canvas sack. Now, as he stood eyeing the frightened and furious captive, he undid the pack and shook the big blanket loose.

Logan had made his plans with careful foresight, and it was with the deliberation of absolute confidence that he went about the execution of them. His ax gripped in readiness for any unforeseen piece of strategy on the part of the foe, he advanced with the blanket outspread before him like a shield. Back and back, to the limit of his bonds, cowered the lynx, glaring defiance and inextinguishable hate. Slowly the man drew near, till, just barely within reach of the beast's spring, he stopped. For perhaps half a minute more neither man nor beast stirred a muscle — till the tension of the captive's nerves must have neared the breaking point. Then, as if his own nerves knew by sympathy the exactly proper moment for the next move in the game, Logan made a swooping forward plunge with the blanket. With a screech of fury the lynx sprang to the grapple — to find himself, in half a second, rolled over, tangled up, and swathed helpless in the smothering woolen folds. In vain he bit and spat and yowled and tore. His keen white fangs caught nothing but choking wool; his rending claws had no chance to do their work; and the crushing weight of the woodsman's sturdy body was bearing him down into the snow. In a few moments, daunted by the thick darkness over his eyes and exhausted by the impotence of his efforts, he lay still, quivering with rage. Then, with the most delicate caution, working through a couple of folds of the blanket, Logan released the jaws of the trap and slipped it warily from the imprisoned paw. He feared to damage the joint by leaving it in that inexorable clutch a moment longer than was necessary. This done, he deftly whipped a lashing of cod-line about the bundle, binding the legs securely but leaving a measure of freedom about the head and neck. Then he thrust the bundle into the canvas bag, slung it over his back, and started on the five-mile tramp back to his camp.

Logan traveled without snow-shoes, because there was just now little snow on the trail or even in the deep woods. An extraordinarily heavy and prolonged January thaw, followed by fierce and sudden frost, had brought about this unusual condition, producing something like a famine among the hunting kindreds of the forest, whose light-footed quarry, the eaters of bark and twig and bud, now found flight easy over the frozen surfaces.

The complacent trapper, ruminating pleasantly over his triumph, had covered perhaps a mile of his homeward journey when from far behind him came to his ears a novel sound, faintly pulsing down the still night air. Without seeming to pay it any attention whatever, he nevertheless was instantly and keenly concerned; and he perceived that the uneasy bundle on his back was interested too, for it stopped its

indignant wrigglings to listen. Up to this moment Logan had believed that there was no voice in all the wilderness unfamiliar to his ears. But this cry he did not understand. A few moments more, and again it floated down the moonlight, high, quavering, musical, yet carrying in its mysterious cadences an unmistakable menace. Logan knew now to a certainty that it was a sound he had never heard before; and he knew what it was, though he refused to acknowledge it to himself, because it was a refutation of many of his most dogmatic pronouncements.

"It *ain't* wolves!" he muttered to himself obstinately. "Ther' ain't never been a wolf in New Brunswick!"

But even as he spoke, the sinister cry arose again, nearer and yet nearer; and he was obliged to confess to himself that, whatever it was, it was on his trail, and he was likely to know more about it within a few minutes. He was not alarmed, but he was annoyed, both at the upsetting of his theories and at the absence of his gun.

In spite of the fact that his dignity as a woodsman would not permit him to be alarmed, he could not but recognize that a number of wolves might be capable of making things very unpleasant for him. He remembered, uncomfortably, that in this weather, with the snow so hard that the deer could run their fastest upon it, the wolves must be extremely hungry. He had been walking as fast as he could; but now he broke into a long, swinging lope. For a moment he thought of ridding himself of the burden on his back; but this idea he rejected resentfully and with scorn. He was not going to let himself be robbed of his triumph by a bunch of rascally, interloping wolves!

Meanwhile, the quavering, high-pitched chorus was sweeping swiftly nearer through the moonlight; and Logan put on a burst of speed in order to get to a stretch of open burnt lands before his pursuers should come up with him. If he was to have a fight forced upon him, he wanted plenty of room and the chance to keep all his adversaries in plain view. He gained the open, with its scattered black stumps and gaunt, ghostly "rampikes" dotting the radiant silver of the snow; and he was some eighty or a hundred paces beyond the edge of the woods before the wolves appeared. Glancing over his shoulder he saw the gray forms of the pack halt, come close together, then separate again, hesitating at the venture of the open. The hesitation was only for a moment, however. Then, in formation so close that one might have covered the whole pack with a bedquilt, they came on again. His trained eye counted eight wolves in the pack.

Logan was too wise to run, now that he was in view of his foes. He stalked on with haughty indifference till the pack was within twenty-five or thirty yards of his heels. Then he turned and spoke, with an air of sharp, confident authority. Even through their hunger and their savage madness of pursuit the beasts felt the mastery of his voice. They paused irresolutely, then opened out and sat down on their haunches to see what he would do.

After surveying them superciliously for a few seconds, the woodsman turned again and stalked on, keeping, however, a keen watch over his shoulder, and his ax poised ready for instant use. As soon as he moved on, the wolves followed, but no longer in their pack formation. Not yet audacious enough to come within ten or twelve feet of this arrogantly confident being, they spread out on either side of the trail, half surrounding him and keeping pace with him at a skulking trot. Little by little they drew closer in, while Logan pretended to ignore them contemptuously. All at once he felt, almost more than saw, one of the largest of the pack dart in to spring upon his back. Out went the bright ax-blade like a flash of blue flame, as he whirled on his heel; and the wolf dropped with a choked-off yelp, shorn through the neck. Thrice around him he wheeled the circle of the deadly blade; and the wolves deferentially slunk beyond reach of it, not yet ready to tempt the fate of their comrade.

Five minutes more, however, and the wary beasts again drew closer, and Logan found that the strain of guarding himself on all sides at once was overwhelming. A few hundred yards ahead, as he bethought himself, the trail led under the foot of a high, almost perpendicular rock; and he made up his mind that he must reach that rock as speedily as possible. With his back against the steep face of it he could meet the charge of the pack to better advantage. Breaking into a long, unhurried trot he pressed on, swinging the ax from side to side in swift, menacing sweeps.

When he reached the foot of the rock and turned at bay, the wolves drew back once more and formed a half circle before him,

a moving, interweaving crescent that drew closer and grew smaller stealthily. For the sake of greater freedom he now swung the heavy bundle from his back and dropped it on the snow behind him, without taking his cool eyes for an instant from his foes. On a sudden, the wolf which appeared to be the leader sprang straight in. But the woodsman seemed to divine this move even before it began, so sharply did he meet it with a step forward and a savage ax-stroke ; and the wolf sprang back just in time to save its skull.

And now, in the clutch of the final trial, Logan had an inspiration. With all the doggedness of the backwoods will he had vowed that he would not give up the rich booty on his back. But the question had at last, as he saw, become one of giving up his own life. In this crisis, his backwoods understanding and sympathy suddenly went out toward the plucky but helpless captive in the sack on his back. It would be quite too bad that the splendid lynx, with all his fighting equipment of fangs and claws, should be torn to pieces in his bonds without a chance to make a fight for life. Moreover, here was perhaps a chance to create an effective diversion in his own favor.

With a shout and a mad whirling of the ax he once more drove back the narrowing crescent of the wolves. The next instant he stooped, ripped open the mouth of the bag, and emptied out the writhing roll of blanket upon the snow at his feet — while the wolves, eyeing this new procedure with suspicion, held back a few moments before again closing in. As the bundle fell, Logan slashed the cord, seized one corner of the blanket, and with a dexterous twist and throw unrolled it, landing the prisoner almost under the noses of the wolves.

Bewildered for an instant, the great cat had no time to bound back and scurry up the steep face of the rock to safety. He had no sooner gained his feet than the whole pack was upon him. With a screech of fury he proclaimed his understanding of the crisis, and turned every tooth and claw into the fray. His fangs, of course, were no match for those of any one of his assailants, but his claws were weapons of such quality that no single wolf could have withstood him. As it was, the wolves, in their eagerness, got in one another's way ; and as the mass of them smothered the lynx down, more than one received eviscerating slashes that sent them yelping out of the battle.

For a few breathless seconds Logan watched the fight. Then he realized that the time had come when he must himself take a hand. Silently he darted upon the screeching, growling heap. The light ax flashed this way and that ; and even in so brief time as takes to tell it, three more of the pack were down, kicking and dying silently on the snow. The leader of the pack, the side of his neck redly furrowed and the lust of battle hot in his veins, wheeled, and jumped madly at Logan's throat. But the woodsman met him with a terrific short-handled upward stroke which fairly split his ribs and hurled him over backwards. On the instant, the remaining wolves, who had each suffered something in the mêlée, concluded that the game was up. Leaping away from the reach of those deadly ripping claws, they turned and ran off like whipped dogs.

Bleeding from a dozen gashes, bedraggled and battered, but still full of fight to every outspread claw, the lynx crouched and glared at the man, with ears flattened back and eyes shooting pallid flame. For some seconds the two faced each other, the man grinning with approval. Then it occurred to him that the maddened beast, in despair of escape, might spring at him and compel him to strike, which, in his present sympathetic and grateful mood, he was most unwilling to do. Cautiously, keeping his eyes on the sinister, flaring orbs that faced him, he took a step backwards. Still the lynx crouched, ready to spring. Then Logan spoke, in quiet expostulation.

"Don't ye go for to fight *me*, now! *I* never done ye no hurt!" he argued mendaciously. "It's them durn wolves, that was after the both of us ; an' it was me got ye out of that scrape. Don't ye come lookin' fer trouble, fer I don't want to hurt ye!"

At the sound of the quiet voice, soothing yet commanding, the tension of the beast's madness seemed to relax. The fixity of his glare wavered. Then his eyes shifted ; and the next moment, turning with a movement so quick that the woodsman's eyes could hardly follow it, he was away like a gray shadow among the stumps and trunks, not leaping, but running belly to ground like a cat. Logan watched him out of sight, then nonchalantly put two wounded wolves out of their misery, whetted his knife on his larrigans, and settled down to the task of stripping the pelts.

A PERJURED SANTA CLAUS

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"YOU'RE crazy," said Mike Dwyer, out of the deep experience of his eight and a half years. "You're crazy, I tell you. Nobody gives you nothing for nothing."

"But ain't I told you that *he* does?" his friend, Patrick Brennan, assured him. "Ain't I telling you what he give me last year? A fire-engine, a prayer-book, and a bag of candy."

"An' you ain't paid *nothin'* for 'em?" marveled Mike.

"Not a cent."

"Ain't nobody never came 'round to collect on 'em?"

"Not a one."

Mike pondered a moment and then demanded:

"Have you got 'em now?"

"Well," Pat admitted, "I ain't got all of 'em, but I've got three wheels and one of the horses. The rest busted when it fell off the fire-escape. An' me mother has the prayer-book."

"There wasn't any sense to them things anyway," said Mike. "Crazy truck, fire-engines, prayer-books, and candy. Gee, if he was going to give youse somethin', why couldn't he give you somethin' youse could use?"

"They wasn't foolish, they was what I wanted," Patrick maintained.

"How did the old guy know what you wanted?"

"Didn't I write and tell him? I wrote it on a piece of paper, an' I pinned it to the shelf over the stove, an' he come down the chimney an' got it."

"Down the chimney!" exclaimed Mike incredulously. "That's the craziest yet. If you don't look out, you'll get put in the funny wagon. A lady in our block, she thought her man was Czar of Russia, and they put her in the funny wagon, and they took her away, and we ain't never seen her again. You better shut up about your old man Sandy Claws, or somethin' like that'll happen to you."

"Christmas is next week," Pat announced in grim finality. "What do you bet I don't get an express-wagon and cap-pistol? I wrote Sandy Claws about 'em last night, an' put the letter on the mantelpiece, an' this morning it was gone; and I've got a picture of him in a book — I'll show it to you if you come 'round to our block — and Teacher tells us about him at school, and we know songs about him, and po'try pieces. I tell you what: you come to school just one day, an' Teacher'll learn you about him."

MIKE

"Aw, I ain't got no time to go to school," said Mike contemptuously. "I've got my business to tend to, and I guess maybe I'd better tend to it now. But say, that's a good one about the old gent coming down the chimney. I was up and down them lots of times, and it's hard enough for *me* to get through, and I ain't much for size."

"You come 'round to my house on Christmas day," said the militant Patrick, "an' I'll leave you look at my express-wagon and hold my pistol."

When Michael boasted an exhaustive acquaintance with the inside of chimneys, he did not speak lightly or without truth. It was some years since he had abandoned the scholarly career which his pious mother had hoped would culminate in his consecration to the priesthood, in favor of the more active life of "odd boy" in a local hardware store where he was "helper" in the stove department. That he would ever have made a priestly man was a moot point, but no one could conscientiously deny that he was an odd boy.

His hair, once red, was darkened by his avocations and his hygienic convictions to an indescribable sooty brown. His clothes matched his hair, and his skin struck no discordant note in the subdued color scheme. But there was nothing subdued about his spirit, or his eyes, or his startlingly brilliant smile. And there was nothing which could subdue his adoration for his mother.

He and she had suffered many sorrows in common and almost in silence, though their pleasures they took more noisily. Sickness and babies had come, had been borne and tended in patience, and had passed away leaving them chums and partners still. He and she had journeyed to Calvary or to Coney Island, always together and always alone. For Mr. Dwyer had devoted his great energy and his scanty gleanings from his profession of "fence" — the go-between for small pickpocket and pawnbroker — to drinking himself from one fit of delirium tremens to another. He was as familiar an inmate of Bellevue or the Island as he was of the home which he had laid desolate; as familiar and as welcome.

On the evening of his enlightening conversation with his staunch admirer, Patrick Brennan, Michael appealed to his mother for information.

"Say, Maw, did youse ever hear of a gent what goes 'round in sort of fancy fixin's an' gives kids things for noth'ng?"

Mrs. Dwyer turned from the window, whence she had been watching for what she always dreaded, and answered quickly:

"Yes, dear, Santa Claus."

"That's the name Patsy Brennan called him. He showed me his picture on a book, but I thought he was guying me. I never heard of him. Don't he never come 'round here?"

"Not lately, dear. But when you were quite little, he brought you a rocking-horse and a fire-engine."

"That's him!" her son exclaimed in high excitement, "I knew him by the fire-engine. That's him. Say, Maw, what ever happened to them things? Did I bust 'em?"

"No," answered the woman, who, still watchful, had transferred her vigilance from eyes to ears, and now listened shrinkingly for an unsteady step upon the stairs: "No, Mike, you didn't; they — went."

It was a familiar explanation in that house, but the woman never made it easily.

So many things — went: the few relics of her more prosperous youth, her street clothes, little refinements with which she tried to dignify or disguise her poverty, little comforts or necessities given by kind neighbors in times of stress, her own meager earnings in an uptown laundry, or Mike's, still more meager, in the hardware store. For Mr. Dwyer, though meeting in the course of his professional labors with many proofs that stealing could be successfully practised upon absolute strangers, still believed in the prior claim of family, and had so far confined his own active operations to the home circle. It was a safe practice ground, and he could always flatter himself that he would one day broaden his field to include such gentlemen — if he could find them entirely unprotected and unobserved — as had reached that degree of intoxication which raised his envy and his courage almost to the point of action.

Nothing could accustom Mrs. Dwyer to this system of petty pilfering and the deceits it forced upon her, for through all vicissitudes of neglect, ill-treatment, and abuse, she persevered in her fierce determination that the boy should never know, so long as she could keep the knowledge from him, his father.

And all the time the boy knew much more clearly than she, and was often forced to allow her panic-stricken vigilance to continue when he could have told her that the voice she dreaded was enlivening the alcoholic wards of Bellevue, or that the foot she feared was marching, in decorous step, upon Blackwell's Island. But he was as fiercely resolved that his mother should never know, so long as he could keep the knowledge from her, her husband; and he was always careful to receive this explanation as satisfying and quite natural.

"Well, Patrick was talkin' about it today. He got a fire-engine, candy, an' a prayer-book, an' he says he's goin' to have a express-wagon an' a pistol this time. Do you think it's on the level?"

"Of course it's true. Why, when I was your age he used to bring me the loveliest things, and they always seemed to be exactly what I wanted ——"

"But Patsy writes an' tells him what to bring. He gits what he wants every time. I wonder what I'd better write for?"

And then, wistfully, Mrs. Dwyer set to work to destroy the faith she had established. It was unlikely, she pointed out to her son, after a rapid survey of her own financial position, that the gentleman, having for so long neglected them, would remember them now. He was always, she delicately hinted, a little snobbish in his tastes, and was more inclined to add to a store already amassed than to lay the corner-stone of a property. But these reflections affected her son not at all.

"He give you stuff when you was as big as me. He gives it to Patsy. He used to give it to me. I guess I kin git somethin' off of him all right, all right."

Then was Mrs. Dwyer forced to disclose the fact that there were some persons of upright lives and minds who utterly refused to credit even the existence of such a person, and to hint that doubts of such a nature had sometimes visited her gentle breast. But Mike's faith, founded largely upon the coincidence of fire-engines, held firm against all attacks. And then, he knew of a reason, happily hidden from his mother, that might cause fastidious gentlemen to avoid Mr. Dwyer's abode.

On the next afternoon he came upon Santa Claus, suffering quite humanly from cold, standing at the corner of Grand and Essex Streets, wearing his white beard and other "fancy fixin's." He was guarding a three-legged iron pot into which the prosperous cast pennies, and the unprosperous — in overwhelming majority — longing looks. The pot hung upon a metal tripod bearing a printed appeal for contributions to aid the Salvation Army in supplying a Christmas dinner to all such as should approach the hospitable boards to be spread in Madison Square Garden on December 25th. The shower of coin was not very heavy, and Mike seized his courage and a propitious moment to remark:

"You don't get 'round to *all* the houses *every* year, do you?"

"Well, no," answered the old gentleman in a surprisingly young voice, "not down here. There are quite a number of houses in this neighborhood and quite a number of children in every house."

"Every other year, do you?"

"Just about."

"Well, you've skipped me quite a while. I was wondering if you was plannin' to take in our house this year."

"Sure," the old man answered, after he had acknowledged a contribution and

breathed upon his freezing fingers; "where do you live?"

Mike told him. "On the top floor," he amplified, "back. If you drop around to-night, I'll have the list ready on the mantelpiece."

"Please don't make your order too big. I'm a little strapped this year. You don't want a house an' lot, do you?"

"No, but I'd like a lady's hat," the boy announced, "an' I'd like some real good tea, an' I'd like a good, warm shawl. Can I have all that?"

"Sure," Santa Claus agreed, "anything you say, my boy. You're the doctor."

"Then I'd like enough dress goods to make a dress for a lady — a small lady — I'd like it red with black spots on it. Can I have that?"

"Oh, I guess so. I owe you something for back years, don't I?"

"I might let you have a little money on the goods. Not an awful lot, but if fifteen cents would help you any, I could let you have it."

"Fork it out, put it in the pot."

"I can't let you have it *now*. I ain't got it in me clothes, but I'll put it with the list on the mantelpiece to-night, and you come down an' git 'em. Say, a kid told me you come down chimneys. Is that right?"

"That's how I come when I come."

"How do you git through the stove? That's what I want to know," said Mike, with professional interest.

"Well, I can't tell you that. You don't belong to the union. And don't you wait up for me. I may be a little late, and if that fifteen cents is there in the morning, you'll know it's because I can't fill your order. I just have to look over my stock, you know, before I take a deposit on the goods."

After one hour of intense exertion, mental and physical, Michael evolved the list; laid it upside down upon the mantelpiece; weighted it with three five-cent pieces; cautioned his mother against disturbing it; and vanished into his sleeping closet. Mrs. Dwyer bent over the pathetic little scrawl and scanned it tearfully. This tiny rift of fancy in her boy's prosaic life was doomed to such bitter disappointment, and she was so powerless to prevent it. And even as she read the list of feminine fancies and knew them designed for her, the vigil of the last three fearful weeks ended. The heavy step she dreaded sounded on the stairs. The heavy hand she dreaded turned the handle of the door, and Mr. Dwyer, in a state of intoxication very creditable to one without popularity and without steady source of income, lurched in. He ignored empty forms of greeting and began at once upon the object of his visit.

"There, under his eyes, lay three nickels"

"Where's that boy of yours?" he demanded. "Where is he?" and then, as she did not answer, he enforced his question with a curse which made her retreat behind the table. Her posture, as she crouched there, was more eloquent than any words.

"Never here when I want him"; Mr. Dwyer rambled on in one of the rapid emotional changes common to his state.

"Never any good to me. Never stands a drink to hard-working father. Rotten with money, that kid, and never a nickel for suffering parent. Suffering, *incurable* parent. Where's he now?" he repeated, with a fresh oath which terrified the woman into the monosyllabic lie:

"Out."

"Always out," complained Mr. Dwyer, aggrieved almost to tears. "Hard-working father comes home, wants see ungrateful son; wants press his hand, wants give him father's blessing, dying father's *dying* blessing, not here."

In keen appreciation of his own mournful eloquence, Mr. Dwyer made his shivering way to the stove and, maudlin in his grief, laid his head upon the mantelpiece and wept miserably. Now it chanced that his despondency led him to his desire, and that he had no sooner bowed his forehead in sorrow than he raised it in joy. There, under his eyes, lay three nickels on a dingy piece of paper; three nickels meaning much stimulant and unlimited free lunch. Gloatingly he wrapped the coins in the paper and pocketed them, and straightway he decamped, leaving his wife shaken with fear, repugnance, and wrath, and tortured by that old, old question: What, *what* could she tell the boy? What could she ever tell the boy? She fell asleep in her chair still wondering. And in the morning she told the boy — nothing.

The days that remained before Christmas were full of breathless excitement for Mike. He made all sorts of vague promises to his mother. He asked her again and again if, in the event of her having an entirely new gown, she wouldn't prefer one of a good, bright red with black spots. He planned all sorts of excursions for her. Wouldn't she like to go to High Mass on Christmas Day? What were her views on a visit to the Eden Musee? Did any of the current theatrical attractions appeal to her? Wouldn't a red dress with black spots be the most suitable thing to wear when they should go to see that classic drama, "The Withered Wedding Wreath"?

He even condescended to discuss heavenly visitants with Patrick Brennan, and to hint at the nature of his demands. The idea of vicarious generosity was new to Patrick, but he adopted it with energy and pinned a new list to the mantelpiece. It puzzled his always puzzled parents, for it commanded a set of doll's dishes and a silver thimble, extra small size.

In the gray dawn of Christmas morning, Mike was astir, and there upon the mantelpiece he found, not the red and black spotted dress, not the shawl, nor the hat, but a very shield and buckler of an Ascot tie,

"'It's something fierce,' Eva sympathized"

impervious to pin or tenpenny nail, and of a most compelling yellow. For some space he was dumfounded, absolutely speechless with disappointment. "He played me for a sucker and he won out," was his vengeful thought. "He's got me good money, an' I've got his dirty truck. I ain't goin' to stand for no such deal." His abhorrence of the yellow Ascot distressed his gentle mother, for the satin atrocity represented to her many an act of self-denial, many an hour of work or even of hunger. He refused to touch it; to allow it to touch him; to see any beauty in its shiny impassiveness, or to agree that it was, after all, a satisfactory proof of the existence of the old gentleman. Upon the whole, that Christmas morning could not be said to have brought peace and good-will to the modest home of the Dwyer's.

Late in the afternoon Michael came upon Patrick Brennan seated in his express-wagon, flourishing his cap-pistol, and being drawn through the crowds of Henry Street by a young lady who wore on the thumb of her uncovered right hand a silver thimble — extra small size. Almost instantly the two Hibernian gentlemen appeared to be at swords' points. And Miss Gonorowsky, waiving the ceremony of a formal introduction, was all voluble concern.

"It's something fierce," Eva sympathized. "In all my world I ain't heard how it is fierce. He takes bunches of money from off of you und don't gives you nothings only neckties that you don't needs."

"That's what he done," said Mike grimly. "He played me for a sucker."

"Und mit Patrick," Eva continued, "he makes all things what is polite. He gives him cap-pistol, und wagons, und dolls' dishes, und thimble — Patrick gives me the dishes und thimbles. From long, a man makes like that with my papa. He takes money, und he don't sends goods, und my papa he goes where judges und lawyers sets, und they arrests the man, und they makes him he shall give back the money on my papa. Do you know where them judges und lawyers sets?"

Michael pondered on the suggestion. He was familiar with the workings of the law and had assisted at evictions, man hunts, raids, and riots, and had often been present at the Essex Market Police Court when his own disreputable father stood before the magistrate. On the following morning, therefore, he approached the court-house and demanded audience with the judge, who had always taken a kindly interest in his small fortunes. And Mr. Dwyer, senior, never knew that his commitments were somewhat longer than his offenses demanded, simply because the judge was interested in the struggle which a small, honest-eyed boy was making; and had endeavored to remove — as effectually as might be — the stumbling-blocks or the stumbling parent which stood in his way. Michael's charge was explicit:

"A swell guy wid white whiskers done me dirt," he announced.

"Go on," said the judge, as the clerk of the court prepared to record the complaint, and some ladies in search of local color got out their note-books.

"Go on, what did he do to you?"

"He took an order for goods, he took me coin, and he delivered this here necktie."

"A very fine necktie. It seems warm, and it ought to be becoming."

"It ain't what I ordered," said Mike, "and it ain't what I wanted."

"What was your order?" asked the majesty of the law.

"A lady's hat, some good tea, a lady's shawl, and black and red dress-goods for a lady's dress — a small lady."

The clerk of the court made careful entry of this haberdashery, and the ladies in search of local color marveled audibly until the judge restrained them.

"A yellow satin necktie," he solemnly agreed, "does not occur in this invoice, but I should think it might perhaps be a little more useful to you."

"Me!" exclaimed the boy, in quick scorn. "Say, did youse think I wanted them fixin's for *me*?"

"For some friend, perhaps?"

"I wanted them things for me mudder," Michael asserted belligerently. "She's too much in the house, she is. I want to take her to the theayter, and 'round to see the sights, and show her a little life."

"Bless his heart," murmured an emotional tourist from the upper West Side. "Bless his little heart of gold."

"Madam," the judge sternly reminded her, "this is the court-room — not a church," and then of the boy, he asked:

"How large a deposit did you send with this invoice?"

"I left fifteen cents for him with the order, and he come and got it."

"'A swell guy wid white whiskers done me dirt,' he announced"

"And you don't regard the yellow satin necktie as covering that amount?"

"It ain't worth nothin' at all, 'cause I don't want it. I want the things I ordered, or I want me money back, an' I want you to arrest that foxy gran'pa, an' make him act on the level."

"For whom shall I issue the warrant? What is the name of the accused?"

"Sandy Claws. That's his name. An' Mr. Sandy Claws is a crook for fair."

There was a fresh outbreak on the part of the fair pilgrims from the West Side, and the judge quelled them sternly:

"Mr. Crothers—" he began, addressing one of the lawyers, who had been an interested spectator of the scene—"may I ask you to attend to this case? The clerk will hand you a copy of the original invoice and, until we locate the accused, the expenses will be defrayed by the court."

The harassed Mr. Crothers was ruefully examining the list when one of the tourists stepped forward and asked permission to address the court. She had borne no part in the recent enthusiasm, she looked capable and calm. The judge folded his arms and nodded acquiescence, and she laid a card before him. He waited with a new consideration until she began to speak, and the card's effect upon both Mr. Crothers and the clerk of the court was remarkable.

"I am, as you see, the representative of Mr. Santa Claus."

"I have often, Madam," said the judge, "heard of you in that connection, but your name will be found upon the everlasting records of a court much higher than this."

"—and we were obliged to take on a number of new packers for the holiday rush season and regret that several mistakes of this sort have occurred. The gentleman who ordered this necktie called at the warehouse early this morning and reported that some ladies' furnishings had been left at his apartment. It is altogether regrettable, as the gentleman had planned to wear these goods at his wedding yesterday, and in consequence of their non-delivery was obliged to retain his overcoat throughout the ceremony. He was very indignant, and Mr. Santa Claus was greatly distressed. If this customer will withdraw his complaint, and if the court will grant me the custody of the goods now in his possession, I shall see that the mistake is rectified."

The judge turned to Michael, whose naturally sharp expression had grown steadily sharper since the intervention of this alien female.

"Do you agree to this proposition?" he asked.

"Naw," said Mike, "I don't. An', yer Honor, don't let her bunco you like the old gent done me. He fooled me out of me fifteen cents, but the old lady don't get nothing as long as she don't give me nothin'. They's all in the same gang, I tell you. If they think such a awful lot about the gent's yellow tie, why don't they bring me mudder's hat, an' tea, an' shawl, an' dress-goods? I'll trade quick enough."

"I should suggest," was the urbane ruling of the bench, "that this plan be adopted. I will set over this hearing for two hours, and I direct that both the plaintiff and the representative of the defendant shall then appear before me. Next."

Throughout the hearing of intervening cases, Michael held the disprized necktie with watchful care. It shone like a slab of petrified butter through its tissue paper wrappings. The transaction was evidently puzzling him a little, and his eyes narrowed suddenly with new suspicion when the lady reappeared, still calm and still alert, followed by Mr. Crothers, still impressed, but now laden with bundles.

The judge reopened the case by ordering that the bundles should be undone and their contents compared with the list and submitted to Mike. They were all perfectly satisfactory, and Mike, still puzzled, released the yellow necktie and gathered up his treasures. The lady was the first to leave the court-room, and Mike paused for a last word with his friend.

"Your Honor," said he, "do you think the old gent tried to work a con game on me? It don't seem to me like all this song and dance about mistakes was on the level."

"Oh, I think so, Michael," the judge replied. "I have heard of Mr. Santa Claus for a number of years, and I never knew him to get into trouble before."

"Well, maybe you're right," agreed Mike, "but the thing looks funny to me. It seems to me like the lady was in the game with the old gent. Perhaps she's his wife, you can't tell, and she got scared that you and me would pinch their joint. It's good I came to see you. And say," he cried, "you seen me mudder once, didn't you?" The judge's memory traveled back to his one ineffectual attempt to induce a panic-stricken little woman to testify against her useless husband. No array of brass buttons or of officialdom could force her to admit discord in the music of their life. Terrified but loyal, she resisted all cross-examining and persisted in denying to all her world what all her world knew.

"Yes," said the judge, "I remember."

"Well," Mike continued, "she wasn't feeling just right that day. But just the first time I can get an hour off, I'll get her to fix up in these here fixin's, and I'll bring her 'round and let you see how she *can* look. She sure is a daisy."

"Do," said the judge, "I shall be honored. Next."

THE GREAT JEWISH INVASION

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

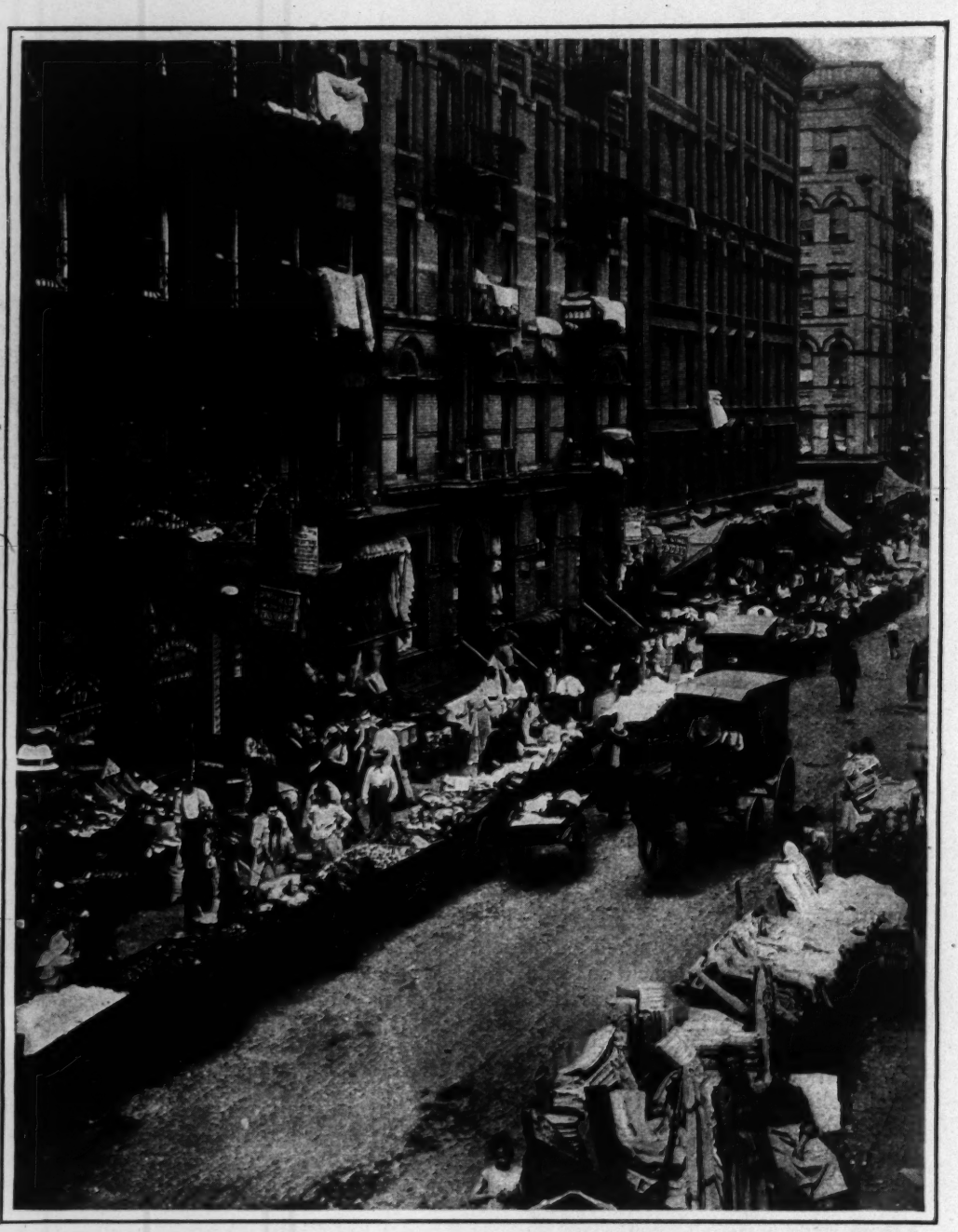
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

THE Jews of New York City have recently celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their settlement on Manhattan Island. In many ways it was the most triumphant episode in the long and lugubrious history of their race. It marked what is unquestionably Israel's highest stage of social, political, and industrial development. It commemorated the progress of an energetic people from poverty to wealth, from ignorance to knowledge, from political and social ostracism to independence and power.

More striking still, it emphasized the vast contribution which the Jews have made, and will continue to make, to our complex American civilization. Our greatest American city is already, as far as numbers are concerned, largely Semitic. The twenty-seven Portuguese Jews who obtained a scant asylum in 1655 have multiplied into a colony of 800,000 souls. This is the greatest Jewish community ever assembled, in ancient or modern times, in any one place. Jerusalem itself, at its period of greatest development, sheltered not one-sixth as many Jews.* Warsaw, the largest Jewish city except New York, contains 300,000, Lódz, 120,000, and Vilna, 100,000. In the whole United States there are 1,400,000; thus, in New York City three-fifths of our total Jewish population is found. In the greater city one man in every five is a Jew; on Manhattan Island, one man in every four. And the Hebrew population grows faster than the other racial elements. The Biblical injunction is still accepted literally by Israel. For every twenty Jews that die, thirty-five are born. By immigration alone the Jewish districts increase 70,000 a year. At the present rate, New York, in ten years, will contain a million and a half of Jews — a city as large as Philadelphia now. While Mr. Zangwill and his fellow enthusiasts preach the return to Palestine, the real modern Zion, greater in

*Estimate furnished by Dr. Isidore Singer, editor of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*.



A characteristic Jewish scene on the lower East Side of New York. Here the poorest class of Russian Jews, generally newly-landed immigrants, take up their squalid quarters, rent push-carts, and begin peddling, the traditional Jewish occupation. Later these same immigrants, by their relentless industry and ambition, often rise to the highest ranks of business and professional life

numbers and wealth and power than the old, steadily gathers on Manhattan Island.

The first Jews were grudgingly endowed with a few acres of settlement outside the city's confines. In every section they are now abundantly found. The whole area east of the Bowery and south of Houston Street is their particular province. They have started colonies all up the East Side from the Brooklyn Bridge to Harlem. In the last five years

they have founded a community 75,000 strong in the area north of Central Park from Fourth to Lenox Avenues. Further south, even in so definitely established an Irish section as Hell's Kitchen, they have gained a foothold. They have taken up enormous areas in the Bronx; have crossed in large force into Brooklyn; and have built up whole areas in New Jersey. Williamsburg, once a German settlement, is now almost exclusively Jewish. Brownsville, in the eastern district of Brooklyn, contains 100,000 Jews, where ten years ago there were only a few hundreds. The Jewish population is by no means confined to the tenement districts. It largely peoples the expensive property east and south of Central Park. It occupies many of the most elaborate palaces along Fifth Avenue. It lives in state in Central Park West, on the ridges of the Morningside plateau, and along many of the finest thoroughfares of the West Side.

An East-Side Jew of the thriving proprietor class. "The East Side is possessed with an unending earth-hunger. Wherever you see a Russian Jew, however insignificant his station, you see a prospective landlord"

The Jews are active, and invariably with success, in practically every business, professional, and intellectual field. The New Yorker constantly rubs elbows with Israel. The thoroughfares abound with Jewish hucksters, selling all imaginable jimcracks; certain streets are almost impassably clogged with Jewish push-carts. Jewish young men are generally occupied as clerks, bookkeepers, and salesmen; Jewish girls are largely employed as stenographers. Take a walk up Broadway or the business sections of Fifth Avenue — the names on the signs are almost invariably Jewish. Turn into the great popular shopping district of Sixth Avenue — the largest department stores are owned by Jews. Drop in at the opera or the theater — the bediamonded audience, and even the performers, are frequently members of this race. Manhattan's fifty theaters are practically all controlled by Jewish syndicates. The most successful plays are the work of Jewish playwrights. Actors and actresses who received their training in the Ghetto now draw enormous audiences on Broadway. In Wall Street, business is largely in Jewish hands. Japan, for financial assistance in the recent war, turned several times to a great Jewish banking house of New York.

In all the professions the restless Hebrew is found. In the courts, the litigants, the lawyers at the bar, not infrequently the justices on the bench, are Jews. Many leading physicians are loyal Israelites. In the public schools they are the largest numerical element; the teachers, too, are frequently Jewesses; and in the higher educational institutions — Columbia University, the City College, and the Normal School — they invariably carry off the highest honors. In the public service they are conspicuous, especially when positions are obtained by competitive examination. In the newly organized tenement-house department, for example, three-fourths of the 400 employees — clerks, stenographers, copyists, and inspectors — are Jews. They often represent the city at Albany and Washington; and Jews from New York have been sent abroad as ambassadors. A

New York Jew now sits in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Unquestionably, we are thus face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena of the time. New York, the headquarters of American wealth, intelligence, and enterprise — the most complete physical expression, we have been told, of the American idea — seems destined to become overwhelmingly a Jewish town. More remarkable still, the great mass of its Jews are not what are commonly regarded as the most enlightened of their race. They are not drawn from Germany, from France, from Austria and England — countries in which the Jew has been practically Europeanized; but from Hungary, from Poland, from Roumania, from Galicia, above all from the Russian Empire. Before the Russian migration began in 1881, New York contained only about 50,000 Jews, practically all Austrians and Germans; since then its Jewish immigrants have come largely from eastern Europe. Between the German and the Russian or Polish Jew there is almost as much difference as between the German and Russian Christian. The former is extremely liberal in his religious observances; the latter extremely orthodox. The one is the product of free institutions and a tolerant civilization; the other is the victim of religious and economic persecution. In New York the German and Russian Jewish populations have always kept distinct. Intermarriages have been about as infrequent and as much frowned upon as between Protestants and Catholics. Nevertheless, the German element is probably not one-sixth of the whole Jewish population. In a word, New York is not only largely, and probably destined to be overwhelmingly, a city of Hebrews, but a city of Asiatics.

This is the direct result of the domestic policy of the Czar. Alexander III., Nicholas II., M. Pobedonosteff, — in the last analysis

One of the most picturesque sights in lower Manhattan is the fish-market underneath the Williamsburg Bridge. Here the East-Side Jews display that remarkable instinct for barter which has given them a race reputation

A JEWISH WORKING-GIRL

these are the responsible creators of the New York tenement districts. An edict is issued commanding all the Jews in the Pale to leave the country and settle in the towns; instead, several hundred thousand settle in New York. Again, the Jews are driven from Russia itself into the old Polish provinces; and a few more hundred thousand find their way into the Manhattan Ghetto. A mob robs and slays and ravishes at Kishinef; and thousands seek protection in the lower East Side of New York. The greatest immigration is that at present under way, precipitated largely by the Japanese war and the Russian internal troubles. Russia prohibited Jews from becoming officers in her army, but impressed them into service as private soldiers in Manchuria. The one refuge from this fate is a two- or three-room flat on Hester Street or East Broadway. Again, such events as the dissolution of the Duma have enormously increased Jewish immigration.

No people have had a more inadequate preparation, educational and economic, for American citizenship. "Out of the four or five million Russian Jews," said a leading St. Petersburg newspaper in 1893, "only from ten to fifteen thousand have a stable means of subsistence." "What did you do in Russia?" the East-Side Jew is frequently asked to-day; a shrug of the shoulders is the invariable reply. For a century all manner of restrictive laws have heaped up against them. They are kept out of all the learned professions, virtually forbidden the primary schools, the technical institutions, and the universities,—even those which they have founded themselves, — and prevented from owning or leasing agricultural land. Practically everything they have is taxed — their kosher food, their skull-caps, their praying shawls, the candles which the pious Jewish housewife lights every Friday night. They are shut up in a few cities, forbidden to live in the

A sweat-shop type. "The Russian Jew . . . is a remorseless pace-maker. He allows himself no rest nor recreation, and works all hours of the day and night. He saves every penny, will constantly deny himself and his family nutritious food, and until he has made his mark will live in the most loathsome surroundings"

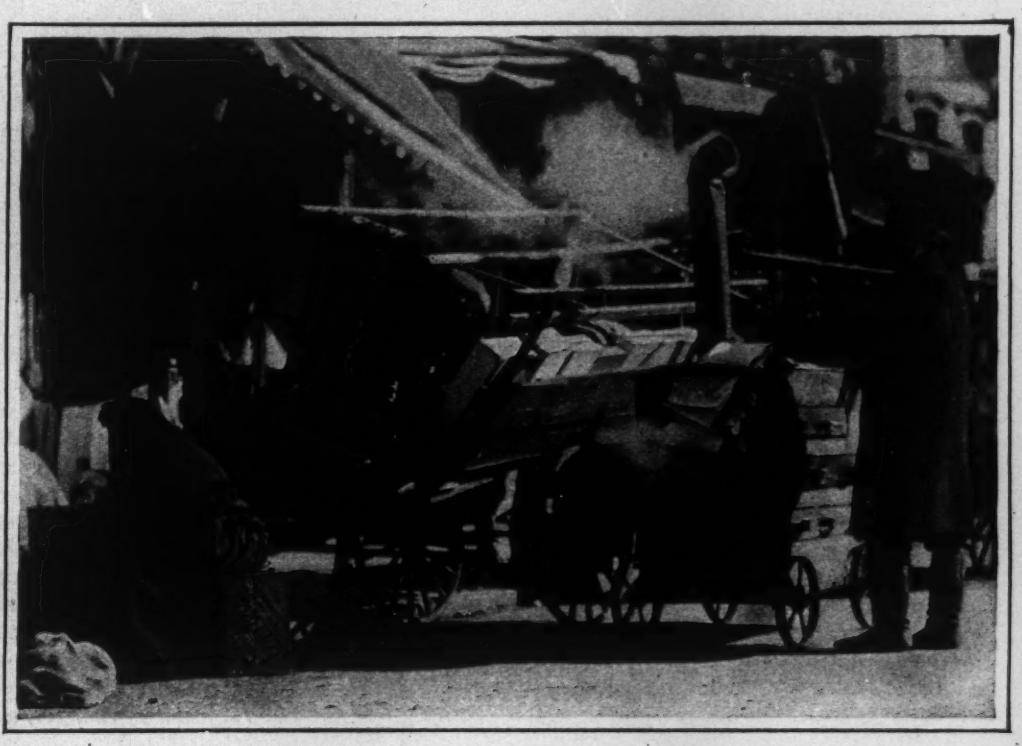
country or in the Russian towns. By the State they are treated as outcasts. They are not Russians and never can become such; in the caste system of Russian society they are reckoned in the same class with the Kirghiz of Siberia, the Kalmucks of Astrakhan, and other semi-civilized tribes. Thus, when they land at Ellis Island, they are to a large extent ignorant, unable to read or write; personally uncleanly; without professions or skilled trades; inevitably with a suspicious hatred of governmental authority. Their only capital stock is an intellect which has not been stunted by centuries of privation, and an industry that falters at no task, however poorly paid.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the Russian Jew has advanced in practically every direction. His economic improvement is paralleled by that of no other immigrating race. In accumulating wealth, in liberating himself from ignorance and poverty, the Irishman, the Italian, the German, even the German Jew, cuts a poor figure beside the Russian and Pole. We hear constantly of the Ghetto's poverty; we seldom hear of its wealth. And yet no section of New York generates so many rich men. New York's greatest business and residential sections are filled with Russian Hebrews who started among the tenements ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years ago. In the section from Sixtieth to Ninetieth Streets, and from Lexington to Park Avenue — one of New York's premier residential districts — there are said to be 500 Russian and Polish Jews whose fortunes range anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000.

Let us take a few specific instances. There is Harry Fischel, the owner, among numerous other properties, of the Grand Street Theater. Mr. Fischel, a native of Vilna, arrived at Castle Garden in 1884 with just sixty cents in his pocket. In Russia

he had been a carpenter; and the first week or two he spent — getting food, Heaven knows where — tramping from tenement-house to tenement-house, or standing, saw in hand, at the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street, looking for a job. He finally got one — at three dollars a week, part of which he had to send home to Russia to keep his aged parents from starvation. Soon this was increased to six; and after a year and a half in this country, Mr. Fischel found himself with a painfully accumulated fortune of $250. With this he married and set up business for himself. He became a builder and prospered greatly. In one year he made $300,000. He is now worth not far from $800,000, and has built a $60,000 residence only a block or two from Andrew Carnegie's Fifth Avenue mansion. Then there is Harris Mandelbaum, who came during the anti-Jewish persecutions of the early '80's. He started in as a peddler. He toured the Irish and German sections with a pack on his back, containing clothes, calicoes, cheap jewelry, and miscellaneous notions. He rose in time to do an instalment business — furnishing wearing apparel to the poor at the rate of fifty cents a week. In this way he accumulated enough to buy a tenement-house. He is now the owner of some twenty parcels of real estate, and easily worth a million. From Warsaw, about thirty years ago, came two brothers, tailors, Abraham and Julius Cohen. They became ol' clo' men and finally opened a second-hand clothing store on Baxter Street. Neither can read or write; but they long since passed the million-dollar mark. One of those driven to this country by the persecutions of 1891-92 was Herman Adelstein, a tinsmith. He had had no opportunities, educational or otherwise. He obtained employment in an iron-shop, and finally became a proprietor himself. His fortune now exceeds $400,000. Nathan Hutkoff came here thirty years ago from Kebart. He was a glazier, but had not succeeded in keeping his head above water at home,— he was forty years old at the time of his landing. He went about the East Side, putting in lights of glass for a pittance; then he opened a little glass store on Canal Street. He is now one of the largest plate-glass merchants in New York. His fortune is estimated at $400,000. Bernard Galewski came over twenty-five years ago. He was a shoemaker, and in an alley-way on Orchard

SELLING HOT SWEET-POTATOES — A LUCRATIVE OCCUPATION ON THE EAST SIDE



Street — he could not afford shop rent — he began repairing shoes at from five to twenty cents a pair. He went into real estate, and is now worth several hundred thousand. Israel Lebowitz started as a peddler about twenty years ago. In this way he became the proprietor of a small "gents' furnishing store" on Orchard Street. This developed into what is now one of the largest shirt-manufacturing establishments in New York. Mr. Lebowitz has at present some $500,000 invested in Manhattan real estate. Hiram Spectorsky, formerly a peddler of feather dusters, owns property valued at $250,000. Samuel Silverman, who began as a worker in the sweat-shops, is now a cloak manufacturer, with a fortune estimated at $500,000. S. Friedlander, a millinery merchant on Division Street, has made $500,000 in twenty-five years. And so on. The list might be extended indefinitely.

In his activities here the Russian Jew evinces two marked characteristics. He is a remorseless pace-maker. He allows himself no rest nor recreation, and works all hours of the day and night. He saves every penny, will constantly deny himself and his family nutritious food, and until he has made his mark will live in the most loathsome surroundings. Whether a child in the primary schools, the bent stitcher in the sweat-shops, the manufacturer, the merchant, the professional man: constant industry, the determination to succeed — that is his only law. Again, he is an individualist. The Russian population is a great mass of incoherent human particles. Take a walk in some crowded East-Side thoroughfare — say, Grand Street — some evening after the theaters are emptied. On Broadway the crowds move orderly; they naturally form in two lines, one going north, one south. On Grand Street, however, there is no regular division of traffic; each individual selects his own path, picking his way confusedly in and out among the crowd. This is precisely the way this enormous mass of 800,000 Hebrews moves among the city's industrial, financial, and social activities. Organization it incompletely understands. There is tremendous energy, but it is expressed individually and not collectively.

The occupations in which the Russian Jew has largely succeeded are those to which, because of these two characteristics, he is most adapted. Naturally, thousands drifted at once into the miserable occupations in which they had been trained. They bought or rented push-carts and became peddlers of all kinds. Only a comparative few, however, found continued employment in these traditionally Jewish occupations. The great mass have been living refutations of a popular anti-Semitic libel — that the Jew is congenitally a money-changer, a trader, and not a workman, a manufacturer, an actual producer of wealth. New York's great Jewish community has always supported itself by the labor of its own hands. It is the city's largest productive force and the greatest contributor to its manufacturing wealth. The Russian Jew had not been here many years before he had worked himself, in large numbers, into all the productive industries. By thousands he took to rolling cigars, making paper boxes, manufacturing surgical instruments, wrought-iron articles, lamps, hardware, cut-glass, practically all the ready-made woodwork used in the building trades, proprietary medicines, drugs, leather goods, cutlery, furniture, upholstery, wagons, harness — indeed, it would be hard to find a manufacturing field in which he has not succeeded. His greatest triumph, of course, has been his absolute control of the clothing trades. This is the largest industry of New York. It employs 175,000 craftsmen, who annually turn out a product valued at $300,000,000. It manufactures more than one-half of all the wearing apparel — men and women's suits, cloaks, overcoats, underwear, hosiery, neckties, collars and cuffs, shoes, slippers, etc. — used in the United States. Its predominant factors are now the Russian Jews.

Precisely as they supplanted the Irish and Germans in their homes, have they taken their places in these trades. Fifty years ago all our tailors were native-born Americans; later they were Irishmen and Germans; now they are Jews — with a new sprinkling of Italians. Under the Jews, however, the business has reached its largest proportions. They have turned the whole East Side into one huge workshop. Their inclination to the clothing trades is probably explained by the two traits already described — their intense ambition and individualism. In no manufacturing line was the Russian Jew so left to himself. In most trades he was held down to certain hours, to the production of a certain day's work, to a fixed wage, and to affiliation with trade-unions. In the tailoring-shops, however, he

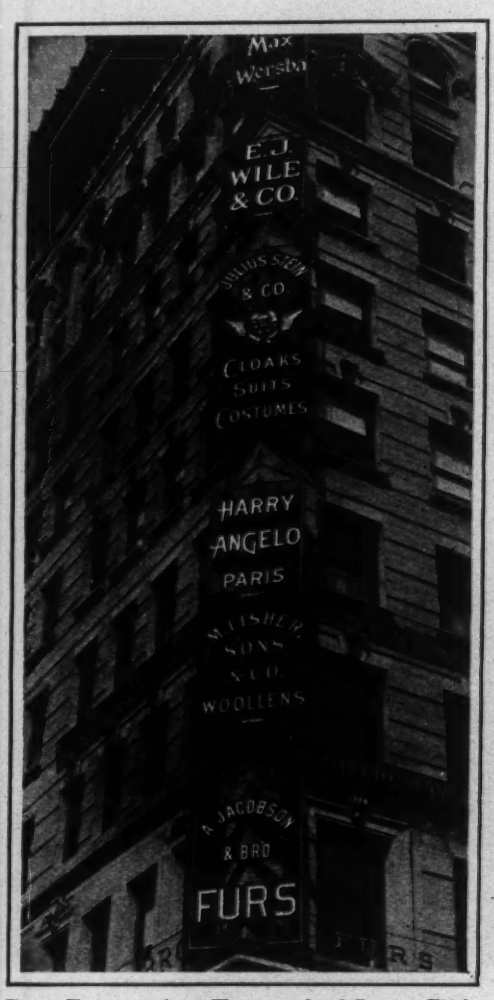
A Jewish mother, one of the finest Hebrew types. The face expresses the intelligence and deep-rooted vitality which have been the enduring heritage of the race

was entirely free. Freedom meant to him, not short hours and idleness, but long hours and constant work. Instead of laboring in a factory and submitting to its arbitrary rules, he worked at his own home as long and as steadily as he chose.

Likewise, the tailor-shops gave greater opportunities of competence and possible wealth. Under the Jew, labor became minutely subdivided. The feature of the business was the subcontracting. From the position of journeyman to contractor was only a step; from contractor to manufacturer and wholesaler a comparatively easy stage. Thus the whole sweating system was explained by the reckless ambition of all parties — of workmen to become contractors, of contractors to become large manufacturers. For the same reason the Russian Jew kept out of the labor movement. Unions were organized, but only at great crises; they faded away as soon as the

purpose aimed at succeeded or failed. Trade-unionism is antagonistic to the Jewish character. It abolishes competition among workmen by equalizing wages and work. The Jew, however, constantly strives to get ahead; to him the competitive system is the industrial ideal.

In recent years, the Jewisn manufacturer has pressed into service thousands of Italians. He has quickly utilized an alien population living on a lower economic plane than himself. In the control of the business he has forced to the wall not only the German, the Irishman, the native-born, but the German Jew. Recently one of the largest cloak manufacturers in the country, a German Jew, failed; he had succumbed to the competition of the Russian Jews. The prevalence of Jewish names on Broadway has already been noted; but the important fact is that German names every day give way to Russian. Ten years ago the signs were all Oppenheimers, Rothschilds, Adlers, and Rosenthals; now the Rabinovitzes, Horowitzes, Welinskys, and Finkelsteins are increasing constantly.

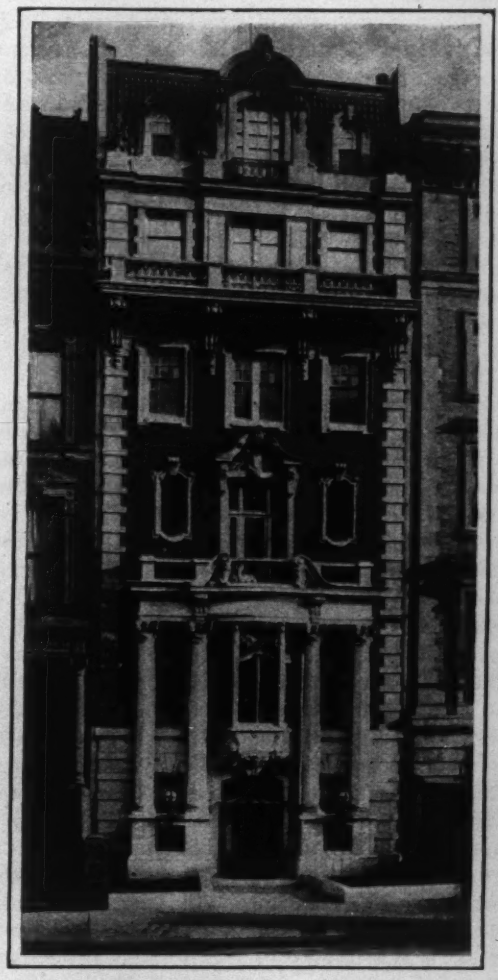


From Fourteenth to Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue, the former homes of the Knickerbocker aristocracy have been replaced by Jewish business blocks. In the building at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue every floor bears a Jewish sign

The growth of this industry has necessitated the reconstruction of great areas of New York. Before the Russians came, the section west of Broadway and south of Fourteenth Street was one of the city's most disreputable parts. The Jews have torn down block after block of brothels and erected huge clothing factories in their stead. The whole of Broadway, from Chambers to Fourteenth Street, has largely been rebuilt for their occupancy. Here are enormous ten-, twelve-, and fifteen-story buildings, filled from cellar to roof with Jewish clothing manufacturers and merchants. Their most remarkable architectural achievement, however, has been the rebuilding of Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third Street. Thousands have admired the beautiful granite and marble sky-scrapers which, in the last ten years, have replaced the former homes of the Knickerbocker aristocracy; but how many have imagined that they house scores of wealthy Russian Jewish merchants, who, twenty or twenty-five years ago, were ragged and penniless immigrants? In one generation the clothing business, in their hands, has progressed from the second-hand store of Baxter Street and the sweat-shop of East Broadway to the beautiful steel buildings on Manhattan's most expensive thoroughfare. In the last five years not far from $15,000,000 has been invested in new Fifth Avenue buildings to provide accommodations for hundreds of Jewish clothing manufacturers, who, a few years ago, started on the East Side. In 1882 a large mass-meeting of sympathetic New Yorkers was held at Chickering Hall, Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, to protest against prevailing Russian persecutions of the Jews. Chickering Hall has recently been demolished and a twelve-story granite warehouse building erected, now filled with prosperous

Jewish merchants — perhaps including some of the very unfortunates in whose interest that mass-meeting was held. The builder and owner is himself a Jew.

The other field in which the Russian Jew has outdistanced all competition is real estate. Here again he found a field for his restless energy and his individualism. Into landed property go all the profits made in the clothing and other manufacturing industries; and of the thousands of small shops scattered all over the East Side. With the Russian Jew it is the exclusive form of investment. Stocks and bonds are absolutely unsalable upon the East Side. The principle of dividends is incompletely understood. In this, as in all things, the Russian is an individualist; he cannot share property ownership with others. A few slips of paper, theoretically representing proprietorship of a part — that is not property in his eyes. On the East Side, prestige attaches generally to wealth; but especially to the ownership of real estate.



THE CRITERION CLUB

This organization, which supports a costly club house on Fifth Avenue, has an almost exclusively Jewish membership

Thus we find a great active community working as one man for a single end — the acquisition of the soil. The East Side is possessed with an unending earth hunger. Wherever you see a Russian Jew, however insignificant his station, you see a prospective landlord. In attaining this position there are no hardships that he will not endure. Tenement properties are expensive, ranging, on the East Side, from $35,000 to $50,000 each; but thousands of humble immigrants are their owners. They frequently start in the smallest way. First they become lessees. By constant saving the East-Sider gets together $200 or $300, with which, as security, he gets a four or five years' lease of a house. He moves his own family into the least expensive apartment. He himself acts as janitor; his wife and daughters as scrub-women and housekeepers. He is his own agent, his own painter, carpenter, plumber, and general repair man. Thus he reduces expenses to the minimum. He lets out apartments by the week, always calling promptly himself for the rent. By thus giving constant attention to his work, he has, perhaps, a few hundred dollars every year as profit. By the time his lease expires, this has swollen to a few thousands. With this he buys a tenement outright. He puts down from $3,000 to $5,000 on a $45,000 building, giving one, two, three, sometimes four mortgages in payment of the rest. Then he repeats his old operation: moves into the cheapest flat, presses his family into service, cuts down all possible expenses, and gives the property his own immediate supervision. When the third or fourth mortgage comes due, he has invariably made enough out of the building to pay it off. He keeps on hard at work and likewise pays off the third and second. Then, as his rents still come in, he invests them in more tenements; until, as a monument to a life spent in the hardest sacrificial toil, he may own a string scattered all over the town.

Frequently, after several years of the closest living, he may still not have the $400 or $500 necessary for a start. In that case he organizes a "syndicate." A number of Jews get together and pool their interests. Usually they are from the same Russian or Polish town, and they name their association after their birthplace. Each man puts in $50 or $100; and jointly they acquire a small equity, the mortgages payable in "instalments," one and two hundred dollars a month. They manage the properties together; and as the indebtedness is reduced, one after another drops out of the syndicate, his interests purchased by the rest. Ultimately the building remains the sole possession of one of the original associates. The rest have profits, anywhere from $500 to $1,000, with which they begin business on their own account, and soon blossom out as prosperous landholders.

The Russian Jew is not only the largest investor in real estate, but the most extensive speculator. As already said, he will not speculate in stocks; but he is an inveterate land-gambler. A real estate department is added to nearly every East-Side business house. Furniture merchants, clothing manufacturers, small storekeepers — all make a side issue of real estate. One partner devotes his time to piling up the profits on the East Side; the other rapidly converts them into landed property. Operations are carried on with the smallest possible margin. An entirely new system has been devised. The largest operators buy long-vacant properties by the block, giving a liberal first mortgage in part payment. They subdivide and sell to another group, taking a little cash and a second mortgage. The latter in their turn divide and again sell to still smaller fry, who put in a few dollars — sometimes paying this with notes — and give back third mortgages. And so on. Twenty-five or fifty dollars cash is sufficient capital to give one a hand in the game. If the lots are finally improved and the buildings sold to investors, the mortgages are converted into cash, and each participant takes his profit. And the East-Side Polish or Russian Jew is wonderfully successful. Many as are the possible pitfalls, he seldom falls in. Hardly one of the great string of mortgages is foreclosed. If he once risks a few hundreds or a thousand dollars, he will work all hours of the day and night and literally starve to death before he will let go.

The great increase in the population of New York and the opening of new lines of transit — the subway, the under-river tunnels, and the bridges — have furnished unusual opportunities for real estate speculation. Thousands of hitherto inaccessible acres have been brought within the inhabitable area, and property values have been enormously increased. Practically all these profits have been realized by East-Side Jews. The subway, for example, has added millions and millions to the value of vacant land which it traverses; these millions have gone into the pockets of the recently-landed Russian and Pole. The native population has been strangely obtuse. In the main, new lands opened up have been the former country-seats of well-known Knickerbocker families. In the past year these old families, instead of themselves realizing the full increment in the land, have handed it over to the capitalists of the East Side. An area especially rich in historical associations is that extending from the northerly boundary of Central Park northwesterly to the Harlem River. This is the path of Washington's famous retreat. All along this territory, in the last year, have followed the Jews of the lower East Side, buying up the old estates, parcelling them out to each other, and realizing enormous profits. Here the Jewish builders are already at work putting up acre after acre of apartment- and tenement-houses. Into them is rapidly crowding a Jewish population. In a few years practically all of Washington's old battlegrounds will be occupied by thousands of Russian Jewish exiles. The East-Side Jew has also crossed to Brooklyn and bought up the ancestral acres of numerous old Long Island families.

The Russian Jew is thus the most important factor in determining the physical growth of New York. He decides where the people are to live and the form their housing is to take. He does this, not only because he controls the land, but because he also controls the building business. Not far from 1000 apartments and tenements are built in New York every year, involving an investment of at least $60,000,000. This enormous business is almost entirely in Jewish hands. Under them the building of tenement-houses has become a staple business, like the production of ready-made clothing or women's cloaks. The ranks of the builders are constantly recruited from the shoemakers, butchers, and garment-cutters of the

East Side. As in other fields, the Jew shows his wonderful ability in operating on a small capital. With a few hundred dollars he buys land worth $20,000 and puts up a tenement costing as much more. Rapidity of construction is essential; and the quickness with which buildings are rushed up, rented, and sold almost takes one's breath away. The building business in New York has run the course of many other occupations. Formerly it was controlled by native stock; later it was taken up by Irish and Germans; the latter are now practically driven from the field by the Jews. They build not only tenements, but large apartment-houses, hotels, and office buildings. The Flatiron building, and the Broad Exchange building, the largest office building in the world, were financed by companies whose master minds were Jews. The great clothing buildings on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, already described, are the handiwork of Jewish builders.

Not only the contractors, but in many instances the workmen, are Jews. Hundreds of tenements on the East Side are put up by Russian carpenters, bricklayers, iron-workers, painters, and other craftsmen. Every year from Russia come thousands of workmen in the building trades. Many recruits are also turned out by the Jewish technical schools. Those who declare that Hebrews do not take kindly to the manual trades should visit Seward Park any morning. Here, rain or shine, stands a large aggregation of Jewish carpenters, saws in hand, waiting for work. Practically none speak English, and their appearance is all raggedness and humility. The Jewish painter is also a familiar figure. Jewish workmen in the building trades, no more than in the clothing business, are attracted by the unions. Most look forward to the day when they will become contractors, even owners of tenement-houses. To get their start they are willing to work for small wages and long hours; in the building business, indeed, there are already the beginnings of the sweat-shop. There is the same minute subdivision of contracts, the same quick change from workman to employer. In building, too, the Jew's pace-making tendencies are manifest. Artisans of other nationalities, especially union men, regard him with contempt, and harshly criticize his work.

In the brief space of twenty-five years Russian-Jewish immigrants have acquired the fee to a considerable proportion of Manhattan Island. Their holdings aggregate in value hundreds of millions. In the real estate transfers now made, at least seventy-five per cent of the buyers belong to this race. In the great Jewish quarter — the section south of Houston Street, north of Oliver, and east of Broadway — the former starving subjects of the Czar now hold seventy per cent of all the land. In two or three years they will have it all. Up to 1880, when they first began to come, this was held largely by the great estates — the Astors', Stuyvesants', Rutgers', and Whitneys'. These estates, however, rapidly sell off to Jews. Even the Astors, most tenacious of land-owners, have felt compelled to retire in their favor. The Jews also own the larger part of Harlem. In the section bounded by One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, Seventh and Lenox Avenues, are some sixty blocks, containing about 3,000 parcels of property, aggregating in value not far from $60,000,000. Five years ago, when the last census was taken, there were very few Russian Jewish landholders here; now they control almost every parcel. They own these and other areas, because they have shown themselves the fittest to survive. It is easy to say that they grind the tenants; that they make them pay higher rents than other landlords; that they give them poorer quarters in flimsy buildings. It is even said that they are responsible for the horrible tenement system of New York. Of course, this is untrue; the tenements existed decades before Jewish immigration began; present housing conditions are no worse than those existing in the fifties or sixties. There are few Jewish landlords more neglectful of their tenements than Trinity Church. The Russian, however, has unquestionably made the tenements yield greater returns. Apparently the Jewish workman can pay higher rents than his Christian brother. Perhaps it is because he spends less in drink and gambling, and works harder and more persistently. At any rate, wherever you find a Jewish settlement, you find high land values. There is no tenement district in New York where property is so expensive as in the lower East Side.

Of the material prosperity of the Russian Jew, therefore, there can be no question. He will never crowd our almshouses nor be a serious drain upon private charity. But is he assimilable? Has he in himself the stuff

of which Americans are made? One point in his favor must be at once set down; his enthusiasm for America knows no bounds. He eagerly looks forward to the time when he can be naturalized. An alien Jew legally entitled to citizenship is a rarity. He has no allegiance to forswear; and he cannot return to Russia. The rapidity with which the New York Jew adopts the manners and trappings of Americans almost disproves his ancient heritage as a peculiar people. He objects to being regarded as a thing apart, and goes to extremes to make himself like the native-born. Everything that typifies the Russian he seeks to shake off. Thus he has a mania for changing his name. The Russian -skis and -vitches are liberally dropped. Levinsky becomes Levin; Grafinsky, Graf; Kudinosky, Kudin; Michaelowitz, Michaels. Ingeniously the Russian or Polish is transformed into good old Anglo-Saxon. Stepinsky becomes Stevens; Shidlowsky, Sheldon; Willinsky, Wilson. Davidowitz readily translates into Davison or Davidson, Jacobson into Jackson. Russian and Polish Jews commonly have German names, precisely as they speak; not Russian — which only the educated know — but a German dialect. These are readily translated or transformed into English. Weiss becomes White, Preiss, Price, and Reiss, Rice. A certain Mr. Jaim Kele, after a few months' residence, blossomed out as Hugh Kelly. They also abandon their surnames with no pretence of translating. In the Jewish quarters you will meet hundreds of Smiths, Robinsons, Browns, Johnsons, Taylors, and Greens. One of the leading clothing manufacturers is a Mr. Jones. They even name themselves after the old East-Side streets. There are many Ludlows, Delanceys, Rutgers, Rivingtons, and Clintons among recently arrived Hebrews. They regard their former connection with Russia as a degradation. Those born close to the Prussian or Austrian border line regard that fact almost as mitigating the disgrace. If they came here when small children, too young to remember the Pale, that is a cause of special pride; and nothing can exceed the gusto with which a scion of the second generation informs you that he first saw the light in the United States!

They do more, however, than change their names. They change their homes, and adapt their manner of life to that found here. That they lower the standard of living is a ridiculous accusation. They do not constantly draw the rest of the population to their level; they constantly seek to raise their own. In describing the Russian Jew, too much emphasis is always laid upon the lower East Side. That is the home of the newly arrived, and of the old. The life ambition of most residents of the East Side is to leave it. In this the children are especially persistent. They quickly outgrow the three- and four-room flat. Their parents may have worked in the sweat-shop, but they eschew it. The increase of Italian workmen in the clothing trades, and the gradual decrease of Jews — to which attention has already been called — is one of the most striking evidences of economic improvement. Under the pressure of the second generation the old folks pack their goods and leave Hester, Suffolk, and Essex Streets for more sanitary and pretentious quarters. The prosperous, as already said, find their way up to Lexington, Madison, Park, and Fifth Avenues, and the adjoining streets. The great Jewish *bourgeoisie*, however, lives in Harlem. The section from Lexington to Seventh Avenues, One Hundred and Tenth to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, is a great Russian and Polish community, made up almost entirely of East-Siders who have outgrown their station. About 70,000 have emigrated northward in the last five years. Even more have crossed into Brownsville, in the eastern section of Brooklyn. In other places — in the Bronx, the Lenox Avenue part of Manhattan — new ghettos have sprung up. In two years an enormous population has settled in East New York. Lands upon which, in 1904, potatoes and cabbages grew, are now covered with up-to-date apartment-houses and dwellings. None of the East-Side impedimenta have been carried north. There are no push-carts, no itinerant peddlers, no marriage brokers, no red lights. Yiddish is never heard, except when the old folks get together; and familiar Jewish mannerisms — that queer gesture with the uplifted palm — are infrequent. The women do not appear in the streets bareheaded; they wear American millinery, natty white shirt-waists, and tan shoes. The little girls have on the most up-to-date frocks; the little boys the everlasting Russian blouse. Instead of a three- or four-room flat, each family has five or six or seven rooms. "Crayon portraits," brass bedsteads, artificial flowers,

"oil paintings," instalment pianos, an incipient library — everything suggests the middle-class American home.

Politically, the Jew's individualism is his saving grace. It prevents him from organizing in a mass. There is no such thing as the "Jewish vote" as there is an "Irish vote," and still, to a considerable extent, a "German vote." The Hebrews of New York are not controlled as a unit by political leaders. They vote for one party at one election, for another at the succeeding. Better than any other element, even the native stock, do they meet the two supreme tests of citizenship; they actually go to the polls, and when once there, vote independently. Politically the most interesting assembly district in Manhattan is the Eighth — the one with the densest Russian Jewish population. Here all but four per cent of the registered electors voted last November. The average stay-at-home in the whole Borough was seven per cent. In the district with the largest native American population, the Twenty-third, the absentees numbered six per cent. From this we must conclude that the Jewish people fulfil the obligations of citizenship — the actual voting — more regularly even than the native-born. And the statistics also show that they vote with discrimination. A study of the election figures for several years shows that there are only eight assembly districts in Manhattan that do not invariably vote one way; districts, that is, evidently with political convictions. They contain Manhattan's great "independent vote," which holds the balance of power. Included in these eight banner districts are the Eighth, Tenth, and the Sixteenth — sections predominantly Jewish. By all odds the most noteworthy is the Eighth. It contains such well-known Ghetto streets as Hester, Delancey, Eldridge, and Allen. Politically, it is always uncertain. Its population is about evenly divided between the two great political parties. One year it has a Republican assemblyman at Albany; next year a Democrat. It voted for Bryan in 1900; for Roosevelt in 1904. Coler (Democratic) captured it in the governorship election of 1902; and Higgins (Republican), in that of 1904. The Tenth, also exclusively Jewish, shows the same independence. It voted for Low in 1901, and for McClellan in 1903. In 1904 its ballots were cast for the Republican candidates on the National ticket, and the Democratic on the State. Politically, therefore, it cannot be said that the Jews are a problem. In partizan politics their influence is decreased because of this very independence. Their leaders are unable to deliver their votes and thus are unable to demand much patronage. Of the thirty-five district leaders of Tammany Hall, in spite of the preponderance of the Jewish population, only one is a Jew. In all the East-Side districts except one, the Irish still control the party machinery.

IN EXTREMIS

BY

GEORGE STERLING

TILL dawn the Winds' insuperable throng
Passed over like archangels in their might,
With roar of chariots from their stormy height,
And broken thunder of mysterious song —
By mariner or sentry heard along
The star-usurping battlements of night —
And wafture of immeasurable flight,
And high-blown trumpets mutinous and strong.
Till louder on the dreadful dark I heard
The shrieking of the tempest-tortured tree,
And deeper on immensity the call
And tumult of the empire-forging sea;
But near the eternal Peace I lay, nor stirred,
Knowing the happy dead hear not at all.

FLOOD-TIDE

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "COMEDIES IN MINIATURE," ETC.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

HALSTEAD had checked his trunk and was making his way toward the Forty-second Street entrance, where he was to meet Carter, when he caught sight of her. For an instant he paused, frowning, still gripped by the determination not to see her again in which his long struggle had resulted. Then he remembered that it would be the last time, and gave himself five minutes for the conventional leave-taking which would be all that could be possible in such a place.

"Will you stop long enough to say good-by?" he asked, at her shoulder.

If she caught her breath, he did not notice it for trying to control his own unsteady pulse. He gathered, however, a comfortless impression that her glance was entirely calm.

"How did you hear that I was going?" Her voice sounded unnatural in her own ears, and she forced a more even tone. "I intended to 'fold my tent like the Arab.'"

"You!" he exclaimed. "You going away? Where?"

"Just at present, to spend a day with my cousin at New Haven. I'm early for my train, I think. My watch stopped."

It seemed to him all at once that she looked very tired. Her eyes were duller than their wont; about her mouth lay drooping lines; he missed the customary easy elasticity of her bearing and a certain buoyant quality in her voice.

"Shall we sit down for a moment?" That she hesitated before accepting his suggestion disquieted him further. Hesitancy was not characteristic of her.

"I beg pardon,"— Halstead was sensitive —"perhaps you are not alone? Or Dewing is coming?"

"No," she said. "See that funny little man with the broad shoulders and the short legs. He looks as if he had been forty years a football player, and had gradually been telescoped. By the way, what was the score Saturday?"

Halstead replied briefly: "Tie. Six to six," the while he nursed a cumulative indignation that any man bearing, as Horace Dewing did, the immeasurable distinction of being Betty Davenport's accepted lover, could be so ungrateful and indifferent to the honors and privileges of his position that he could permit her to start on even so short a journey without his attendance, at least to the ticket gate.

Following his thought, he asked: "Shall you be long at New Haven?"

"Only until to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh, of course! You'll return for the Keene's dinner to-morrow night!"

"No." She did not soften the brevity of her reply.

He turned to her in surprise, but her glance was toward the door.

"See that nice old — why, it's Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge!" She rose as two smiling, white-haired people came toward them, the man in clerical dress.

"Have you seen Mrs. Bidwell?" asked Mrs. Eldridge. "We are to meet her at this train. She's coming to visit us."

"No, I haven't seen her," replied Betty.

"I hope she's not going to miss it! Ordinarily we could wait, but Mr. Eldridge has a wedding to-night, and we must get home. I wonder if she could find her way alone?"

"If I see her, shall I tell her —— ?"

"Oh, if you please! Tell her, Betty, that we *had* to take this train, and we'll have a cab at the station to meet the next one. Thank you so much! Come, James."

"But Betty may not see Mrs. Bidwell," mildly protested the clergyman. "There will be other trains, and ——"

"I decline to take any risks," interrupted his wife, whose firm tone in no wise discounted the sweetness of her smile. "You must not be late at that wedding, James. Everybody would say I had managed so badly! Mrs. Bidwell will come along presently, I'm sure."

"If I see her —" began Miss Davenport.

"Yes, if you please! Good-by," and the gently protesting clergyman was borne away by his energetic spouse.

Betty laughed. "He'll not be late at the wedding," she said, resuming her seat.

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Eldridge? Rector of 'The Three Angels' at New Rochelle. He used to be in Albany. He married — and buried — my parents, and christened me."

"And I suppose he'll marry you." Halstead used the carefully commonplace tone with which a man masks his wounds.

"I don't know." Her glance seemed to wander vaguely. "What is that megaphone man saying? It must be time for my train."

"Not quite, I think. I — please don't think me intrusive, but — is it to be soon?" Halstead knew that he was playing with fire, but he felt a savage pleasure in torturing himself with temptation to which both pride and honor forbade his yielding.

"Soon? What?"

"Your wedding."

She met his glance with reserve. "I don't know," she said, coldly.

"I beg pardon. I asked because I am going away, and if it is to be soon — very soon ——"

"*You* are going away? For long?"

"I am going to Japan, for — forever, I hope." Striving to make his tone light, he still did not trust himself to look at her, for fear of what his eyes might tell of suffering.

"When?" Only an almost imperceptible hardness in her tone indicated the tension under which she held herself.

"Now,— to-night. My train leaves at 6:35, and I have just time to connect with the 'Empress of India' at Vancouver."

"Isn't this — very — sudden?"

As the cool voice slowly dropped the words, resentment stirred him. It seemed to him that she might at least feign regret; their friendship had apparently been pleasant to her. There grew in him a bitter desire to end it all quickly, and to get away. Over the confusion of many voices sounded the drone of the man with the megaphone, while Halstead replied mechanically to her query.

"Sudden? No, not particularly. I have been considering an excellent offer to go out there, and yesterday I cabled that I would take this steamer. I think your train is called. Shall we go?"

The girl sat perfectly still. "To Japan," she said, "and for years." Halstead winced and arose with decision.

"Your train," his tone was formal; "I must not detain you."

"Oh, I've decided to wait for Mrs. Bidwell," she replied, hurrying her words; "didn't I tell you? I'm in no haste, and she might not understand that they will expect her."

Halstead almost groaned as he resumed his seat beside her, and in the silence that ensued between them he moodily bit his mustache, while around them moved the eddying crowds, and above the sound of many feet tapping the paved floor came still the monotonous announcement of departing trains.

Suddenly the girl stripped off a glove, and laid a ringless left hand in her lap. Then, because it shook, she frowned, and gripped the fingers around the magazine she held.

"Then you won't be at the Keene's dinner, either." The light tone conveyed no hint of the trembling that had fallen upon her. "How fortunate for them that the number is merely diminished by two! Eleventh hour invitations are so awkward, and poor relations are usually obvious expedients."

"You intend going on somewhere from New Haven, then?" Halstead's mind was busily seeking a means to end, decently, a situation that he felt to be increasingly difficult, and his question was perfunctory.

"Yes, I'm going — home." For the first time her voice escaped control, and the last word was almost inaudible.

"Home!" he echoed. Incredulously, he turned to look at her, but for once her eyelids were lowered, and she failed to meet his glance. Her left hand moved slightly, but its tentative suggestion was lost in his preoccupation.

"Home!" he repeated. "You're going home — alone — like this?"

"Oh, I didn't tell anybody. I was — tired, and — and I just ran away. I didn't want anyone to come — here — with me." Her voice still wavered uncertainly, and she

continued to look steadily at the gloveless hand gripping the magazine.

A growing excitement burned in Halstead's eyes.

"But Dewing?" he demanded. "Dewing knew?"

Under the eager pursuit of his glance, the feminine instinct of flight reasserted itself. She hid her left hand under its gloved fellow, and gathering all her forces in an effort to assume the calm frankness which, to women of her type, is an armor, forced herself to meet his glance with apparent simplicity, and to speak with deliberation, covering her retreat.

"Oh, yes, Horace knew. He said he would come to the train, but I told him I'd rather not."

Halstead fell back, biting his mustache, and his brain jeered at his impulsive heart.

She altered her position, sitting more easily, her lighter tone suggesting that the relaxation was not alone physical. "And you?" she asked. "Why is there no one to see you off?"

"There is," he replied. "Carter was to meet me here. He's probably waiting in the crowd over there by the door somewhere."

"Then I mustn't detain you." She glanced at the clock, and again it seemed to him that she looked pitifully tired. "Your train goes at 6:35? You have only half an hour."

He arose unwillingly now, determined to seize the opportunity to end the strain and yet reluctant finally to leave her presence. She arose, also, and instinct giving way once more to the impulse born of parting, extended her bare left hand. "Good-by," she said.

When he took the hand, the close, nervous clasp of it comforted him, even while it threatened his careful self-control.

"I wish you knew—" He checked the impulsive words and stood looking down at the hand he held, wondering how he should complete the sentence without betraying himself and leaving regret with her.

As his glance fell for the first time on her fingers, she held her breath for an expectant instant; then the quick light died out of her face, leaving it paler than before.

"I do know that Mr. Carter will never forgive me if I keep you longer. He must be growing impatient." She moved her hand as if to liberate it, gently adding, "Good-by."

"Good-by," he duly responded. "I'm going to Japan, and you'll marry—*Betty! Where is your engagement ring?*" Snatching at the fingers that had almost slipped from his clasp, his breath caught in his throat, and his eyes blazed into hers the story of his heart.

"It's gone. I gave it back to Horace," she whispered, when she could control her lips.

"When?"

"This morning."

"Why?"

Against the encroachment of his tone, her last feeble struggle began in hysterical flippancy and ended in capitulation.

"Because his name commenced with D." Her laughter was palpably artificial. "'Change the name and not the letter,' you know—ah, *please* let go my hand!"

He released it instantly, but his eyes compelled her gaze as he bent toward her.

"I love you! I love you!" he whispered.

"Oh, don't!" She shrank slightly and covered her flushing cheek with her hand. "Please—not here!"

Obediently drawing a little away from her, his quick glance found in the careless, hurrying crowd no impediment to the course of his long restrained wooing, but he touched her arm, and they stepped aside a few paces, out of the thickest current.

"Betty," he asked very gently, "do you love me?"

Her lips quivered. "Oh, why do you ask me here?" she cried. "You know—you must have known—and I *couldn't* marry Horace after I realized—" A sob choked her, and he waited while she fought for self-control. When he spoke again, his voice was grave and quiet.

"I never even dreamed it, dear. If I had, do you think I would have run away from you?"

A faint smile crept into her eyes. "We're you running away? So was I. I was afraid——"

"Of me?" gravely.

"Of—life, I think. It seemed so big, all at once—and so tragic!"

"But you knew that I——"

"Oh, no! Sometimes I wondered if you did—a little; but not often. I only knew that I was afraid. Now—" sudden realization widened her eyes, and her tone grew sharper. "Dwight, *must* you go to Japan—now?"

For a moment he pulled at his mustache, while she stood anxiously watching the sterner lines appear in his face, half unconsciously noting the streaks of gray over his temples, and about his eyes the traces of sleepless

nights. From a neighboring bench, an elderly woman yielded them, with tender reminiscence, the tribute that all the world pays a lover. A party of travelers, laden with bags, golf-clubs, umbrellas, and rugs, jostled them in passing, and the voice of the train-caller came again monotonously through the long room.

"I'm afraid I must, dear," at last said Halstead. "You see, it's rather important to the man at the other end. Certain serious business interests depended upon my decision. I have accepted, and now if I fail him ——"

"But the next steamer!" she begged. "Look, we have only twenty minutes!"

He frowned, pulling still at his mustache, and she pressed pleading fingers for a moment on his arm, removing them at once.

A vigorous, clean-featured man of thirty-five, or thereabout, approached them, smiling.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You two look as if you were deciding the destiny of the Universe. Give it up, Halstead! You've only twenty minutes left."

"Hello, Carter!" Halstead mechanically extended his hand. "Thought you weren't coming."

Carter cast a whimsical glance at him, responding dryly: "Oh, did you? I've been holding up a door-post at our trysting-place over there for exactly twenty-five minutes! Miss Davenport," sadly shaking his head, "this chap isn't right! Doesn't this sudden whim of his to rush off to the other side of everywhere impress you as being decidedly crazy?"

"I've been trying to persuade him to stay over one steamer for — treatment," said Betty. She endeavored to respond to his mood of raillery, but as she turned to Halstead, her eyes grew wistful again. "Will you?"

"Betty, I can't! I *must* go, and I can't even be sure that I can come back for you for a long time. Perhaps — would you be willing to come out to me — by and by?"

After looking into his face a moment, she turned her troubled glance toward the mystified Carter. Thus recalled to a realization of his friend's presence, Halstead continued: "See here, Carter, it was no end good of you to come to see me off, but the truth is —" Betty was looking toward the door, but as he paused, she flushed and nodded slightly — "the truth is, Joe, Miss Davenport has just promised to marry me, and — and so — you see —" he paused, frowning expectantly.

"To marry — *Jove!*" gasped Carter. "Why! — why!" It was obviously impossible to ask what had become of Dewing.

"You see, I was going away," hurriedly broke in Miss Davenport, her head very high and her cheeks very pink; "I was — I am — going home to-morrow — to my aunt's in Albany, you know. I — it was impossible for me to remain here any longer ——"

"Oh!" comprehensively ejaculated Carter.

"And — and we just happened to meet here. I'm going to New Haven to-night, and — and he said he was going to Japan, and — and ——"

"To be sure! Certainly!" Carter interrupted her breathless utterance with soothing conviction. "Nothing could be more natural! And you're simply the luckiest mortals in the world that you found it out in time. I've seen it all along! Oh, I'm a regular old woman for match-making, and anyone can see with half an eye that you two were just born for each other. Now, I'm off. Bless you, my children!" He gave a hearty hand to each. "It's mighty tough your having to part like this, now, isn't it? Why don't you go along?" he inquired of Betty.

"Nobody axed me to," she laughed, winking the tears off her lashes.

"Betty!" Halstead seized her arm. "You wouldn't! Would you?"

"Blessed man, how could I — in fifteen minutes? If you'd give me half an hour, now — !" in a gallant attempt to be merry.

Halstead bit his lip. "Joe, is there any way of getting to a preacher and back here in a quarter of an hour?"

"Not that I know of, but you might bring Mahomet to the mountain. I saw Mr. Eldridge a minute ago."

"Not *my* Mr. Eldridge!" cried Betty. "Oh, no! They took the 5:50."

"Then it's their ghosts! I saw Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and some other woman come out of the tea-room not five minutes ago. They're probably out there now, waiting for their gate to open."

"If I only had a license!" groaned Halstead.

"Don't need one in New York State," alertly responded Carter. "Shall I run?"

"Betty, Betty, will you go?"

"Why — why — if — oh, Mr. Eldridge christened me!" she finished impotently, feeling the breath of Fate upon her.

"Run, Joe!" cried Halstead, but Carter was off before the words were formed.

"Betty — oh, my love, will you marry me here — now — and go with me?" Regardless of the throngs about them, he took her hands, and bent his head to read her face.

"Why — I — how can I? How can you? Oh — it isn't possible!" The brave voice shook pitifully. "Oh, Dwight, suppose he shouldn't find them!"

"You *darling!*" he breathed.

After that, they stood, tense and motionless, watching the doors that lead to the tracks. Presently appeared the rotund figure and placid face of Mr. Eldridge, followed in rapid succession by his wife, Mrs. Bidwell, and Carter. Mrs. Eldridge reached them first.

"James insisted upon waiting for Mrs. Bidwell, and we missed four trains," she exclaimed. "My dear child, have you *thought?*"

Miss Davenport hid her face in the older woman's shoulder, whispering: "I don't have to think: I know."

"Betty," softly and tenderly, "do you love him? Are you very sure?"

The girl lifted her head, flushing proudly. "Mrs. Eldridge, *this* is Dwight," was her conclusive reply.

The clergyman's wife turned from her scrutiny of Halstead's face as her husband joined them, panting a little from his rapid walk.

"It's all quite as it should be, James," she announced. "The dear child is exactly like her mother."

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" gasped the old man. "How you young people do rush things! My dear Betty," in a low tone, as he drew her apart from the others, "isn't this very sudden? What about Horace Dewing?"

A shadow fell athwart her face. "I am very sorry about Horace, but — he understands. I told him — the truth."

"You told him ——"

"I had to be honest, hadn't I, Mr. Eldridge? He was very good about it." Quick tears wet her lashes, but she blinked them off again. "And I was going away — I really was! But I met Dwight here, and — oh, Mr. Eldridge, he's going to Japan."

"Yes, yes, young Carter told me. My dear child ——"

"James," interrupted Mrs. Eldridge, "if you don't make haste with this wedding, you'll miss the other one entirely. Come over this way."

They followed her to a comparatively quiet spot near the west end, and there, while the locomotives without rumbled a mighty triumphal paean, the simple old words of the marriage service transformed, for that little company, the resounding vault of the railway station into the lofty spaces of a cathedral, and the multitudinous voice of the hurrying throng became to them a hymning cnoir, chanting unceasingly of the love that is brave to meet life and strong to endure.

"God bless you, my dear." Mrs. Eldridge wiped her eyes, kissed Betty, and promptly embraced the commonplace that crowds ever upon the heels of romance. "What about your things? Shall I send your trunk after you?"

"Why — it's here — somewhere. I was going home, you know." In Betty's eyes shone ineffable light, and she seemed to speak from a great distance.

Mrs. Eldridge took Betty's purse from her unresisting hands and extracted from it the transfer company's receipt.

"James, take this and find that trunk quickly." Her husband hurried away. "Mr. Halstead, have you a ticket for your wife?"

"No, not yet. You see, I ——"

The clergyman's wife took instant possession of the roll of bills which Halstead drew from his pocket and, thrusting a part of them into Carter's hand, concluded her directions.

"Mr. Carter, we have only five minutes. There is not time to get a through ticket. Get one to Montreal, find Mr. Eldridge, check that trunk, and meet us at the gate in five minutes." Carter dashed through the crowd. "Mr. Halstead, at Montreal you can get the rest of your transportation. Give me your Pullman check. I'll try to get you a drawing-room. All you have to do is to go to the gate and wait." The last words were called over her shoulder as she propelled Mrs. Bidwell through the crowd toward the Pullman office.

Halstead turned to his wife in silence. She put her hand in his, and for a moment they stood looking at each other in the radiance of this new transfiguration. Then, silently still, he drew her hand within the curve of his arm, and together they walked through the crowded ways of the long waiting-room and out through its portals, into Life.

THE POT-HUNTERS

BY

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "PARDNERS," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I HAD finished the sporting sheet and impatiently awaited the first pages with the war news, but Kink feeds upon written language temperately and with apparent languor; picking it apart, line from line, like a girl eating shoe-string potatoes with her fingers. When I had re-read for a third time all about the victory of the American track team eight weeks before, and was deep in the "Gossip of the Fighters," he finished. We traded halves gravely, for the first spring newspaper is more precious than fine gold, and lends itself neither to jest nor laughter.

It was considerably later that he brandished his pink sheet meditatively.

"What kind of a jack-pot did these foot-racers win, hey?"

"Prizes, do you mean?" questioned I. "Why, they don't sprint for money; they're amateurs. They compete for sport."

Followed a discourse on athletics which he interrupted.

"Don't talk to me about sport; I know it all. Mebbe it's news to you, but I am the human handbook on runnin', an' I promulgates the maxim that necessity is the father of foot-racin'! I s'pose you never heard about Mojave Mike Butters, none to speak of, did you?"

"Certainly!" said I, "an old time pro. He was a pot-hunter."

"Well, him an' me has harvested more goods an' chattels through the bettin' proclivities of the American public than any pair of sportsmen west of Wall Street. His case'll p'int my illustration, I reckon, namely an' to wit: in order to do anything right well, a man has got to have a consumin' motive, like hunger, or marriage, or some sim'lar kind of fright."

Outside the bunk-house, the drip of spring snows told of the coming clean-up, while the soft mountain twilight invited reminiscence.

"I was range ridin' for the 'C Circle R,' an' one day comin' back from the foot-hills I jumped up the ondecentest party I ever see disfiggerin' of nature's perspective. He wore knee panties an' a undershirt without no sleeves. Furthermore, he walked bareheaded, barelegged, an' barefoot, carryin' in his hands a pair of dancin' pumps with spikes in the soles. It ain't conventional to flush up no such aspects twenty mile out in the sage-brush, an' the pinto tore up something fierce.

"'How!' says I, peelin' up track to see if somebody was bringin' his trunk.

"He didn't retort nothing relevant; just as't for my knife. I give it to him, an' he begin manicurin' cactus thorns out of his feet.

"Bime by I cl'ared my throat.

"'Nothin' is more repulsive to my nature than vulgar cur'osity,' says I, 'but I deem all precedents is busted by the sight of a man in a bathin'-suit wadin' through a cactus flat with his hands full of shoes. You have upset the processes of reason in me, complete. Be you a crip with some newfangled lung cure, or is these clues the ear an' foot marks of a nimble "get-away"? If the latter, I begs pardon and passes by its animatin' motives without interest, as befittin' a gentleman. If the former, I pines to know more of the treatment an' if it's too impulsive to permit of a man's shoein' hisself.'

"'I'm afraid of bustin' a spike on these rocks,' says he; 'there ain't another pair west of Denver.' An' havin' chiropped sufficient, he stood up.

"I got a real Bertillion of him then, an' the evidence sure tore into the invalid hypothesis, for he loomed up terrible deep in the

chest an' bulky about the boosum. When he tiptoed acrost the road, his calves stood out lean an' stringy, an' them shameless pantalettes showed leg muscles veined like the flanks of a quarter-hoss. Altogether, he looked to need an open-air treatment 'bout as urgent as I hungered for a hossback ride, havin' cantered forty mile since day.

"'Gentle stranger,' I emits, 'maybe you're plenty buxom in the legs, but your speech is plainly feeble an' limpin'. As for me, I am that far lost to all sense of shame that I asks right out: who are you, what is them cock-fightin' slippers for; an' how come you flauntin' your unblushin' nekkedness before the virgin face of me an' Montana?'

"'Them's my runnin' shoes,' says he. 'I'm Mojave Mike, an' I can beat any man, woman, or child, fish, fowl, or foot-racer that inhabits the dry land, or lives outside of Kansas; for any sum or distance up to four hundred yards an' a like total of dollars; flyin' start; money at the tape. I might say further that I am the hind quarters an' workin' capital of a scheme for the invigoration of the sportin' instinct in small towns. The other an' forra'd half of the sketch comprises Rev. Martin Luther Worthy, of Binghamton, New York, who's on ahead with the "Holy Land on a Bicycle"; seven hundred views; an' all the latest song successes. He instigates Y. M. C. A.'s for a main line, an' looks over the ground for me as a side graft.

"'I got a letter from him at Pocatello, sayin' that the town of Little River wallered in the belief that it had a sprinter. Along with an' added to this asset, the village now has my clothes an' three hundred an' forty dollars in side bets belongin' to me an' that earnest Christian worker, Dr. Worthy. Them mournful numbers explains this display of my unseemly charms that you alluded at.'

"'So ye bet your whole roll, clothes an' all,' says I, 'an' instead of emergin' garnished with the proud flesh of vic'try, you found the feller could run some after all, eh?'

"Naturally this here epic is good readin' to me, an' I hungers for more.

"He snorts like the pinto.

"'Run? I could give him a start, beat him out, an' be hid before he'd finish. They jobbed me! They're crooked! I'm wise to most every graft, an' when it comes to havin' the bunk handed to me, I'm the armless wonder of the museum — I ain't got hands to receive it; but these fakers laid the goldbrick in my lap while my hands was busy. They're thieves! Run? He's hamstrung, I tell you.'

"Bein' as I could have heard him plain if I'd been hull down below the sky-line, I judges that Mr. Mike had antipathies to his treatment, an' from his tale I don't wonder that sorrow gnawed at his innards.

"It seems he'd wandered into Little River an' got a job as a painter. When he'd been there a week he let out kind of chesty that he was awful fast on his feet.

"It didn't take no time to get his money placed. The village star of hope was a college youth named Mulveyhill, whose pa was mayor of the town.

"The race come off at a picnic the morning I rides onto the scene, an' as near as I could make it out, Mojave had let the boy run close to him in hopes of gettin' another race later on. The judges was holdin' the tape at the finish, an' what did one of 'em do when he see Mike leadin' by six inches, but drop the string before either man touched, an' yell:

"'Mulveyhill wins!'

"He had fifty on the college boy himself.

"When things was right at their worst, a stranger tips him off to the multitude as Mojave Mike Butters, the pot-hunter, an' claims he'd seen him beat the state champeen at Pocatello, usin' sim'lar wiles, only at that time Mike was a miner by name of Jimson. This here Judy Iscariot had lost a hundred on the exhibit.

"These discrepancies sort of fanned the feelin's of the populace into a kind of enthusiasm. Foot-racin' seemed to have got into their systems. They craved further exhibitions of his speed, an' they follered him three mile across the prairie, afoot an' hossback, through cactus an' sage-brush, till their cravin's was assuaged.

"I never did get all the straight of the obsequies, for Mike gets loose from his language whenever he comes to the indignities of this epoch.

"'Pardner!' says I, when he concluded, 'eight mile over yonder is our outfit. I've got a war-bag in the bunk-house with more or less of a troosoo therein. The overhalls ain't been pressed recent, nor there ain't no raised silk monograms on the jumper sleeves, but it'll keep you from mauraudin' over the

welkin in your goose-flesh a-debauchin' the morals of livestock, this-a-way. Moreover, I has forebodin's of a back payroll to the extent of thirty-four dollars, the which I deems it a relaxation to split with you. Is it a go?'

"'We have wasted too much time in idle chatter,' says he. 'Let us advance by rushes on the thirty-four.'

"Somehow I was drawed to this stranger from the first; his methods was that open an' refined.

"On the way over he reverts to the thirty-four subject again.

"'How foolish to toil for a niggardly stipend,' he says, 'when every hamlet supports a pterodactyl who hugs the delusion that he can run, an' is willin' to further the conceit by wagers. There's fortunes in foot-racin'!'

"'Doubtless,' I interrupts, gazin' at his white meat, all cactus scratched, 'but after the horrible example of pot-huntin' prosperity which you presents, I ain't really hungerin' for none of it — not personally.'

"'All the game needs is a lookout,' says he. 'If you an' me was hooked up double with that thirty-four dollars, we could go back to Little River an' clean 'em out slicker'n bass-wood bark. We'd quit the place with money in every pocket, an' plenty of pockets.'

"'Strikes me that some other town further on might lend itself to pillage just as easy,' says I, 'bein' as you're so well known an' abominated there, so to speak.'

"'No, sir-ee! I had an uncle back in Arkansas, that got flimmed on a hoss deal onct, an' when he found it out he called at the party's house with his shot-gun.'

"'"Where's Bill?" he inquires of the gent's wife.'

"'"He's 'listed an' gone to the war," she says.'

"'"Thank yo' ma'am," says he, shoulderin' his weapon an' commencin' to tramp back an' forth, "I'll wait for him."'

"'That's me. I'm goin' to wait fer them Little Rivulets.' An' with that he unfolds a scheme which for plumb legitimate frenzied finance had the U. S. Steel an' Shipwreckin' deals looking like a game of old maid for hairpins.

"It has allus been a religion with me that the circ'latin' medium should circ'late, an' it has been my earnest effort to become a full-growed artery therefor. When I'd heard him through, I stood good for him at the ranch, an' the foreman put him on.

"Well, the next day I rode over to Little River an' had a long pow-wow with a barber I knowed. He said he didn't have the dope, but he could get it in Denver by writin', which he done.

"I never seen such a change as there was in Mojave when I got through landscape-gardenin' of him. The oxhide stuff bleached him out till he was yaller as a dance-hall daisy. It was plumb startlin' to see him grow pallid. Altogether it took 'bout a month to get him Swedified proper an' for his mustache to grow, but, as it happened, him an' me was camped over in the Red River flats, with a bunch of yearlin's, where he wasn't bothered.

"We got in line and rode the cayuses back an' forth across the flat till we wore a smooth trail through the grass, 'bout two foot wide an' two hundred yards long. Then every evenin' we'd line out for this stadium, him in his spikes an' panties, me with my Colt's. He'd scrouch down an' stomp his feet into the dirt, while I'd yell:

"'On your marks! Git set! Bang!' an' he'd beat the echo out of range. We lived an' slept an' et foot-racin'. I dreamed about 'starts' an' 'strides' an' 'take-offs' an' such.

"He could run, all right, all right. He had to. Talk about your amatoors that sprint for sport — this party had learned to run or starve, as a boy, an' had never forgot how. Why, say, when he tore hisself loose from a vicinity, it seemed like the whole landscape was crippled. I used to try him out by givin' him a start an' shootin' at him. If he beat the bullet, we figgered he was up to form, but if the lead overtook him, we'd call it an off-day an' underload the ca'tridges. I've seen him scare a jack-rabbit up till it was workin' under forced draught, then limp up to it from behind an' kind of yawn an' stretch, an' then goad it to wake up or else get off the trail an' let somebody run that knowed how.

"Well, when we broke training, he pointed out direct for Little River, while I rode back to the camp an' drawed out of the stock business our wages aggravatin' the stupefyin' total of seventy-eight dollars.

"When I got into town I found him turnin' faro in the 'Ophir' on the swing shift. He'd got a job the first clatter, an' made as

fine a golden-haired cherub as ever robbed a church; different entire from Mojave Mike Butters, who had a mane like the cover of a hair sofa. This blondifyin' seemed to gentle him a heap, too, for he bore up under the burden of 'Curley Terwilliger,' the which sounds to me like some Eastern cuss word.

"That evenin', conversation in the 'Ophir' turned to foot-racin'.

"'Which, though not dependent on same for no livelihood,' says Curley, 'when it comes to runnin' I might lay claim to bein' present with bells — in a strickly amatoor way, of course.'

"'Might you be wedded to such a theery to any extent?' inquires a bystander.

"'Well, yes! I am shore cinched up considerable to the predilection that I ain't no worm on my feet,' says Curley. 'Not that I ever run much since I was a boy in Fredonia, Kansas, but in them days I was a wonder at pris'ners' base an' town ball, an' I ain't wind-broke nor blemished none, to this day. I wouldn't mind reskin' a few stingy pesos on my alacrities; just enough to remove the contest out of the disreppitable realms of church raffles an' such snares.'

"'We has a tender youth who ain't so ossified around the limbs as the rest of us, an' I am minded to place fifty dollars on him if he'll run,' resumes the speaker, who, I finds out, is the party that helped job Mike the time previous; Briggs, by name.

"'You're on,' says Mike. 'Trot out your prodigy any day, an' I'll scratch dust in his eyes. Moreover, I delegates Mr. Martin here, of the "C Circle R," as stake-holder. He's a stranger to me, but he looks good an' disinterested.' So I am selected to that important position. Later on, Mike covers another twenty-five dollar bet; then, seein' as our pile is all in, he declines further wagers.

"'This ain't no get-rich-quick scheme,' says he. 'I am utilitarian in my instincts from the concrete up, an' I'd a heap ruther see this town flourish like the Green Bay, Wis. tree of fiction than be withered by the frost of adversity, as would shorely happen if it coppered me on the tan-bark. This velocity exhibit is goin' to be an educational divertissement with no motive but the upliftin' of the masses an' the greatest good to the greatest number.'

"About ten o'clock the next morning, Curley sneaks out onto the prairie back of the 'Ophir' an' begins shakin' the kinks out of his legs, unostentatious. I'm watchin' him from a back winder, along with most of the sportin' element, an' it is pitiful to see how he has walked into the jaws of the gamblin' vice. It looked like a mud-turtle could give him the run of his life.

"'Lord!' says a bystander, 'my gran'-mother is raisin' eighty-four next month, but I'm tempted to back her agin that tin-horn for a hundred yards. If she can't run rings around him, carryin' her knittin' with her, then I'm a louse.'

"'He ain't much like Butters, that professional we had last July, is he?' says another.

"'Good thing for him,' the crowd murmurs, kind of somber an' darkly forebodin'— 'we don't stand for no pot-hunters in this town.'

"'What do *you* think of this salmon-tipped gambler, Mr. Martin?' they questioned.

"'Bein' interested soley an' strickly in a official capacity,' I replies, gazin' gravely out to where Curley has his pants rolled up, straddlin' about with symptoms of locomotive ataxia, 'I bears the laurels to the victor, that's all.'

"That night, Briggs brings up the subject again.

"'Did the rejuvention of them laig muscles inspire you with any more confidence, Mr. Terwilliger?'

"'Them are the suitablest words for my symptoms,' says Curley. 'Havin' seen how my limbs retains their Fredonia freshness, if this here match wasn't primarily a work of charity on my part, I would certainly overcome my repugnance to a cinch, an' insulate these purlieus from any redundancies of cash that might pain 'em.'

"'Don't let no chivalry to these environs interfere with your natural depravity,' says Briggs. 'I have a hundred dollars which has growed moldy under the hearthstone. Mebbe we can put it in circ'lation.'

"'Sure!' says Mike. 'Your kind indulgence, Mr. Martin'; so I pockets the bet, likewise, two more for twenty-five each, which runs us up to our limit again.

"The game worked so easy that I begin to like the place an' the profession, but with prosperity comes that cravin' of nature that has to be satisfied. We got full, an' filled the floatin' pop'lation of Little River likewise. Nothin' ribald an' frivolous — just a plain New-England-boiled-dinner kind

"'It ain't conventional to flush up no such aspects twenty mile out in the sage-brush'"

of a jag — made up of the necessities, like 'sky' an' gin an' bitters. There wasn't no valenciennes nor point-lace frills to this tear in the way of busted bar-fixtures an' all that. Of course, Curley spent the money, as it would never do fer the stake-holder to frivol nothin' away, thereby arousin' gossip.

"We was kippered for two days, an' seein' him bust trainin' that-a-way, the sports got ravenous for more of his money. We took all bets up to our limit, an' done the same the next night, only gettin' twice as much each night, of course. We kept doublin' up for several days till the impression got out that this new faro dealer was filthy with the spoils.

"How could we do it with only seventy-eight dollars to start with? Why, simple enough. All we *needed* was a start. We bet seventy-five the first night, which give us a hundred an' fifty to bet the next, an' three hundred the next, an' so forth, only it didn't hold up this pleasin' ratio, because we paid cash for the few things we craved, thus cuttin' down the sum total to reasonable proportions, an' easy to handle. When I get to fondlin' too big money, I grow dizzy an' gaze down on mundane affairs from a great height. I get a contempt for the vulgarities of life such as honest work an' the cost of articles; I ignores 'em complete.

"I don't recall such another eary of high-proof lickers an' high-priced livin' in my whole repertory, while the report that this Mulveyhill biped was trainin' for the race filled us with a great an' consumin' mirth.

"Curley nailed all bets which showed their heads, and we entered into the gamblin' areeny, too, at least I did; played 'bank' durin' my wakin' hours. I had mighty poor luck at it; seemed like I couldn't win. I found out, one day, that the game was a 'brace' an' it made me awful sore to think I had fell amongst crooks.

"A few days before the race, I follers the crowd over to gaze pityin'ly on the Mulvey-hill invalid out for his airing, an' when I had done so, I felt like I'd clutched with both hands onto the sag in a trolley wire. I didn't note no tracks of a wheeled chair goin' out, an' when I got there, instead of seein' a hundred-pound college boy, totterin' down the track with a cigarette in his mouth, my eyeballs was seared onto a party about six foot long, all dyked out in dinky pants an' spike shoes like Mike's. Moreover, he was lean, like a race hoss, an' as musc'lar as dog-meat. He had a heavy jaw an' an eye like the flash of a bowie, an' even though he was a head taller than Mike, he handled hisself like a bantam.

"Just as I got placed, 'Crack!' went the starter's gun for a try-out.

"Gentlemen! The mild-Key-West-two-for-a-dollar bow-sprit in my face turned flat an' tasteless, an' I realized that this here world is a deceitful, unfeelin' vale. That man faded away like a mist, that's all. When he whizzed off, the sod tore out in hunks at every stride, an' he made a buzzin' sound in the air, the pitch of which kept gettin' higher, the further he went.

"'He'll make Mike look like he's runnin' backwards,' thinks I, an' the desire growed on me coldly, of a sudden, to do some urgent bookkeepin' an' strike a trial balance.

"It calc'lated up that I was involved on the debit side of the populace of Little River to the extent of eight hundred an' forty-five dollars. If they won I'd be called on for sixteen hundred an' ninety Kopecks, V. D. Q. As assets for the performance of these covenants, I had three hundred an' thirty in coin of the realm, the balance havin' been doled out for necessaries durin' the week. I ain't no lightnin' calc'lator, but it didn't take me a minute to get the right answer to this problem, viz., the difference in them quantities divided by the result of this foot-race made a lynchin', as clear as day, an' a lynchin' in which I might claim an interest. I proved an' reproved the example, but the quotient was the same every time.

"As I gazed out to the west'ard, the purple foot-hills beckoned to me. Up beyond I seen the main range, cool, mysterious, an' what was better, trackless. Before I realized it, I was sa'nterin' toward the outskirts of that benighted village, bearin' a heavy heart an' a look of innocence. A camp that growed ostriches like the monster I'd just quit was no place for an honest man, an' I planned to shift my game to other lands. It made me shiver to think what a pit of iniquity I had avoided. No doubt the foot-racin' game would go great in some places, an' I judged Mike an' me could do well elsewhere — say at some sanitarium, or a One-legged Soldiers' Home— but we was plainly out-classed here.

"I hadn't gone three hundred yards before the town marshal tapped my snap.

"'You'll oblige by omittin' any constitootionals outside the town limits till after the races, Mr. Martin,' says he, overtakin' me. 'No offense, mind, but the boys has delegated me as body-guard an' guide to you; just to show you around an' keep you from gettin' confused as to directions, also to prevent any trees from fallin' on you.'

"Bein' as there wasn't a rose-bush in forty mile, I seen that his fallin' timber simile was most apt an' pleasin'. Therefore, we sa'ntered back down the main street, arm in arm, boilin' over an' runnin' down the sides with mutual esteem an' confidence.

"I hunts up Mike.

"'We're agin it,' says I.

"'You're crazy,' he answers.

"'Not crazy, just unfortunate. Listen to this! There's only one man in the whole world that can outrun you. I meet up with you nekked, in the underbrush, an' am inveigled into backin' your play. I puts up all my coin, an' lo! We draws that fast runner, the first clatter. Again, you stand to lose nothin' in this race but your breath, an' a little ground, while I am goin' to part absolute from both breath an' ground, if signs don't fail.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Well, this angleworm can outrun the Morse Code, an' my books don't balance, there bein' a triflin' discrepancy of thirteen hundred an' some odd dollars.'

"'Don't worry!' says he, 'I'll beat him. It's as easy as kickin' a lamb in the face. He's an amatoor; I'm a professional. He runs for sport; I run for grub. I've *got* to win. Why, I've laid awake nights gloatin' over the thoughts of doin' unto them what they done unto me last summer.'

"Well, his talk chirked me up considerable, though I growed awful nervous as the time approached.

"I s'pose the total census of Little River dreened off to the fair grounds the day of the race, an' it seemed like they'd all got some kind of a bet on Mulveyhill.

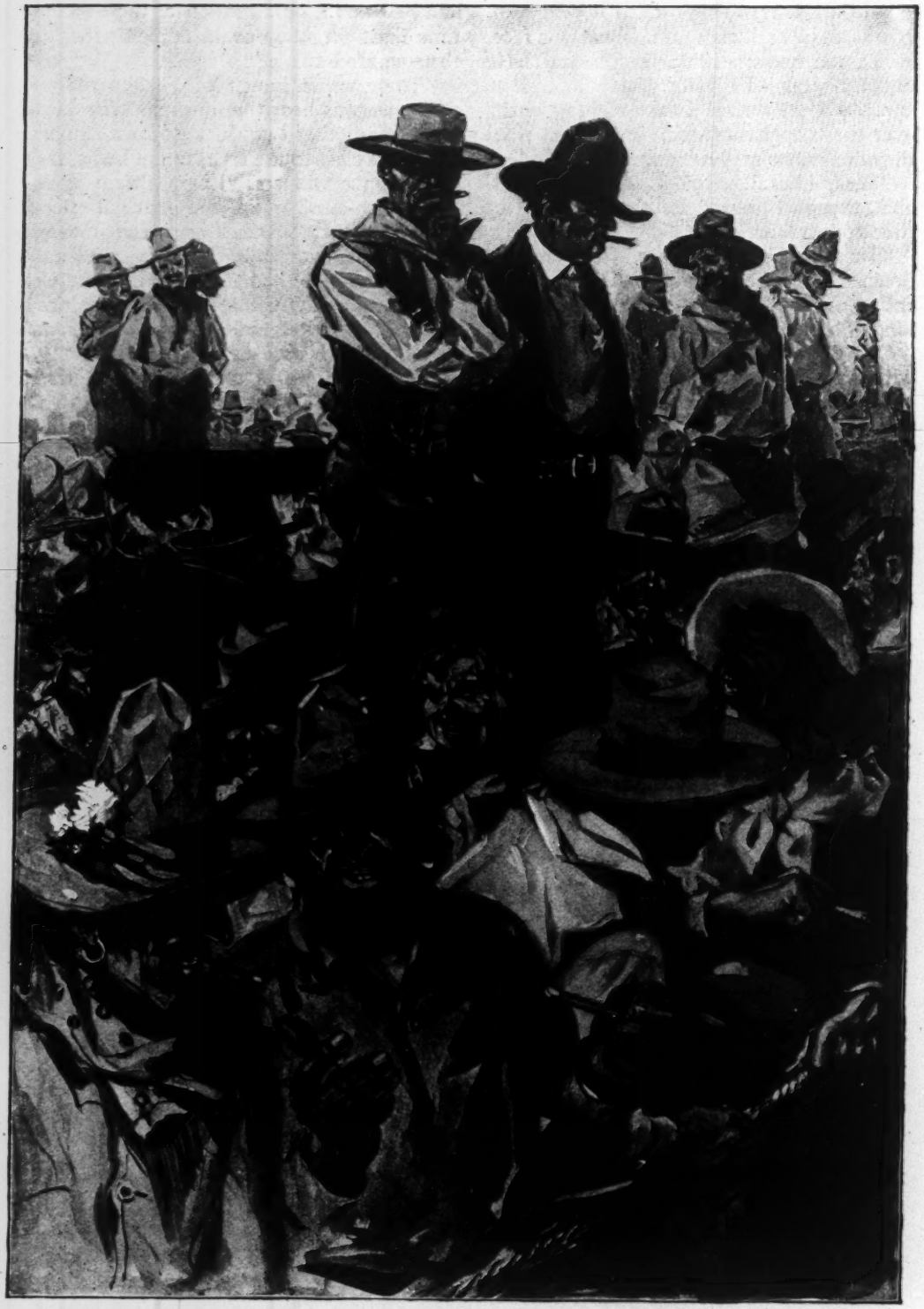
"In them days foot-races wasn't started with no gun-shot like they are now, because there wasn't no runners philanthropic enough to take chances on the starter bein' friendly to the other side an' allowin' his man to beat the gun. No, they used the old-time professional start. That is, they jockeyed back of the scratch, runnin' up to it together, but the race wasn't started till both men had crossed the line. In other words, neither one had to start till he figgered he had a shade the best of it, an' as there was no time limit set, they could fiddle as long as they wanted to.

"There was a bunch of buckboards an' ranch wagons near the finish, an' the committee seen that I got foot room on a buggy seat right clost to the tape, where I was easy prey for the winners. I seen Briggs eyein' me scroop'lous, while the marshal stood handy to thrust hisself between me an' danger or temptation.

"I near fell off when I gazed into the eye of that mob, an' realized how my bank roll stacked. They all had bristly whiskers, an' yaller teeth, an' suspicions of me, apparently, while as for milk of human kindness, them pastures was dry as Death Valley. This episode had snuck out of the comedy field an' was wallerin' hock deep in the blackest kind of tragedy.

"'S'posin' Mike casts a shoe, or busts a blood-vessel, or goes crazy with the heat?' I thinks. All of which catastrophies looms up, of a sudden, not only horrible, but plumb imminent an' impending, so that I

"'On your marks! Git set! Bang!' an' he'd beat the echo out of range"



"'I NEAR FELL OFF WHEN I GAZED INTO THE EYE OF THAT MOB, AN' REALIZED HOW MY BANK ROLL STACKED'"

goes spineless an' soggy like a paper bag full of sour milk. I dassent show symptoms of these impendin' dissolutions, however, 'cause the marshal has his cold, unfeelin' eye on me constant; therefore, I prays for stiff knees so that I don't wabble overboard, squash down, an' mush out all over the ground. Scared! Oh, no! I wasn't horrified, nor hopeless, nor aghast. Them words is feeble an' senseless, an' language shrivels all up over feelin's like mine. They has to be endured to be appreciated, an' few has the constitootion to endure 'em. To make matters harder, I was up in full view an' bass-relief where those who run might read, as it were.

"Just when I diagnosed the worst, a yell streamed out of that ravenin' wolf-pack that shoved over the magnetic pole about three degrees. I thought it was my blood they hungered for till I seen Mulveyhill trot down the track to limber up.

"The college man has on his runnin' pants an' a sweater with a whackin' big letter on the front — most likely his initial — an' all over him is medals an' break-a-brack to burn. To hear 'em, you'd think that assembly had mortgaged the fillin's in their teeth on that lad, while Mike never got a hand as he come out. He looked to be fat an' soft, compared to the amatoor, an' moreover he kind of loafed around like he didn't rec'onize the importance of his lines. The boy was keyed up like a fiddle-string; on his toes an' prancin'; but Mike just slopped about like he'd been robbed of his sleep, the which was such fine comedy to me that I begin my prayers fervent.

"'Too much wood-alcohol an' bitters in that yaller-hammer,' says a party as Mike trots by. 'He's too strong a booze-fighter to run fast.'

"'He'll blow up in fifty yards, sure pop,' says another. 'Wish I had a twenty case note on it.'

"First time up to the mark the youngster beat Mike over by a yard. I never see a man so sudden at startin'; he didn't run; he just occurred here and there. Of course, my pardner stopped short of the scratch, an' the other one come back. It tickled the crowd, though, an' they begin guyin' Mike, while I went gropin' for a Scriptural verse. It seemed like a little singin' an' a few words to the bereaved was about due, but all I could recall was 'The Battle of B'ilin' Water,' so I wore out the first verse of that.

"They tried again, an' it was worse'n ever; he led by five feet, greatly to the frenzy of the populace.

"'What'll he do to Mike when he starts to *run?*' thinks I, while the sweat oozed out of my shoes.

"At the third try he left Mojave like he was crucified, an' I see Mike's teeth showin' as if he was about to bite. He's a hothead, anyhow, an' I could most hear the ivory grindin' in his rage. I don't reckon he'd ever been out-jockeyed that-a-way before, an' what with the crowd growin' personal, he lost his dip.

"'I'll run ye this time if ye beat me over by a rod,' he growls.

"Say! That was apple tartlet *à la mode* for the Mulveyhill beast, an' with them words he left his mark like a shootin' star, Mike foamin' along six foot behind.

"'Go!' screamed several million voices, an' I passed into a trance.

"Down between the lines of hungry faces they come, in a welterin', deafenin' tidal-wave of yells; heads up; hair streamin'; faces knit; two hundred an' twenty yards, straightway.

"Gee! It was a wonderful race, for Mike et up them six long feet, an inch at a time. As he gained slowly, the yells of the bystanders quit till the thud of the runners' feet come out clear in the stillness. At the hundred-yard mark, the boy led by four foot.

"I lived twenty-eight or thirty years in the first fifteen seconds. Then truth flashed over me in a blindin' instant.

"MIKE COULDN'T CATCH HIM.

"At the hundred and fifty he'd picked up another foot, but there he stuck, for the kid was runnin' the race of his life. As they passed me, twenty yard from the tape, I seen Mulveyhill's face all distorted, an' set like clay, in the finishin' spurt; his nerves strained to the snappin' point. Mike was right at his shoulder, but anybody could see he didn't have no show on earth, when, of a sudden, he belched up the *awfullest* holler, right from his pants-band. It busted the silence like a cannon cracker, an' woke me out of my coma.

"If you ever heard a hoss scream in a burnin' stable, just wad that noise into a lump, shoot it out sudden, an' let it bust, an' you'll form some idy of what Mike coughed into the cultured ear of the college man.

"When I heard that scream of despairin' agony, I realized that the stuff was off,

entire, an' that the first law of nature hadn't never been repealed. I let go all holts an' done a back flip-flop out of the buckboard. I hit at half len'th, but at full speed, an' mowed a swath through them merry villagers. Out toward the golden west I started, in an air line for the mountains, eschewin' all subterfudges in the way of deviations.

"'Stop him! There he goes! Halt!' I hears, an' with that I finds the law in Little River to be safeguarded copious.

"It felt like that marshal critter had fell I doubled an' crow-hopped, but my lungs was bustin', an' the breath whistled back an' forr'ad through me like a hot wind through a Kansas corn-crib. My feet was heavy as divin' shoes, my legs was wobbly, an' then, without warnin', I blew up complete.

"'Cross marks the spot where the body was found,' thinks I, makin' a final rush, but I tripped an' was garnered in by a nigger. We bit an' growled an' gouged, while over us piled the ragin' hoi polloi, the tall, the short, the fat, the slim, the lame, the halt, and the blind.

"'I tossed him in the air an' charged the crowd, but they swarmed at me like timber-wolves'"

on me from a great height. If I hadn't been there to check his fall, he'd have been killed. As it was, he made an awful mess out of the ground thereabouts, but there's something frightenin' about a get-away. Put the bravest man in the world to runnin', an' cowardice eats him alive. At first I didn't have no mania in partic'lar, but the second he nailed me, I got the stren'th of a buffalo. I tossed him in the air an' charged the crowd, but they swarmed at me like timber-wolves. As fast as I shook 'em loose, more come, till I fought blind an' rastlin'; kickin' an' buckin',

"They had to drive an' entry in to where I was imbedded, an' stope me out, but finally I was drug into the daylight, piece by piece, an' assembled all complete.

"The first man I spied was Mike. I say it now with pride, that beholdin' of him that-a-way, I cherished no malice. All I felt was a growin' ca'mness an' the chill of despair. He looked me over queer, from keelson to flagstaff. Then he *grinned!* Strange to note, I didn't hunger to kill him none. I was done with them earthly vanities. No doubt he'd done his best, poor feller.

"He opens his face still further.

"'Come over to the hotel, an' we'll settle up,' says he. 'I 'most lost out!'

"It took several eons of time for them tidings to reach me, an' havin' been left at my address, they digested slow, but so it was.

"You see that screech of his'n done the work. It's a strange thing, but a man can strain hisself so tense that the least little thing, comin' unexpected, is liable to snap his nerve like a fiddle-string. Mike said he'd learned the trick from an Indian down in the Crow Nation, an' it seems that when he hollered in Mulveyhill's ear so fierce an' curdlin', it throwed the boy off, an' he wabbled. That was all — just that tiny break — for he interfered, an' then without warnin', his nerves smashed, an' he fell like there wasn't a bone in his body. When they picked him up, he couldn't walk, an' he cried like a baby.

"Now this is the p'int of my story. You see Mike *had* to win, an' bein' a pro, he done so!

"Well, I stood glarin' at him with the flies buzzin' in an' out of my mouth, till it dawned on me, utter. I turned my head, stiff-like, an' took in my captors one by one, while honest indignation riz up an' strangled me. I throwed out my chest, an' shook myself, savage, hurlin' the guards right an' left.

"'Loose me!' I roars in a voice of thunder. 'This man's entitled to his money, an' I'm goin' to give it to him. Your foul play don't go with *me!* You can tear me limb from limb, but Kink Martin won't never betray his sacred trust!'"

THE DAUGHTER

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

IT'S not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining,
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the morns we walked to Mass when all the fields were green? —
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow —
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yourself alone to-night!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding-gown? —
The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

EDITORIAL

THE GALVESTON IDEA

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published in October a study by George Kibbe Turner of the methods and results of the new commission government of Galveston, Texas. This article has aroused an unusual interest throughout the United States.

A leading citizen of Seattle, Washington, writes:

> Your article on Galveston has struck a responsive chord in this city, and a movement is in progress of forming to pursue a similar work here. In the discussion of ways and means, the suggestion has been made that we circulate 20,000 reprints of your article as campaign literature. Can we secure your permission to make such a reprint?

The City Attorney of Topeka, Kansas, writes:

> Your article on "Galveston: A Business Corporation," by George Kibbe Turner, in the October issue of McCLURE'S, has attracted great attention in the West. But prior to the appearance of this, there was a movement under way to secure the commission system of city government for Topeka. Plans are now crystallizing where we need to get the cold facts plainly before our leading men and the members of our State Legislature. No article has been written up to date which so forcibly puts the case favorably to the commission system as this by Mr. Turner, and I write now to learn if I can get permission to print from 250 to 500 copies of this article in pamphlet form for free distribution in this State?

A leader in the City Club of Philadelphia writes:

> It has been a long time since I have had the good fortune to read such an instructive article as that on Galveston, in the October McCLURE'S. Will you favor us by giving permission to the City Club of Philadelphia to publish the article in pamphlet form with due credit?

Other requests for republication have come from those interested in the movement for commission government from places as widely separated as Galveston itself, and Alberta, Canada; while the article has been printed nearly in full in the *Register* and *Leader* of Des Moines, Iowa, where leading citizens are interested in adopting this form of city government.

To all requests for permission to reproduce Mr. Turner's contribution, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has given consent, with the usual provision that due credit be given for it. Such consent is extended freely to anyone in the United States interested in calling the matter of commission government in this way to the attention of citizens. The article was printed in the hope that it would help to further the cause of better city government, and it is a great satisfaction to know that it is serving this purpose.

"We believe," said a citizen of Memphis — where a form of commission government proved eminently successful for a quarter of a century — "that the good citizens are in the majority in any city." All of us believe this; not to do so would be to make the impossible admission that modern society is on a decline to absolute ruin. But if the belief be true, it is full time for us to find means actually to carry out the will of the majority in our city governments.

There is reason to hope that such means are at hand in the Galveston Commission. Occasionally — as in the case of the Australian ballot — there comes to light what may be called a great political invention — a new device for the better use of the big primary social forces in the machinery of society. The Galveston Idea may be in this class. If it be, it will find its way very quickly. The spirit of the people of the United States is at the present moment unusually receptive to such improvements.

The new idea has certainly awakened general attention throughout this country. It is carrying the cities of Texas; it is being strongly advocated for the towns of Arkansas; it is being favorably considered in principal cities of Washington, Iowa, and Kansas. "That the system is worthy of a thorough trial," as the New York *Evening Post* says, "the record of Galveston renders beyond dispute." It is, at the very least, a step toward a thing America must have — simplicity and directness in its form of municipal government. At its best it may mean the regeneration of our cities.